

POLITE
AMUSEMENTS,

CONTAINING

Select HISTORIES

EQUALLY

Instructive *and* Entertaining.

VIZ.

The PLATONIC LOVERS.

The FAIR PILGRIM, or DOUBLE
DISGUISE.

The GENEROUS LOVERS, or *the*
fatal EFFECTS of JEALOUSY.

Translated from the FRENCH.

LONDON,

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AMUSEMENT

SELECT HISTORIES

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Printed for the Government
in the City of London
by the Stationers

PREFACE.

AS there are few Truths in this World, I am one of those who are contented with the Likeness of them. If History places its Merit in representing human Nature, and teaching us that Experience, which we must otherwise purchase at our own Cost; a Draught of fictitious Life may produce the same useful Purposes, and in some Respects with more Advantage. The former can only detail out to us Facts as they arise, most of them soaring too high for common Use, and chiefly conversant in publick Life: The latter can entertain us with a greater Variety of Circumstances, with such as are generally more interesting, and *come home*

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to our Business and Bosoms. History mostly, if not always, takes a Tincture from the Channel through which it runs. The Crown, the Miter, the Camp, the Bar, the Sect, the People, are represented just under that Colour in which the Writer sees them: He is Lord of Ages and Kingdoms, and makes each Party's Merits preponderate, as he holds the Balance. The Novellist, without any Party Views, has nothing else to do but to copy Nature, to illustrate common Sentiments, not, like the other, to bring you over to his.

There is an Honesty in this Sort of Writing very distinguishable, and, as a Proof of it, we see it delights most the honestest, that is, the younger Sort of Readers. It is somewhat remarkable too, that the Taste for it revives with War, which is a Sign, that it is the proper Entertainment of a warm Heart, another Indication of an honest one. It works upon the tender Passions, Pity, Good-nature, and Generosity, and, by a proper Exercise of them, strengthens and refines them. It teaches us to pass
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through Life with Vivacity, which makes us agreeable to ourselves, and all about us; like Travelling, it supplies us with Adventures, and with a Fund of good Sense to work through them with Honour and Integrity.

With a View to these valuable Ends I have selected the following Narratives, in which I have taken Care that nothing should intrude which may give Offence to Religion or Morality.

The first of them I may particularly recommend for that Variety of Incidents which so naturally arise, one upon another, that the Reader is kept in an agreeable Impatience and Suspence, as in a well wrought Play upon the Theatre. And while the Drama labours, as it does at present, under so great a Dearth, I would recommend to our Poets some such Plans as these to work upon, which, I am persuaded, in able Hands would produce entertaining Comedies.

The *Chances*, and most of our best old Comedies, were taken from either *French*

or *Spanish* Novels; and *Moliere*, the best Comic Writer among the Moderns, is particularly indebted to the latter for most of his Plots and Humour. Even among the most accurate of the modern Writers of Tragedy, Novels have been useful. *Dryden* has not thought it beneath him to borrow of *Spain*, the most fertile Country in the World in Novels; and *Congreve* has built his *Mourning Bride*, not so much on the History of *Spain*, as a Novel founded on the History. The same may be said of the celebrated *Corneille* and *Racine*, the best Tragedy Writers among the *French*; many of their best Tragedies being raised upon the same Foundation.

To suppose that Novels are the Offsprings of pure Invention, would be to contradict Experience. For we see, on the contrary, that most Novels have *Truth* for their original Basis. But the mistake, we suppose, consists in confounding *Novels* with *Romances*, which in their Nature are quite different. The first are, I may say, constantly

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stantly, founded on some one or more Facts; but the latter are only the Products of Imagination and Fancy. Romances are purely fictitious Novels; but Novels are Fiction and *Truth* mixt; or rather *Truth* embellish'd and stretch'd out for the Sake of amusing and instructing at the same Time.

This is visible in these little Histories, which we give here to the Public. The *first* has its rise from the real but unnatural *Partiality*, accompany'd with Severities, of a Parent, who, for want of Understanding the paternal Duty, forced his Child to a Course of Life she never intended: Nor is it less true that an honourable Lover was the faithful Companion of the rambling Course she was obliged to take. Thus was the Basis real; and I hope the Superstructure, won't be the less instructive and entertaining, for being partly the Work of Invention.

The next springs from a Fountain equally clear; and if lengthened out and

and embellished, like the former, 'tis that the Reader may be agreeably amused, at the same time that he sees *Covetousness* in a Parent is not less injurious and unwarrantable than *Partiality*. In fine, any extreme in a Parent towards Children, must be injurious to both. Too much *Indulgence* is no less dangerous than too great *Severity*; and very often *Avarice* in a Parent is no less hurtful than *Profusion* or *Prodigality*. Wherefore, the best Advice which can be given to a Father in the Government of his Children, is to look for their Duty and his own in the Books of Judgment and right Reason, the most unerring Guides of Life.

The third and last of the Narratives contained in this small Volume, has *Jealousy* for its Foundation, a Passion the more destructive for being the Progeny of *Love*, so common and so natural, and, let me add, so necessary to the Preservation of the human Species. We don't pretend to say, that no Fiction is interwoven with the Story; but there are very few, if any, of the
Virtuosi

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Virtuosi at *Rome*, that have not heard of Count *Palviano's* too rigid Chastisement of a Rival, who had maim'd, in a fit of Jealousy, a celebrated Beauty beloved of both.

There is no disputing that *Love*, or *Self-Love*, which are only two different Words expressive of the same thing, is the ultimate End, or rather the Source of all our Actions. And the only Difference between the Sage and the Fool is, that the first endeavours to temper and regulate the Passion by Reason, the later gives it its full Scope. The warmer the Blood, the stronger this Passion will be ; wherefore 'tis more visible and impetuous in Youth than in old Age.

As then this Passion subjects Man to its Tyranny more than any other, especially in the first Stages of Life, it should be the Care of all who write with a View to amuse and instruct, to link it with their other Subjects, but colour it so as to render the Mixture useful and agreeable. I had this End principally
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* PREFACE.

in View when I undertook this little Work ; and hope the Reader will find, that though *Love* be the Basis I build upon, I have taken care to keep it decent, pure, and honourable ; and that wherever I am obliged to introduce a Suggestion of a baser Allay, I never fail accompanying it with Infamy or Remorse.

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The PLATONIC LOVERS;

A GENUINE

HISTORY

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a LIFE and ADVENTURES

OF

Mademoiselle *de Mainville.*

ADVENTURES and Misfortunes seem to have been an Inheritance which descended to Mademoiselle *de Mainville* from her Mother, who suffer'd in her tender Youth by the severe religious Persecutions of the late Reign of *Louis XIV.* of *France.* This Lady, whose Name was *Maurin*, was the only Child of a rich Protestant Nobleman in the Province of *Languedoc* in *France*, who was obliged to abjure the reform'd Religion, or quit the Kingdom by a Day prefix'd, under the severest Penalties. He chose the latter as most conformable to his Zeal and Piety, and retir'd to *Holland* with his Lady, leaving his Daughter, who was too

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young and weakly to bear the Fatigue of so long a Journey, in the Care of a neighbouring Gentleman, who was his Friend, and no Enemy to his Religion.

The zealous fugitive Couple had not sojourned many Months in *Holland*, when the Grossness of the Air, and perhaps the Pressure of their Grief brought them to their Graves. And their Death was no sooner known in *Languedoc*, but the Daughter was forced out of the friendly Hands she had been in, into a Monastery at *Montpellier*, whereof the Superior was her Relation. The Abbess, no less zealous than Mademoiselle *Maurin's* Parents, earnestly press'd her young Kinswoman to conform to the Church of *Rome*; but finding that neither Caresses nor Threats prevail'd, she had recourse to Cruelty. She shut her down in the Prison of the Convent, which was a Dungeon under Ground, and allow'd her but the bare Necessaries of Life for her Sustenance. But her Zeal was such, that instead of slackening by her Sufferings, it became more fervent. Yet reflecting that she could never hope to gain upon the Inflexibility of the Abbess, nor obtain her Liberty but by temporizing, she seemingly conform'd, and by that means had equal or rather more Indulgence shewn her than any of her fellow Pensioners.

By her seeming Conversion she became so great a Favourite with all the Religious, and particularly with the Abbess, that she had all the Liberty such an Enclosure admitted of: But finding that she must never expect to quit
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it upon Terms consistent with her Conscience, she determin'd to withdraw herself from the Convent as soon and secretly as she could. She communicated her Resolution to a fellow Pensioner, a young Lady about her own Age, and of Protestant Parents as she was, who very readily promised to second her good Intentions, and share her fate.

They agreed to make their Escape together, and fixt upon the Night and Hour, but found it impracticable to compass it any other way than by cutting the Sheets of their Beds, and letting themselves down from the Window of their Rooms, when all the Community were at rest. The Contrivance succeeded; for having observed the Day before where the Gardener's Ladder lay, they had recourse to it as soon as they descended from their Room, and by help of it got over the Garden-wall into the Street.

Here we are to consider what must be the Confusion of Two young Creatures, not exceeding Thirteen, in a dark Night, unacquainted with the Town, having no Friends, nor even Acquaintance, and not knowing whether or to whom to direct their Steps. But supported by their Zeal, they went on undismay'd till Break of Day, when they found themselves near a Farm-house, a few Miles from the Town. Tho' they were much fatigu'd, and wanted greatly to refresh themselves after a tedious Night's Journey, they durst not venture into the House for fear of being known or abused by some rude Fellows, but sat down under an adjoining Quick-set-hedge. While

they were considering, in this comfortless Abode, whether to venture into the House, or proceed they knew not whither, they were in danger of being torn to Pieces by the Farmer's Mastiff Dog, whose barking soon brought out all the Family, some with Bill-hooks, Dung-forks, and Spits, and some with rusty Swords and Muskets, on a Supposition that Thieves or Smugglers must have hid themselves when the Dog kept so furious and continued a barking.

The Danger the poor Ladies were in of being worried by the Mastiff, soon determin'd them to seek Relief from the Farmer; but in setting out for the House they were no less frightened at the Approach of so many wild-looking arm'd Men, who seem'd more terrible than the furious Animal. The Farmer's Wife perceiving the violent Perturbation of the young Ladies Minds, went up to them with great Courtesy, and taking one in each Hand, led them to the House without asking them any Questions. The Civility and Good-nature of their Hostess encourag'd the young Fugitives to make her a Confident, and to intreat she would contrive to convey them to Mademoiselle *Maurin's* Grandmother, who liv'd about Thirty Miles off. The good Woman had so great Compassion for them, that she engag'd her Husband to be their Guide, and see them safe to their intended Place of Residence. But in passing thro' *Valence*, a neighbouring Town, Mademoiselle *Maurin's* Companion was known by a Friend of her Father's, who charg'd himself with the Care of conducting her safe to her

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her Family. And the Farmer, still true to his Trust, went on his Journey, and delivered his remaining Charge safe to her Grandmother, who rewarded him gratefully and generously.

The good old Lady, who was of the re-
form'd Religion, but exempted from the Pe-
nalty of Banishment on account of her great
Age, was ravish'd at the Escape of her Grand-
daughter from the Persecution of her Kinswo-
man the Abbess. My dearest Child, said she,
we ought all of us, and you in particular, to
return the most grateful Thanks to God, for
having strengthen'd you to resist the Tempta-
tions thrown in your way, and having suppor-
ted you amidst the Persecutions of a bigotted
tyrannical Relation, back'd by the spiritual and
temporal Powers. And, my Dear, added the
tender Parent, since Providence has order'd
that you should be my future Care, repose
yourself upon my Affection and Tenderness.

Mademoiselle ~~Maurice~~ had all the recom-
mendable Qualities that a young Lady could
have; she was prudent, discreet, affable, and
in all respects so engaging, that the Grand-
mother doated on her, which so inflam'd the
Jealousy of Monsieur ~~L'Assenard~~, Grand-child
and Heir apparent to the old Lady, that he
sought every means to prejudice her against
the fair growing Favourite. But the distin-
guishing aged Parent soon perceiv'd his Drift,
and redoubled her Tenderness to the injured
Orphan, in proportion to the Increase of his Pre-
judice. Thus was the Family agitated with
Jealousies and Suspicions, when Monsieur ~~L'Assenard~~

senard's younger Brother, an Officer in the Army, return'd from the Campaign. This young Gentleman, naturally more prudent and compassionate than his elder Brother, endeavour'd all he could to lay the Jealousy and soften the Temper of his Brother in relation to Mademoiselle *Maurin*, which recommended him so to the Grand-mother, and even to the Grand-daughter, that he became an actual Favourite with the first, and not indifferent to the latter.

The young Officer was not insensible of the growing Esteem of his fair Cousin, whose Beauty he admired from the first moment he beheld her, which determin'd him to declare his Passion to her the first favourable Opportunity. As Love is industrious, it was not many Days before he had the Pleasure of imparting the big Secret to his Mistress, who, tho' not insensible to the Beauties of his Body and Mind, yet could not be persuaded by all his Love and Oratory, to receive the offer'd Homage of her Lover's Heart. As Opposition and Difficulty ever increase the Flame of Love's Torch, the more reserv'd she was, the more the young Chevalier press'd and urg'd his Suit, which she at last faintly refus'd, when the Approach of Company oblig'd the Lovers to change the Discourse.

When she was next alone, she meditated very seriously on what had pass'd, uncertain whether she should rejoice or be sorry for the Avowal of the Passion of her young amiable Kinsman. She doubted not that he was sincere

cere, because his Eyes corresponded with his Tongue, and both spoke the Language of Love and Truth. She had too good an Opinion of herself to doubt his Sincerity; but she fear'd to incur the Displeasure of his Father, and their Grandmother, should it be known that she indulg'd his Love. She had lost her Parents, and had now no Friend but her Grand-mother, who might turn her out again into the unhospitable World, should she encourage an Intrigue the Family must naturally disapprove of. — The Reflections embarrass'd her much. She loved, and was sure Returns were made to her Love. But she considered the Consequences that would necessarily result from the Indulgence of the mutual Flame; and sensible it could not long be a Secret where so suspicious a Person was as the elder ~~d'Affenard~~ *Bellegarde*, she resolved to avoid coming to an Eclaircissement with the Chevalier, and for that Reason shunn'd him with all the Caution in her power.

But young ~~d'Affenard~~ *Bellegarde*, as studious to entertain her alone as she was to avoid him, watch'd all Opportunities, and was soon bless'd with one. The Grand-mother being to stand God-mother to a Tenant's Child, who liv'd about a Mile from her Castle, and having had a Fall the Day before which sprain'd her Ankle, she desir'd Mademoiselle ~~Maurin~~ *de Vigni* to prepare to go the next Morning to stand for her. Young ~~d'Affenard~~ *Bellegarde* over-hearing this Order, pretended a Journey of some Leagues to visit some of the Officers of the Corps he serv'd in; but stay'd

in a Copps near which the young Lady was to pass, in her Walk to the Farmer's House. He had not long waited, but he saw the Idol of his Heart approaching, accompany'd with one Servant only. Heavens! how ravish'd was the Lover to be bless'd with so favourable an Opportunity of urging his Suit? He resolved to improve it so well, as that his Mistress should know he had determin'd not to outlive a second Refusal of his Heart. At this happy Interview, while he vented the Passion of his Soul too loudly, he was over-heard by his Father, who was taking the fresh Morning Air the other side of the Thicket; he bent his Steps that way, and was sooner in view of the Lovers than they expected or desired. But before he appear'd, the panting Swain had time to address his Mistress in Words to this purpose: Madam, as Chance has procur'd me an Opportunity, which you seem'd to have avoided as solicitously as I fought it with Ardency, allow me to improve it, by assuring you of a Passion the most refined and sincere that ever possess'd the Heart of Man. You cannot forget the deplorable Uncertainty you left me in when we met last. Consider, then, oh! you that engross my Soul, the Pangs which Doubt must create in the Bosom of a faithful Lover. — Oh! how cruel are you to keep an unkind Silence! How insensible of the Sufferings of a Heart that beats but for thee! How obdurate that Heart of yours! How unkind, how ungrateful to one who lives but for thee! — But you shall see he
has

has the Courage to die, since you think him unworthy of your Heart. Here he was laying Hand upon his Sword to draw it, when she made him the following Answer: You surely forget yourself, and mistake me for what I am not. You are born to large Possessions; but I, alas! am an indigent Orphan, oblig'd to the Generosity of Friends for Bread. Your Views should extend to allying yourself proportionably to your Fortune, whilst I remain in Obscurity, and perhaps in want. You love me, you say; and suppose I believe you, and should be inclin'd to make you a return of Tenderness, what would be the Consequence? That when the Violence of that Passion which now blinds you to your Interest, shall cease, you will look upon me as one that has been a bar to your Affluence and Greatness; and disregard and despise me for it. — Heavens! reply'd the Lover, how cruel, how barbarous an Insinuation! Oh! Madam, added he, how little do you know the Integrity of my Heart? I would die a thousand Deaths before your want of Fortune, or any other Cause, should lessen you in my Esteem. Oh! how unjust are you to entertain so mean an Opinion of my Love! Wou'd to Heaven! you were acquainted with the Sincerity of my honest Heart! — At these last Words he let fall Tears which so confirmed the Lady in an Opinion of his Truth, that she began to yield. Her Love was little short of his; but she dreaded the avowing it, lest the Excess of his Transport might expose her to the Resentment of his Family. But tho' her

Lips pronounced not an Exchange of Hearts, her Eyes agreed to it too obviously for a passionate Lover to overlook. Trusting then to the Assent of those bright Casements to the Heart, young ~~de Affenard~~ *de Affenard* threw himself at her Feet, to thank her for her Condescension, and to assure her of an inviolable Fidelity; beseeching her, at the same time, to permit him to see her every Day in the same Spot where they might meet unsuspected, as he was supposed to be upon his Journey, but would go no farther than a neighbouring Town.

While the young Couple were thus eager in bestowing and returning Love, the old Gentleman appear'd, which put them into the utmost Confusion. The Son was instantly struck dumb, and the Niece was sinking into his Arms in a Swoon, when the good Uncle, who perceiv'd the Consternation she was in, approach'd, and taking her by the Hand, said, My dear Niece, suspect not my Friendship so far as to doubt that I shall make an ill Use of a Secret you would keep from our Family. I approve of my Son's Choice, and shall use my Interest and Authority with his Brother to be of my Opinion. But you both know the Unhappiness of his Temper, therefore can't answer for the Success; and 'tis our Misfortune that he must necessarily be a Party to any Settlement that can be made on his younger Brother.

Now might the Lovers give a Loose to reciprocal Love; and they did so on a Supposition that nothing could oppose their Happiness, since

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since their Passion was authoriz'd by the Approbation of one of so great Interest and Authority in the Family. But they were fatally mistaken; for tho' the Father, and even the Grand-mother went so far as to intreat the eldest ~~d'Affenard~~ to consent to the Nuptials of *Bellegarde* his Brother and Mademoiselle *Maurin*, he was *de Vigni* inflexible; which being so highly resented by young ~~d'Affenard~~, that, urg'd on by the Im-*Bellegarde* petuosity of his Love, and forgetting what was due to Nature, he challeng'd his Brother to decide by the Sword a Quarrel never any otherwise to be made up. The elder Brother, enrag'd to find his Seniority so unregarded, sought his Cadet immediately, and meeting him in a Gallery adjoining to their Grand-mother's Apartment, drew upon him. The younger Brother, who was equally enrag'd, attack'd in his turn with so great resolution, that he wounded and disarm'd his Elder, and was on the point of revenging himself of him by taking away his Life, when the Grand-mother and Mademoiselle *Maurin* cry'd out to him to *Bellegarde* hold his impious Hand. Ah! Madam, says he to his Mistress, what have you done; your Voice has charm'd me from my bloody Purpose; but I fear it has made yourself miserable for ever. For my part, I will seek all the Dangers of War, hoping to find Relief, whilst you are doom'd to bless some happier, but far less sincere Man than I. — That Monster, pointing to his Brother, born to be a Curse to his Family, but more to me than any, will never condescend to our Union; and without

his Consent — Oh! Heavens, added he, why did you with-hold my Hand? — Here he flung out of the Gallery, and, without taking leave of any, quitted the Castle, ordering his Servants to follow him with his Horses and Equipage.

Bellefleur As soon as it was known that young *D'Afford* was gone to his Regiment, on the Frontiers of the Kingdom, his Family resolved to dispose of Mademoiselle *Maurin* in Marriage to a Gentleman of *Lions*, who had seen her, and demanded her by another hand of the Grand-mother not long before. They look'd upon her being out of the way to be the only means of reconciling the Brothers at Enmity, and restore Peace to the Family. In this view the Grand-mother return'd a favourable Answer to Monsieur *de Adainville*, so was the new Suitor call'd, who flew on the Wings of Love, and in a few Days became a happy Bridegroom, if the Possession of a beautiful Person, without her Heart, can render a Man happy.

de Vigne But tho' Mademoiselle *Maurin* was not married to the Man she lov'd, yet was she virtuous enough never to wrong him, and prudent enough never to give him Cause for suspecting that he was not equally Master of her Heart and Person. But in spite of her Virtue and Prudence there was a settled Melancholy apparent in her Countenance, which her Husband mistook as owing to the Misfortunes of her Family. She bore Monsieur *de Adainville* One Son and Three Daughters, whom she brought up with great Care and Tenderness; and,

and, as 'tis natural to shew most Fondness to the youngest Child of a Family, Madam de *Maimville* indulg'd her youngest Daughter beyond any of her Children. This Indulgence tho' trifling in itself, created a Jealousy in the Two elder Sisters, which at last grew up into a settled Aversion, which, being Favourites with the Father, they took care to instil so far into his Mind, that he would scarce bear the Sight of his youngest Child.

This young Creature becoming thus innocently the Object of her Father's Hatred, was obliged to be slighted also by the Mother in Complaisance and Obedience to her Husband, who was naturally fullen, impetuous, and inexorable. Before she grew up to Woman's Estate, the slighted, or rather the tortur'd young Lady, bore her Misfortunes with great Resolution; but the Partiality and Severities of her Parents, and Cruelties of her Sisters appearing unsupportable to her by that time she was arriv'd to the Age of Seventeen, she determin'd to quit her Bondage, and seek for Ease far distant from her Tyrants. The Resolution was desperate, but she thought it necessary; and her natural Courage and Sprightliness permitted her not to perceive the Peril and Danger of her Resolve. She had a great Tenderness for her Brother, who was the only Person of the Family who compassionated her Sufferings, and would have taken Leave of him if she durst communicate her Design to one, who would naturally dissuade her from exposing herself to
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the Hazards of a long and perilous Journey, unaccompany'd and unprovided.

While In short, Mademoiselle de *Minville* quitted her Father's House after Night-fall, in the Summer Season, and the City of *Lions* with as much Precipitation as she was able, to go she knew not well whither. Her Design was to go and implore the Protection of her Mother's Relations in *Languedoc*; but where in that Province they resided, or even what were their Names and Titles, she was wholly ignorant of. All she knew for certain was, that one of them lived in *Montpelier*, from whom she expected the Information she stood in need of. But about Break of Day, scarce was she got a League from *Lions*, when she thought herself at the World's End. She was already tired, and her Spirits so exhausted, that she almost forgot the ill Usage at home, and wish'd herself back again.

While she was ballancing between her Dread of a long perilous Journey, and the Cruelties of an exasperated Father, Love took Pity of her, and came to her Relief. This Deity, who had already made her sensible of his Power, was resolv'd to take her under his Protection. She had been, not long before, ask'd in Marriage by a neighbouring young Gentleman, amiable in Person and Conversation, of a good Family, and reasonably opulent. But such was the Father's Prejudice to this beautiful but unhappy Child, that the doating young Gentleman's Request was refused. This Re-

tusal

fusal however had no Effect upon his Love. He saw the young Lady as often as he could conveniently, avow'd his Passion for her, and took every other means to convince her he was sincere, and would continue so, however her tyrant Father should continue unpropitious to his Desires. He made the necessary Impression; and how could it be otherwise? Was it possible for a young Lady of Sixteen to escape the Influence of the God of Love, when supported by a tall, handsom, genteel, brisk persuasive young Fellow of Twenty-two, dress'd out to Advantage, and ally'd to some of the best Families of the City? The Odds were too many against so young and unexperienc'd a Heart as that of *Mademoiselle de Maineville*. Besides, she might have indulged *Valette*. the Addresses of her Lover to dissipate her Sorrows. But without assigning any more Reasons why she might be pardon'd for yielding to the Power of the Goddess of Beauty's Son, let it suffice that she saw and heard her Lover with a Satisfaction which he could not help observing. But how willing soever she might be to spend her Days with him, she did not think it prudent he should accompany her in her Flight, and therefore did not communicate her Design to him. Young, and we may say advent'rous, as she was, she had such strict Notions of Virtue, that she chose travelling alone to a distant and unknown Country, rather than risk exposing her Character by being accompany'd by a Man, even of whose Virtue and Honour she had the most favourable

ble Opinion. But Heaven would have it otherwise.

Valette Mademoiselle de *Mainville* was scarce a League from *Lions*, when she was met by her *Remark-*
=le, Lover, the dear *Adame*, who was returning before the Heat of the Day should come on, from his Country House. How pleas'd was he to meet the Object of all his Wishes, yet how astonish'd to meet her so far from home, and unattended? For Heaven's sake, Madam, said he, what could bring you thus far from the City at so early an Hour? The Consternation he saw her in increasing his Curiosity and Concern: Ah, Madam, added he, need I ask the Cause, who am no Stranger to the Inhumanity of your Father, and Jealousy of your Sisters? Yet still was she silent, either unable to get the better of the Tumult in her Breast, or loth to tell the Truth, yet unwilling to tell an Untruth to the Man she lov'd. Why would you hesitate, said he, to impart the Secret of this Adventure to a faithful Lover, determin'd to share your Fate? Have I not a thousand times vow'd implicit Obedience to your Will? I here renew my Vows, calling Heaven to witness the Purity of my Love, and Sincerity of my Heart. Should the Rigour of your Parents refuse me the Happiness of your * Hand, at least allow me that of administering Comfort and Relief to you in your Afflictions. If you meditate a Flight from domestic Severities,

* In France, Marriages are held illegal, without the Consent of Parents or Guardians, and are frequently annul'd.

which

which I cannot disapprove, here I vow never to lose sight of you; but will still keep you in view, for your Safety and Security, tho' you should refuse me the Honour of putting yourself under my Care.

She now began to recover the use of Speech; and the first Use she made of her Liberty was to say, Ah! Monsieur *Mausol*, why will you add to my Sorrows? Leave me, and return to *Lions*, forgetting that ever you knew one so unfortunate. I won't conceal from you that I intend to seek among my Relations in *Languedoc*, Protection against the Barbarity of my own Family. I thought I might, without being criminal, withdraw myself from Inhumanities I was any longer unable to bear. But my Honour and Reputation admit not of my being accompany'd by a Man whom all the World know for one who profess'd himself an Admirer of mine. Even the being alone with you here gives me Pain. — If you love me, if ever I was dear to you, I conjure you not to abandon your Friends and Country to follow my ill Fortune. And the only Favour I would beg of you is, to keep for ever the Secret of my Flight: And let me add, that you will not longer think of me, or nourish a Passion that must be injurious to your Quiet, and can never lead either of us to Happiness. But think not that this Advice proceeds from Indifference. No, I call Heaven to witness, that my greatest Pain in quitting my Country is, that I shall thereby be deprived of the Pleasure of seeing you. But 'tis a Sacrifice I am obliged to
make;

Peremilly

make; 'tis one which my Honour requires I should make.—Ah! Madam, said he, how unkind are you to express a Desire I cannot fulfill? How cruel to make me a Request impossible for me to grant. While I have Eyes I must gaze on you, and while I have Feet I must follow you. In vain do you require I should quit you when you thus expose yourself to the Perils of a dangerous Journey. You command an Impossibility which is out of my Power to execute. But, my adorable, why would you refuse me the Happiness of aiding you in your Flight, or sharing your Fate? After so many Tests of my Love and Respect, can you entertain a doubt of my Probity. Methinks, my past Conduct should be your Surety for my Behaviour in time to come. Here let me vow to Heaven and you, that I shall live with you like a Brother, treat you with the Kindness of one, and look upon you in every Respect as my Sister, till Providence and my Conduct incline your Parents and you to bless me with your Hand.

Anneville; The fair Traveller seeing it vain to cross the purpose of her Lover, seemed to condescend; but she had yet some struggles within her breast which the God of Love soon found means to remove. Her Virtue and Modesty pleaded against Monsieur ~~Maurice~~; but Love was a more powerful Orator in his Behalf. Besides, his Character of Honour and Virtue was her security, and her personal necessities contributed not a little to her taking a final resolution to put herself wholly under her Lover's Protection,

tion. But, said she to him, though I reckon, as you see, upon your honour, should you offer to abuse my Credulity the least in the World, here I declare that the moment you offer to transgress the strictest rules of virtue, shall be the last of my Life,

The Lover, ravished that he had gained upon his Mistress, threw himself at her Feet, to thank her for the mighty Favour, and to renew his vows of an eternal Observance of the Laws of Decency and Virtue. After he had convinced her of his Probity, and settled her Mind, he took her up behind him, and reached *Vianne*, a Town not many Leagues distant, about the close of the Evening. When they had got to their Inn, the *Platonics* began to reflect on the Danger of being met on the great Road by some of their Acquaintance, and particularly as it was the time when the Fair of *Beaucaire*, one of the greatest in that Country, was held, which must necessarily bring Multitudes into all the great Roads. Therefore, to avoid all such Inconveniences, it was resolved that Monsieur ~~Maurat~~ *Perrenville* should dispose of his Horse, it being impossible it could be of use in the road they intended to take, which was over the mountains of the *Velay* and the *Vivarais* to *Pont-St-Esprit*. Equipt for a foot Journey they departed from *Vianne*, and after a most fatiguing one of two Days over Rocks and Precipices, they arrived at a small village, short about two Leagues, of *Pont St-Esprit*. Here they hoped to find an end to the Miseries of so tiresome a Journey,
but

but it happened rather that their Misfortunes took rise here.

At the Inn where the itinerant Lovers set up there was a young Horse-Officer, who seeing a Couple so well dressed, and of so good a Mien, travel on foot without Equipage or Servants, suspected that Love was the cause of the Journey. He had a View of the young Lady as she went up to her Chamber, and was so touched with her Beauty that he instantly determined to risk every thing for the Possession of her. He flattered himself that he should not be disagreeable to a young Creature who appeared to him, by travelling in the manner she did, not to be over burdened with Virtue, or the Sense of Reputation. He was young and handsome, and had Money at command, which he thought few Women could withstand; therefore he doubted not of succeeding, if Opportunity favoured him. And even he went so far in the soothing Path of Vanity, as to flatter himself that she had cast a kind glance at him as she passed by him to go up Stairs. He sent immediately to desire he might have the Pleasure of supping with them; but they, ever in dread of being known, desired to be excused, alledging Indisposition. The Officer piked at the Refusal, and supposing it must proceed from the jealous Temper of *Adams*, he resolved to force his fair Companion from him the next Day, on a supposition that she was only a Mistress who would not be displeased to fall into the Hands of one better able to support

Perinville,

port the Expence and natural Vanities of her Sex.

With such ungenerous Thoughts did the Officer spend the whole Night ; and rising betimes, he went into a Thicket not far from the Village, near which the Lovers must pass, where he waited till seeing them coming, he quitted his Cover ; and approaching Mademoiselle de *Maimville*, he address'd her with a *Valette* Freedom that spoke his Opinion of her Virtue. Come, Madam, said he to her, you have blessed that Gentleman a long time, 'tis but reasonable that he permit another to have the Honour of accompanying you in your Journey. *Maurel*, greatly surprized at *Bernville* so unlooked for a Speech, made the Officer such an Answer as might convince him he could not hope to gain his End unresisted. Pray, Sir, said he, what right have you to my Sister ? Or how could you be vain enough to flatter yourself that you should find it easy to accomplish your base Design ? You are much in Error, Sir ; and greatly mistake your Man, who smiles at your supercilious Air, and despises the utmost Efforts of your Baseness and Resentment. Whilst yet you are safe, let me advise you to drop an Affair which you may soon have reason to repent embarking in. How, replied the Officer, my youngster, do you assume the Province of a Reasoner and Counsellor ; let me chastise you for your Presumption : But, Madam, addressing himself to Mademoiselle de *Maimville*, who seemed *Valette* frightened, for your sake I shall content myself with

with one of your Fellow-Traveller's Ears. At these Words he drew his Sword, and advanced to ~~Maurel~~ *Maurel*, who received him with so great Gallantry and Address, that he soon wounded his Antagonist, and laid him at his Feet. By this time the Officer's Servants came up, and being employed in looking after their bleeding Master, ~~Maurel~~ took the Opportunity of making his Escape, chusing to go through the Wood the better to prevent a Pursuit.

As soon as the Lovers got into the thickest of the Wood, they kneeled down to thank Heaven for their Escape from the Dangers which threatened them separately; but the Lady's Joy was much abated by observing Blood on her dear Champion's Linnen. ~~Maurel~~ had received a slight Wound in his Sword-Arm, which the Heat of the Combat, and his precipitate Flight prevented him from feeling sooner; but becoming more sensible as he cooled, it was thought proper that it should be dressed in the next Village for fear of the Consequence. The Surgeon thinking ~~Maurel~~ might continue his Journey without Danger, they set out early the next Morning from the Village where his Wound had been dressed, in a View of reaching *Pont-St-Esprit* the same Day. But in the midst of a Forrest in the Way, they were overtaken with a violent Storm of Wind, Rain, and Thunder, which so frightened the fair, unexperienced Traveller, that she made such sorrowful and loud Moans, as brought to them the Curate of a neighbouring Parish, who had been behind an adjoining Oak to shelter

shelter himself from the Inclemency of the Weather.

The good Clergyman, compassionating the Sex and Youth of Mademoiselle de ~~Mainville~~, *Valotte*, intreated she would accept of his Horse, and permit him to conduct her and her Brother (as she always called ~~Manuel~~) to his House, *Perruville* which was not far distant, where they might repose themselves after the Fatigues of so bad Roads and boisterous a Day. Happy to meet such seasonable Succour, they readily complied; and after they had reposed themselves sufficiently, the hospitable Priest presented his Guest to his Patron, who happened the next Morning to make him a Visit. This Gentleman, charmed with the Mien and Deportment of ~~Manuel~~, and the Beauty of Mademoiselle ~~de Mainville~~, *Perruville*, invited them to his *Valotte*, Castle, where they were elegantly and affectionately entertained for some Days. In answer to their generous Host's Interrogations concerning the Subject of their Journey, they told him that they lived at *Montilimart*, and were going to *Pont-St-Esprit* to see an Aunt; and that as it was Summer-time, and but a Journey of four Leagues, they chose to make it on Foot. The Gentleman not doubting the Truth of their Answer, obliged them to accept of his Coach to the End of their Journey.

Being come to *Pont-St-Esprit*, they reflected on the Dangers they escaped, and those that might happen hereafter. And, considering how they might best avoid the like, or perhaps worse for the future, they found no means

Valette's so effectual as exchanging Mademoiselle de *Mainville's* Petticoats for Breeches. She herself, however reluctant she was to break in upon the Modesty of her Sex, found it necessary to yield to the Necessity she was in of appearing to be what she was not. The late Affair of the Officer was sufficient to convince her that a Disguise was the only means by which she might hope to preserve herself from Insult, and her faithful Lover from Danger. She therefore condescended to have the Taylor sent for; and as charming as she was in her native Dress, she was much more so in her borrowed Attire. Never was young Cavalier more amiable, easier, or less disconcerted in her new Garb. One would swear she had been used to Breeches, a Sword, and Hat and Feather all her Life. In short, her Disguise sat so natural upon her that it was as improbable she should be discovered for what she was, as it would be impossible for any Woman to resist the Charms of her Person and Address. In this apparel, the Lovers arrived at *Montpellier*, where Mademoiselle de *Mainville* went by the Name of *Chevalier de Kengy*, and *Adausol*, by that of *Miranecours*. *Chemeran*.

Valette As soon as these Friends, for such we shall call these Lovers for the future, had fixed on proper Lodgings, and equipped themselves with proper Necessaries, *Miranecourt* sought out and became acquainted with his Friend's Relations, by whom he was informed that Monsieur de *Mainville*, the Father, had advised them of the flight of his youngest Daughter,

ter, intreating, if she appeared to them, that they would shut her up in a Convent till he himself should come for her. This Information obliged Mademoiselle de *Mainville* to continue her Disguise, dreading of all things to fall into the Hands of an exasperated Father, who used her with the greatest Inhumanity, even while her Conduct was unexceptionable. Besides, the obliging Carriage and strict Modesty of her Lover were such Pledges as she might count upon in regard to her Honour and Virtue.

Valette

Determined then to continue a Disguise that should impose on her Relations, she appeared at all public Places as a young Gentleman that travelled for his Pleasure, and *Mirancourt* passed for his Kinsman. The whole City rang with Praises of the young Strangers. They were the Charm and Life of all Companies; and their Wit, Manner, and Politeness gained every Heart. Even the Men were charmed, and contended who should caress and oblige them most. But the Chevalier de *Vergy* was the greater Favourite with the Ladies. They envied each other the Happiness of his Company; and as many Women as he conversed with, so many Conquests did he make, and so many Rivals and Enemies did they become to one another. But the General Idol supported his Character to a Wonder. He blessed one with a languishing Look, a second with a Sigh, a third with a Smile, a fourth with a Whisper; in fine, there was no Address, or Art known to the most finished Beaux and Smarts, that he

Chemeran

Simond

did not practise with Success, and as naturally as if he had been initiated in the Science of Love-making from the Cradle.

Chemeran

Valette

But his Cousin *Mirancourt* was more reserved: The dread of giving the least Cause for the Jealousy of his beloved *de Mainville*, rendered him more serious and grave. He was thought by the Ladies to be perfectly finished and agreeable, was he less grave and insensible. And though he was extremely affable and polite, his Insensibility to the Sex acquired him the Character of being proud and haughty. Finding that he was losing Ground among the Fair, as fast as his Cousin gained it, he chose to divert himself rather at Cards than among the Ladies, where he could not hope to be well received, without risking to awake the Jealousy of her who ingrossed his Soul. He played deep, and encouraged his Kinsman, who had uncommon Luck, to do so too, by which means they so far increased their Stock of Money, that they found themselves in a Capacity of going into as large an Expence as any Nobleman in Town.

Thus were these Lovers as happy as *Platonic Love* can admit of Happiness, when of a sudden their Sun-shine was like to be changed to lowering Clouds and Storms. As none appeared more moneyed than they, in every Company where Gaming was proposed, one of them was pressed to keep the Bank. One Night as the Chevalier *de Vergy* tallied at Pharaon, and was in high Luck, the Count *de Kilaret* ponted deeply, and lost considerably.

Warned

Simon

Despenon

Warmed with playing, and fretting at his Loss, some offensive Expressions escaped him in adjusting a Difference he had with *de Kergy* *Simond* about a Paroly. This last observing every Eye fixed upon him to see how he would resent the opprobrious Words, he thought himself obliged in Honour to resent the Affront by Language, more offensive and provoking. The Conversation instantly grew warmer, notwithstanding the Interposition of the Standers-by; and the Count haughtily threatening to chastise the young Insolent, as he called *de Kergy*, this latter threw the Cards in his Face. *Simond*

Such an Affront necessarily unsheathed the Swords of the Count and the Chevalier, but the Company interposing, the Count was carried off by his Friends, who however did not pretend to obstruct his doing himself Justice in a proper Place and Manner. For the Insult of having a Pack of Cards flung in his Face was no otherwise to be atoned for, than by the Blood of the Aggressor. The Count, therefore, was soon after set at Liberty by those who conducted him from the Company, and permitted to see the Chevalier, whom he challenged to meet him the next Morning without one of the Gates of the City. *De Kergy* *Simond* expected to be called to an Account; and in spite of all *Miramcourt* could urge to the contrary, left word at their Lodgings where he, or rather she was to be heard of. *Chamoran*

Even after *De Kergy* engaged his Word, *Simond* *Miramcourt* intreated that they might depart the *Chamoran* City, laying before his Mistress the certain Danger

Danger of a Combat, which her Sex, unknown to her Antagonist, rendered unequal. No, said she, after assuming this Character, it would be shameful not to support it. These perilous Adventures should have been considered earlier; but to give up now would be ignominious, and to discover myself would be worse. What would the World say should we disappear on account of such an Affair of Honour? Would not Shame and Infamy pursue us wherever we went, and perhaps stare us full in our Faces, by being known by Persons from hence, when we might least suspect or wish to be publicly stigmatized and exposed? Should we not be hourly in dread of being known; and can you, *Mirancourt*, who are so nice in Matters of Honour, bear the Thoughts of being seen in the Bands of strict Friendship with a Youth, such as I pass for, stigmatized for being the rankest of Cowards?

These last Words so far piqued *Mirancourt* that he yielded, since she would absolutely refuse revealing her Sex; on condition, that she would fight with Pistols only, as not requiring so great Skill and Strength as the Sword. To this she seemingly complied, though determined to use only the Sword if the Count required it, to avoid a Discovery of her Sex, which she apprehended would be the Consequences of a Refusal. For in this Instance, she dreaded the Excess of *Mirancourt's* Love, which might prompt him to discover her to preserve her. And to convince him she was in earnest she practised with him the manner of holding
and

and firing a Pistol the best part of the Night. She was at the Ground before the Count, who seeing her have a Case of Pistols, said, Sir, I am glad to find you one that dare meet Death doubly armed. Sir, answered she, I dare maintain my Honour at any Peril consistent with it. I am armed, 'tis true, with Sword and Pistol, but leave you the Choice of using both or either.

The Count, agreeing to decide by the Sword what should be left undone by Fire-arms, took his Choice of the Pistols, and after measuring the Ground, as is usual on such Occasions, he bid the Chevalier fire first, which he did so luckily that he brought his Adversary to the Ground by a Shot near the Hip. He ran immediately to the wounded Nobleman; and urged by the natural Tenderneſs of the fair Sex, could not refrain shedding a Torrent of Tears over him; which the Count observing, it became the Means afterwards of his contracting the strictest and warmest Unity with *de Vergy, Simon*, who, supporting his Adversary under the Arm, conducted him to the City-gate, where he was put into a Chair, and carried to his House. *Mirancourt*, who saw all that passed, unseen *Chemeran* by the Combatants, flew to his Mistress on the Wings of Love, as soon as he saw the Count's Chair at a distance; and clasping her in his Arms, cried, Oh, thou lovely Daughter of *Bellona*, how shall I thank Heaven for your Deliverance? For my Conquest you mean, said she smiling. But, *Mirancourt*, added she, *Chemeran* with Seriousness, you set out but indifferently

in discharging your Debt to Providence. These extravagant Tests of your Friendship might well suit with the Personages, we appear to be, but ill become those we know ourselves to be. In short, I expected you would be more strictly reserved in your Carriage towards me.—Oh! Madam, replied the confused Lover, pardon an Excess occasioned by a Transport of Joy for your Safety, which hurried me perhaps beyond those Bounds I had heretofore set to my Conduct. You will the easier excuse me if you consider how unlikely it is that one so deeply in Love as I am, should be Master of himself in such an Instance as the present. You surely forgot, *Airancourt*, said *Chemeran*, *de Kersey*, what is due to mine and your own Honour. The Excuse you make helps but to condemn you the more. 'Tis but forgetting yourself when you please, and impute your Indiscretions to the Excess of your Love.

I now too clearly perceive, said he, the Force of your Reasoning and my own Error; therefore stand corrected; yet, thou fair Idol of my Heart, might I hope for your Pardon, I should think you might over-look a slight Sally of my Love, in Consideration of the inexpressible Tortures I endured while you were in Danger. Could I make you sensible how much I suffered while you were engaged, I am sure your Generosity would easily excuse any moderate Excess of my Conduct. A thousand times was I on the Point of rushing on the Count, to oblige him to turn the Edge of his Resentment from you. The Danger you were

in from the Inequality of your Strength and Skill, ingrossed all my Thoughts, and racked me to the Soul: And nothing but the Dread of involving you in the Crime of Murder, prevented my Flying upon ~~Villars~~ before you engaged. But oh, Heavens! how acute were my Pains, when I saw you present your Pistols at each other. It was then I repented not having discovered your Sex; and spight of your Commands to the contrary, I was just setting out to unfold the Mystery, when I saw your Antagonist drop. *Desperance*

I am glad, said she, you were not guilty of an Indiscretion, which would give me great Disquiet, and perhaps lessen you in my Esteem, if that could be after the Obligations I owe you. The Combat was the Act of Necessity; and could I have avoided it without discovering my Sex, I certainly would, much more to save you an Anxiety which I am willing to believe your Love for me would cause, than from any dread of the superior Strength and Address of my Adversary. I should less regret the Loss of Life, my dear ~~Mirancourt~~, than *Chemeran*, that of thee: And let me add, that the Thoughts of Death were not near so frightful to me, as those of being separated from you.—Oh! Madam, said ~~Mirancourt~~, since you are pleased to *Chemeran* own that I am not indifferent to you, let me conjure you to resolve avoiding such Accidents as this for the future. The very Thoughts of the Danger makes me tremble even now. Alas! my dearest Lady, are we

not already unhappy enough without adding to Misfortunes, by seeking new Dangers?

Simond's
Desperon While these Lovers were thus giving each other reciprocal Marks of their liveliest Affection, Fortune, who would farther try their Sincerity and Resolution, was preparing new Scenes of Sorrow for them. *De Kerg's* Quarrel and Combat with Count *de Kilarot*, soon reach'd the Ear of the Civil Magistrate, who thought himself obliged by his Office to issue out his Warrant for the Chevalier, who was thereupon confined a close Prisoner, when least he expected such a Reverse of Fortune. Duels are most rigorously punished in *France*; or, let me say rather, most justly, since it is the only Country in *Europe* where strict Justice is done upon Duellists.

Chomeron
Chomeron Our fair Combatant bore her Confinement with great Steddiness, till she found she must not expect to be happy in the Company of her dear *Mirancourt*, who was refused seeing his Friend for some Days. But the Count grown better, and by the Opinion of his Surgeons out of Danger, *Mirancourt* was permitted to see the Prisoner. He flew with an Eagerness unknown but to the warmest Lovers, and taking his Mistress by the Hand, which he durst not kiss for Fear of offending against her Modesty, he said with big Tears dropping from his Eyes, Ah! Madam, are you doomed to be constantly the Sport of Fortune? How capricious is our Luck? How chequered is it? It would seem as if Heaven, by the Union of our Hearts
from

from our earliest Infancy, had destined us to be an Example to all unfortunate Lovers. All things conspire to our Unhappiness, and hourly obstruct our Bliss. Had I alone been unhappy, I could easily support the Rigour of my Fate, in knowing that you were free and untortured. But to see the Edge of Justice pointed at your precious Life alone, while mine is in no Hazard, quite unmans me, and overwhelms my Soul.

My dear *Mirancourt*, said she, let us oppose our Constancy to the ill Luck that pursues us. That alone will aid us to surmount all the Shocks of adverse Fortune. We are not, nor ever can be unhappy whilst we love sincerely, and have the Liberty of telling each other that we do. Our Sincerity must command Success at last; for Truth is too pleasing to Providence to be always unhappy. Who knows how the Current of our ill Luck may be turned, even whilst we are complaining of our Fate?

The Fortitude of so young a Lady deserved Success, and was soon crowned with it. For upon the Count's being declared out of all Danger by his Surgeons, his Relations, the better to stifle the Memory of an Affair that was not much to his Honour, solicited the Enlargement of the Chevalier with so great Warmth that he obtained his Liberty, while yet he was encouraging *Mirancourt* to support with Manhood the Frowns of Fortune. He was no sooner enlarged from his Confinement than he went to return the Count thanks for

the Favour, which so endeared him to that Nobleman and his Family, that he became highly in their good Graces, and was carested by them beyond any of their Acquaintance.

Simond, The Count was never easy without *de Kersey*, insomuch that he obliged him to spend most of his Time at that Nobleman's House. But even this pleasing Reverse of the Chevalier's ill Fortune, was attended with displeasing Consequences. The Count had a Sister who became too sensible of his Friend's Perfections. *Simond* Unable to resist his Charms, *de Kersey* was ever in her Mind. In vain did she strive to conquer her growing Passion; for in spite of her Resolution, she found a thousand Excuses for going into her Brother's Apartment as often as the Chevalier was there. She would participate of their Conversation; and though she preserved a Silence imposed by her Modesty, and not unlikely by her Awe of her Brother, her Eyes spoke but too plainly the Tumult in her Breast.

Simond But whether *de Kersey* did not really take notice of the Advances of Mademoiselle *de Vi-*
Despenon *laize*; or whether he purposely seemed unat-
tentive to avoid embarking himself in an In-
trigue, out of which he might find it difficult
to extricate himself with Honour, he seemed
quite insensible to the young Lady's Charms,
or of the Sorrows he caused, contenting him-
self with treating her with common Civility
and good Manners. But she, whom Love
had wholly ingrossed, had not the Power to
stand calmly the shock of so great Indifference
in

in the Object she loved. She became melancholy; a settled Sorrow was fixt in her Eyes; and all her Words and Actions proclaimed her pressed down by the Weight of Grief. Solitude was all her Delight; and, shunning all her old Acquaintance, she pleased herself with the Thoughts of her Vanquisher. The recalling to her Mind the Charms of his Person, the Beauties of his Mind and his Valour administered a Satisfaction, which stood her instead of all other Pleasures.

The Count her Brother, who loved her tenderly, saw with much Uneasiness the Melancholy she was seized with; and often urged her to reveal to him the Cause of the Grief that oppressed her: He would always evade the Question, by alledging Indisposition, or making some other frivolous Excuse, which but the more raised the Anxiety of her Brother, and his Impatience to know the true Cause. As he knew she could have no domestic Cause, he sought else where that of her Melancholy. He suspected that Love might be at the Bottom of the Evil; and therefore observing her Conduct more narrowly than usual, he soon perceived that his Friend *de Kerg* was the Cause of the ill she would conceal.

De Vilainet was not a little pleased with this Discovery; for as he had a sincere Esteem for *de Kerg*, and loved his Sister passionately, he was not sorry for an Occasion of gratifying them both. Far from being angry with his Sister for exposing a Weakness unbecoming her Sex, he resolved to serve her, promote her Suit, and

Simon and secure her Choice to her, if the Object of her Affection was of like Sentiments But willing to be truly informed of the real State of his Sister's Heart, before he should open the Matter to *de Kengy*, he resolved to put the Matter home to her.

My dear Sister, said he to her one Evening after the amiable Chevalier had been gone, I am vain enough to think that I have found out the Cause of your Melancholy. Cautious and reserved as you have been, the Eyes of my Affection have discovered the Secret you strove to keep. Your Eyes betray you when least you think it. But imagine not that I condemn your Flame. Far from it, I intend to serve you; and shall employ all the Credit I have to induce our Relations to think as favourably of your Choice as I do. But previous to my taking any such step, I expect you will own sincerely that Love is the Cause of your Disquiet.

Despenon You can't expect, said Mademoiselle *de K* ~~mixet~~, blushing to the very Tips of her Ears, that I should own what I am a Stranger to. But, Brother, why would you suspect me of a Passion I am unacquainted with? What Informations have you had to raise your Suspicion? Or how has my Conduct subjected me to your Censure? But supposing your Suspicions well founded, who is it that could raise the Flame you suspect? I see none but your Friends, and that in your Company; and you yourself can vouch that nothing particular ever passed between any of them and me.

My

My dearest Sister, replied the Count, my Friendship shall spare you the Confusion of naming the Man you love. It suffices that I know him, and that I esteem him as a Youth of great Merit and Expectation. In fine, I applaud your Choice, for I think no Woman could escape, or be ashamed of wearing the Chevalier de *Vergy's* Chains. Let not the *Surmond's* Scruples of your Modesty hurry you so far as to prevent my Solicitation with our Relations. Let me have your Consent, and depend upon my Conduct and Affection.

Lord! how urgent are you Men, when you set about any thing. But ah! dear Brother, said she, how well do you know to touch the tenderest Part of your Sister's Heart! Well; since it is necessary in order for Happiness, I own I love: Nay I own I love that same young Cavalier you named.—I would have concealed for ever my Love; but you have extorted the Secret from me. Atone then, by the Performance of your Promise, for the wrong you have done in giving me the Pain of owning a Flame I intended to conceal for ever.

A Princess need not, said the Count, embracing his Sister with great Tenderneſs, blush to intruſt the Secret of ſo honourable a Flame to a Brother that loves as I do you. Rely on my Friendship, and count upon my Affiduity. Methinks you have had too many Proofs of my Regard for you to doubt I won't do all in my Power to compleat your Happineſs; and I hope ſoon to give you ſuch a teſt of my Affection, as ſhall unite you to the Man you love,
and

and by contributing to an Union you wish for so earnestly, unite your Heart and mine for ever.

Simond From that Moment the Count procured his Sister all the Opportunities he could possibly, to see and be alone with *de Kergy*. The Opportunities she employed so well, that she reduced her Lover to the Necessity of declaring himself, in spite of any Reservedness he might have had, without trespassing on the Decency of her Sex. She had the Address to oblige him to an explicit Declaration, by seeming only not to be unwilling to make the first Overtures, did the natural Bashfulness of her Sex and Youth admit of it. In short, *de Kergy* found himself engaged before he was aware of it: And finding he had gone or permitted her to lead him too far to retire, he thought his best Course would be to act his Part as naturally as possible, prompted perhaps somewhat by an arch Kind of Gayety inherent in the Sex.

The first Overture of his Passion to this enamoured young Lady was at a Walk among several of her Relations and Acquaintance, whom she had the Address to let pass before her and her Lover to give him the fairer Opportunity. He had her by the Hand, when he saw her stop short, purposely to let the Company advance; and though he conceived her Design, and saw the fatal Moment approaching, he found it impossible to avert the Stroke. How unhappily situated, said he to her, am I, Madam, that am in pain, yet hope not for a Cure, but by acquainting her with my Sufferings who has caused them; but of whom I dare

dare not make a Confident lest my Torments should increase by incurring her Displeasure.

I own, Sir, replied Mademoiselle de ~~Kilainet~~, *Bessenen*, your are much to be pitied. Sure she must have a very obdurate Heart, that could refuse easing that of so accomplished a Cavalier as you are, by only allowing you to recite the Cause of your Discontent. And how partial soever I may be to my own Sex, I cannot help resenting the Severity of the Lady you complain of. Since then, Madam, said he, you have declared yourself on my Side, I may hope not to fall under your Displeasure, if I declare that your bright Eyes have robbed me of my Quiet. Ah, Sir, replied she with an Air that spoke the Excess of her Transport, cease your Gallantries; I am too sure that I have no share in the Sorrows you complain of; nay, I can't help, even thinking them to be imaginary; and therefore should think it a Weakness to bestow any Share of my Pity upon you. Madam, said the feigned Lover, you do me an Injustice to suspect my Truth. And though I should incur your Displeasure by a Repetition of what I said, I must avow my Flame, and own that my Happiness depends solely on your Indulgence.

The return of the Company put an End to a Conversation, which gave Mademoiselle de ~~Kilainet~~, *Bessenen* so great Pleasure that the Change of her Humour was perceivable by them all, but particularly by the Brother, who guessed the Cause. As soon as they were alone, she confirmed his Suspicion by owning that *de Kengy* *hermond* had

Had at last declared himself. The Count was highly pleased that his Friend had made such advances as enabled him to open the Affair to his Family; without discovering the Weakness of his Sister. But all this while the amiable *de Kerguy*, though he had administered Joy to the amorous Mademoiselle *de Vilaines* and her Brother, felt mortal Inquietudes himself. He saw the Labyrinth he had engaged himself in, but was at a loss how he should extricate himself. After the first fatal Step he had taken, or rather was obliged to take, he thought he had no other Party to take, than either to proceed in, and colour the Amour the best he could, hoping some favourable Opportunity might offer to disinvolve him with Honour, or to make a precipitate Retreat from Town. But loth to quit a Place he was so well received in, he was willing to hope that his good Luck, which had hitherto helped him over all his Misfortunes, would still befriend him. And though the Count had already made such advances on the Subject of his Sister's Love, as made *de Kerguy* tremble whenever he called them to mind, yet was he fond to hope that some lucky Incident would intervene to prevent Matters from coming to the last perplexing Extremities.

While the disguised Conqueror was in this anxious State of Uncertainty, Providence seemed inclined to interpose in his Behalf. An anterior Lover of Mademoiselle *de Vilaines* was returned from an Absence of some Months, which he had employed in prosecuting a Law-suit.

suit in the * Parliament of a distant Province of the Kingdom. This Gentleman was favourite with the whole Family of the *de Vilair*, except the young Lady whom it imported him most to please. From being indifferent to her, as he had been before his last Departure from *Montpellier*, he now became her utter Aversion, her Passion for *de Vergy* having steeled her Heart against all other Men, but more particularly against a Pretender that dared to have fortified himself with the prior Approbation of her Family before he had her Consent.

As Love is extremely quick of Perception, the old Lover perceived the Change in *Mademoiselle de Vilair*, the first Visit he made after his Return. He saw he had a Rival without knowing who, and complained without a Reply. This Silence which he took in disdain threw him into an Excess of Passion. He cursed his Fate, raved and swore he would cure himself of a Passion that was so inhumanly slighted. To which, she replying with great Calmness, that he would act wisely in so doing; he flung himself from her, to find out his Rival, and complain to her Family.

He soon found out that *de Vergy* was his Rival; but as he had acquired so great Reputation of Valour in his Affair with the Count *de Vilair*, he did not dare attack him openly, but hoped to circumvent him by means of his Interest with *Mademoiselle's* Relations. Be-

* *France* is divided into Provinces, and each Province has a Parliament, which hardly differs but in Name from our Courts of Justice.

fides, this Lover, whose Name was *d'Esplans*, was of the Robe, being a * Counsellor of the Parliament of *Toulouse*. That Gentry in most Countries, particularly in *France*, are noted for a prudent Tendernefs for Self-preservation. And it was happy for *de Vergy* that Monsieur *d'Esplans* was fonder of Life than of his Mistress; for otherwise he might have become the Victim of his Disguise. But the Discretion of the Counsellor was the Safety of the Cavalier; and his Interest in the young Lady's Family was his only Resource to extricate himself without exposing his own Person, or *de Vergy's* Sex, or breaking absolutely with Count *de Vitairat*.

D'Esplans had so far gained the good Opinion of his Mistress's Family, that when the Count her Brother had proposed *de Vergy* to his Father, he treated him as a Madman. How changed are you, said he, my Son, from what I always took you for. Your good Sense endeared you no less to me than your Virtue and Obedience; but how mistaken was I? Have you reflected on the Folly, the Absurdity of the Proposal you make me for your Sister? What, to marry one so dear to you to a Man you know nothing of; a Man whom nobody here knows, and who himself affects to avoid being known for what he really is. The young Fellow, 'tis true, makes a handsom Figure, and supports a great Expence; but who can tell the Depth of his purse? He plays deep, and wins large Sums of Money; but very probably Bassette and Faraon are his only Lands and Inheri-

* A Judge.

tances. Have recourse to your Prudence, and I am sure you will never more importune me in favour of a Man whom you may esteem as an agreeable Acquaintance, without consenting to his becoming your Brother. But how just soever Monsieur *de Vilainet's* Reprimand to his Son was, the young Fellow, fond to indulge his Friend and his Sister, still persisted to hope he should in time gain upon his Father, and for this Reason would not give his Sister the Pain of hearing the ill Success of his first Attempt in her Favour.

How perplexed soever the Situation of the Count *de Vilainet* and his Sister became by the Arrival of Monsieur *d'Esplan*, his coming so opportunely softened not a little the Rigour of *de Kerg's* Inquierudes. The Regard of all Mademoiselle *de Vilainet's* Family for the old Lover, and her Aversion to him seemed to promise some lucky Incident in favour of the disguised Cavalier. At least thus was the Moment of being obliged to leave the Town, or declare his Sex, removed at a great Distance of time.

Mirancourt, ever in pain for fear that his Mistress's agreeable Manner would render her in her Disguise too great a Favourite with the Fair, and that' her Unthoughtfulness would carry her to too great Lengths in Intrigue, was continually expressing his Concern for her Advances to Mademoiselle *de Vilainet*. But the intervening Incidents of the young Lady's Passion, the Opportunities she purposely gave, and her Brother's Indulgence, rendered all his careful Effects in vain. Matters had gone so great Lengths,

De Chevreuse's
Simond's

Lengths, that, had not *d'Esplanc's* Arrival happened, the amiable involved *de Keroy*, must necessarily have absented himself from that Part of *France* a few Days after he had professed himself a Lover.

Simond's

But, as *de Keroy's* Destiny was always chequered, the Calm, or rather Cessation arising from the Arrival of the Counsellor, was soon disturbed by a Proposal made to him by his Mistress. The Count her Brother finding it impracticable to alter his Father's Resolution in regard to his Proposal in favour of *de Keroy*, thought it necessary to inform his Sister with his ill Success, that she might endeavour to wean herself from a Passion her Family would never be brought to approve of. But alas! Love has the Address to fortify his Votaries in their greatest Distress; nay, to increase their Passion in Proportion to the Difficulties thrown in their Way.

Simond's

The Information of her Brother's bad Success, instead of cooling, inflamed Mademoiselle *de Vitaines's* Passion for our fair Adventurer. The Horror of being forced to marry a Man she hated; and the Sorrow of being for ever separated from the Object she passionately loved, determined her to propose an Escape to *England*, or some other foreign Country.

De Chevreuse's

Simond's

Poor *de Keroy*, conscious of his own Inability to make Life agreeable to a young Lady, distant from all her Friends and Relations, trembled at the Proposal. He considered his Incapacity on one hand; and on the other, what must a Mistress think of a Lover, who daily expressed the tenderest

tenderest Passion for her, to refuse the Happiness he so constantly and fervently urged her to grant? The Case was become extremely delicate, nor was it less embarrassing how he should answer so as to evade the present Accomplishment of her Wishes, yet give no Offence. But by the following Answer he adroitly avoided both for the present at least.

Madam, said he, could I hope that you are in earnest, I should count myself the happiest of Mortals. But how can I flatter myself that you will, or can continue in the kind Sentiments you seem now to be of, when you reflect on the Sacrifice you should make by abandoning your Friends, your Family, and your Country to follow my Fortune? I should soon, added he, find you repenting the Blessings which you now seem inclined to bestow.

Ah, Chevalier, said she, entertain not so mean an Opinion of my Resolution and Constancy. Nothing can lessen my Affection, nor no Motive shall alter my Resolve. Since then, answered *de Kerguel*, thou lovely Object *Simond*, of my Wishes, you seem resolved, I will instantly set about taking the necessary Measures for our Flight. Leave the Conduct of the whole to my Care. And let us not hereafter have it to reproach ourselves that we had not taken our Measures cautiously and judiciously. In about fifteen Days all things shall be prepared; for by that time I expect a large Remittance from home, without which it would be imprudent to set out. As soon as my Bills arrive,
you

you shall chuse the Country you would retire to.

Alas, said she with some Resentment, how little do Men know the Excess of a female Sincerity and Love! But I forgive you an Ignorance owing to Prejudice, contracted by conversing with your own unbelieving Sex. When you know me better, you'll have a better Opinion of mine. Go where you will I shall follow with Pleasure, happy and contented with the Satisfaction of being your Wife. Wherever you are, the Country and Climate will have every Perfection and Charm I can wish for or imagine. Is not the Conduct I am willing to pursue a sure Pledge to you that I shall think myself happy whithersoever you take me. Reckon upon the most persevering Love and Fidelity on my Side, as I am willing to do on yours. And I doubt not but our mutual Constancy will efface some Part of my Misconduct, or rather justify my Weakness to the Public.

Chemeran, The faithful *Mirancourt*, being informed of all that passed in this last Interview, asked *de Verdy* how he resolved to behave? Matters are now, said he, pushed to so great Extremity, that you have no Election but that of making a sudden Exit from a Town which has proved a Scene of more Sorrow than Pleasure to us both. *Simon*, These, said *de Verdy*, were my own Sentiments from the Beginning; and the Pretext of waiting for Bills was introduced only to borrow time for settling our Affairs, and taking the necessary Measures for a Retreat. And whither, said *Mirancourt*,

Mirancourt, sighing, shall we fly to avoid the *Chemeran*, Sorrows that attend us every-where? Whither should we retire to, reply'd *de Vergy*, but to *Simond*, *Paris*, that World in Miniature, which suits best with our Condition and Disguise. 'Tis the only Place we can remain undiscover'd in, 'till some Change in my Family extort the Smiles of Fortune.

Ah! Madam, reply'd the oppress'd Lover, when will that cruel Fortune exchange her Frowns for Smiles? Such is our Fate, answer'd *de Vergy*, that we can't hope for a Change of *Simond*, our Fortune, but by wading thro' new Hardships and Difficulties. As long as my Father lives, he will constantly oppose our Union; and my ill Luck cannot change but by a Loss which I find Nature strongly inclines me to regret. So, said *Mirancourt*, are we doom'd to *Chemeran*, suffer by the Weight of our Woes, and by the Cause that should remove it. But however Fate shall dispose of mine, I shall always deem myself happy while I can tell you that I adore you, and you are pleas'd to hear me tell you so without incurring your Displeasure.

But, said *de Vergy*, shall you always speak *Simond*, thus? Shall you always be of this Opinion? In fine, shall you always love as warmly as you would make me believe you do? Forgive my Doubts, *Mirancourt*, you know my Disguise *Chemeran*, has initiated me in the Wiles and Doublings of your Sex — Gods! reply'd the Lover, do I live to have my Truth question'd by the dear Idol of my Soul? Am I yet to give Proof of my Sincerity? Rather let Fortune heap all her Evils

Evils on me, than I should cease adoring you. My Love will be eternal, and shall extend far beyond the Life we now breathe. Here again I beg leave to repeat my Vows of eternal Love and Submission to your Will; assuring you that your permitting me to tell you how much I love, gives me more refin'd Pleasure than all the World beside could administer.

Simon

O! then cry'd *de Kengy* in Rapture, let Fortune do her worst; I shall complain of her no more, since she has bless'd me with your Love and Constancy. I shall forget the Loss of Parents, Relations, Country, every thing I have lost, and think I find them all in you. So long as I am secure of your Faith, I shall laugh at cross Accidents and Disappointments, till Fortune be tir'd and asham'd of using one ill, who so much despises her Malice.

Desponon

*de Char-
cote*

While these Lovers were thus exchanging Vows and indulging Love, who took a Pride in coupling with his Chains a Pair of Hearts so equally match'd, he was preparing fresh Inquietude for them, as if he intended to chastise most those who paid him greatest Adoration. Mademoiselle *de Kilairs*, intending her favourite Woman should accompany her in her Escape, she imparted to her the Secret of her Intention, not in the least doubting either her Discretion or Fidelity. But *d'Esplanc*, having some time before bribed her to be his Advocate with her Lady, had too strong an Interest in the Maid not to be let into the Secrets of the Mistress. He was inform'd of all that pass'd; and thought it not difficult to avail himself

himself of his Rival's Project of running away with Mademoiselle *de Kilairat*, by contriving on his Plan, to get her into his Hands, and run away with her himself. *Despenon,*

His Passion for his Mistress on one hand, and his Aversion to his Rival on the other, would not permit this Man, vers'd in the Laws of his Country, to see the Danger of forcing away the Daughter of a Man of Quality. For however well he might fancy himself to be with Monsieur *de Kilairat*, he could not suppose that he would not chastise the Indignity offer'd his Family: Nor could he hope that the young Lady, who hated him, would alter her Opinion of her Ravisher, after she should distinguish him from the dear Man, with whom she intended to escape. But the Counsellor, being actuated with Love and Revenge, Passions the most violent that are incident to human Nature, could see no Risk or Danger in his Scheme, but what he thought his Art and Precautions would help him out of. *Despenon,*

The Day before he intended to put his Scheme in Execution, he order'd his Confident to inform herself of all the young Lady's Actions; and to give him notice if any thing extraordinary should happen. This Caution he judg'd necessary, that he might vary his Plan, and shape it by his Mistress and *de Kergis's* *Simond's* Motions. He order'd a Post-chaise without one of the Gates of the City; and that Afternoon he pray'd one of his Friends, an Acquaintance of *de Kergis*, to entertain him so as that he should not see Mademoiselle *de Kilairat*. *Simond's* *Despenon*

ret. Every thing succeeding to his Wish, and having Information from his Confident that her Lady had waited all the Afternoon for her Lover with the utmost Impatience, he sent the following Letter by her to Mademoiselle *Deffrenon de Vilairat*, who had never before had any from the Chevalier de *Vergy*. *Sirmond*.

THE Arrival of the Bills of Exchange which I so long expected, and the Regulation of my Affairs made it impossible for me to have seen you to-day; a Day that would appear the longest of my Life, if it had not been employ'd to secure you mine for ever. In short; I have employ'd my time so well, that nothing but your Presence is wanting to compleat our mutual Happiness. You'll meet a Post-Chaise just without the Gate next your Street, at the fall of Night; I shall have another at some Distance. But should any Chance prevent my meeting you at the Gate, make no scruple of allowing the Postillion to drive you and your Maid where I directed. You may safely rely on his Fidelity, being intirely in my Interest. I think I need not doubt that you will execute a Scheme that puts you for ever in the Arms of him that desires to live but so long as he shall be able to contribute to your Happiness.

DE VEROT.

Mademoiselle de Vilairat, impatient to execute a Project of her own forming, and confiding implicitly in her Servant, was ravish'd at the Receipt of this Letter. And without the Loss of one precious Moment; for in Love

Moments seem Ages; she and her Maid pack'd up her Jewels, and such necessary Apparel as they could carry away undiscover'd, and meeting the Chaise without the Gate, hesitated not to get into it, and suffer herself to be carry'd where ever the Man would. After about three Hours driving, the Postillion stopt at the Edge of a Wood, whence came a Man muffled up in a Cloak, whom the frighten'd young Lady soon knew to be her hated Lover, Monsieur *d'Esplans*

De Chorreule.

The Sight of an Object so hated, and the Thoughts of her present Condition, caus'd so great a Tumult in the young Lady's Breast, that she fainted away; but after she came to herself, would have strangled her Maid for betraying her, if the Counsellor had not interpos'd. Ah! said she, Monster, you do well to save a Wretch from my just Rage, who is your own Sister in Falshood and Perfidy. But, Villain! what dare you now you have me in your Power? Hope not that all your Arts or Force, or the greatest Risks and Perils can alter my Mind, or change my Love. And since the Feebleness of my Sex does not allow me to be reveng'd of thee as you deserve, be assur'd I have Strength enough, and will use it, to put an end to my Days the Moment you dare exceed the Bounds of the strictest Modesty.

Alas! Madam, reply'd *d'Esplans*, your Wrath *De Chorreule* won't permit you to see that this Action of mine, which you deem so criminal, is the effect of the warmest and purest Flame that ever

burnt in the Breast of Man. I would die a thousand deaths before you should have the least room for suspecting my Virtue. If I have offended in my Stratagem for securing you from my Rival, ought not your Compassion to plead my Excuse as a Lover; ought not your Equity to interfere in behalf of one, whose Passion is authoriz'd by all your Family? Let me hope that time, my Affiduity and Resignation to your Desires will efface from your Mind the Memory of a Rival, unauthorized by the Approbation of your Family, and for aught you know, unworthy of your Alliance both by Birth and Fortune. Ah! no, said she, his Absence and your Presence will but add to my Love for him, and Hatred for you. At least, reply'd ~~de Esplan~~, shall I have the Satisfaction to see that my Rival is no happier than I; and his Anxiety will be some Alleviation to my own. — By this time fresh Horses were put to the Chaise, which put an end to a Dialogue that added to the Disquiet of both Parties, and they continued their Journey whither the Schemist directed.

But how melancholy soever was the Situation of that deceiv'd young Lady, the Scene at her Father's House was not less distracting. The Count and Countess *de Kilaires*, her Parents, were inconsolable after they had sent in vain to seek her at all the Families of their Acquaintance. They concluded that she had been inveigled by *de Kergo* to run away with him, and charg'd their Son, the young Count, with

De Chavrus,

Desperon,

Sirmond

with being the Author of their Disquiet, and the Disgrace of their Family.

Young *de Valaire*, who knew himself to be *Despenon* the unhappy indirect Cause of the Distractions of his Parents, tho' he was not privy to the Escape, flew to *de Vergy's* Lodgings, hoping to *Simond's* receive some Information there which way he had bent his Flight. But how astonish'd was he to find the Chevalier, at that late Hour of Night, busily employ'd in packing up his Goods in order to set out the next Day for *Paris*, as had been concerted with *Mirameau* the Day *Chemeran* before. I thought, said the Count *de Vergy*, *Simond*, I had bestow'd my Esteem on a Man of Honour, but find I had been grossly mistaken. Nor am I less mistaken in you, Sir, reply'd *de Vergy*, who doubt my Honour where I am not conscious of having given you any Cause. Your Diffimulation, said the Count, too truly confirms my Suspicion of your Probity; but, Sir, added he, the earlier you repent and endeavour to atone for the Dishonour you have done our Family, the better can my Friendship plead in your behalf. If my Sister be in Town, let me instantly know where you have lodg'd her; and if she be set out before you, inform me which Road she took; she can't be very far off, considering she had escap'd but at Seven this Evening. Nay, hesitate not, Sir, unless you would oblige me to secure your Person this Instant. You will do well to avoid being exposed yourself, or exposing her whom you pretend to love. The Public is not acquainted as yet with your Baseness, or her Im-

D 3

modesty;

modesty; therefore to prevent the Publication of her Infamy, and to preserve your own Head from the Block, restore me my Sister, while yet there is a Possibility of keeping your Dishonour and her Folly a Secret from the Town.

Simond

After *de Vergy* had recover'd from the Fright the Count's Discourse had put him into, he said: Sir, I am equally concern'd and astonish'd at the Charge you bring against me; nor could any thing less than the most unblemish'd Innocence be able to support me under the Weight of the Accusation. If it be true that your Sister is secretly withdrawn from her Father's, why shall I be thought to have inveigled her away? How much soever I loved her, be persuaded that I am one of too strict Honour, and have too tender a Regard for your Friendship, to commit a Fact that should forfeit my own Character and your Esteem. You may safely reckon upon my Sincerity, when I assure you that I am utterly unacquainted with every Circumstance of your Sister's Escape.

The Count, enrag'd beyond measure, for being, as he thought, trifled with and impos'd upon, reply'd, Chuse, Sir, this instant, the alternative of satisfying my laudable Curiosity, or being dragg'd to a Dungeon. Here, the feign'd Cavalier's Sex began to operate. Prisons, Courts of Justice, Scaffolds, all the frightful Objects that obtrude upon the Mind of Malefactors, were full in his View, and had depriv'd him of the Use of Speech, when the faithful *Miramecourt* came to his Relief.

Chemeran

This Gentleman, finding it impossible to remove

move the Count's Prejudice by any thing that could be urg'd in favour of the innocent *de Vergy*, thought it advisable to give him intire *Simond*, Satisfaction, rather than be expos'd to the Risk and Ignominy of a Prison and Trial. Cousin, said *de Vergy*, since the Count refuses to give *Simond*, Faith to all that I can urge in your Justification, let him be wholly disabus'd, on condition that he passes his Honour not to publish the Secret which I shall reveal to him. It is not less, reply'd the Count, my Interest than yours, to preserve a Secret, which, if known, would retort Infamy on my Blood. But, Gentlemen, however you may think to evade Justice by some feign'd Story of your own Coinage, be assured you shall not escape the Edge of either the Law or Resentment of our Family, but by a frank Avowal of every Circumstance of the Escape of my Sister.

But, said *de Vergy*, will it not content you *Simond*, to know, that I am incapable of giving you Umbrage, or creating your Suspicion? I thought so, reply'd the Count, when I rank'd you foremost in the Catalogue of my Friends. I see, Cousin, said *Mirancourt*, you must be more *Chemeran*, explicit to give the Count intire Content. Be it so then, reply'd *de Vergy*, since the Honour of *Simond*, a Family of Distinction, and the Satisfaction of a Man of Honour require I should drop the Mask. Know Sir, said he to the Count, that I am of your Sister's Sex. Should you still disbelieve me, let your own Eyes convince you. At these Words she uncover'd her Bosom, and blushing, said, the necessity to which your Incredulity

has reduc'd me, must serve as an Excuse for this Freedom, or call it, if you will, the Immodesty of my Conduct. But, Sir, added he, or rather she, as I impart to you the most important Secret of my Life, I hope I shan't be deceiv'd in the favourable Opinion I always had of your Honour.

The Count, surpriz'd at an Event so extraordinary, stood mute for some moments. Perhaps he call'd to mind his late Defeat in the Field by this disguis'd Beauty; but be the Cause what it will, after a Silence which shew'd no less his Concern than Astonishment, he said; I know not how to express a Surprise which exceeds that occasion'd by the Escape of my Sister. But, added he, who can she be gone with? She lov'd you passionately; therefore, since you are innocent, Love can have no share in her Flight. I can suspect but ~~plans~~ *plans*, whose Despair might urge him to commit a dangerous Excess of this Nature.

The Conjecture is not unnatural, said *de Chevalier*, *reusé*, *de Kergy*, and my Cousin and I will aid you with Pleasure in the Discovery of the Ravisher. But let me repeat my Intreaty, that you won't divulge a Secret which so much concerns my Honour and Repose. Doubt not, Madam, answer'd the Count, of my Virtue; and be satisfy'd that this is the last time I shall thus distinguish you by your real Sex. You shall always pass for the Chevalier *de Kergy*, if no other but I disabuse the Public.

De Kergy return'd the Count Thanks in the most grateful and obliging manner, and made

no Secret of acquainting him with the genuine History of his Life, and with his and ~~Alexis~~ *Cherme* *Count's* real Name and Family. The young *Count's* Nobleman, being affected with the relation of the Misfortunes of these constant Lovers, renew'd his Vows of an inviolable Friendship for them both; and taking their measures in concert for discovering whither Mademoiselle de ~~Kilainot~~ *Despremon* was retired, the Count return'd to his Father and Mother, whose Anxiety was augmented by his staying away so long. They were no Strangers to their Son's first Quarrel with *de Longy*, and dreaded the Consequence *Simone*, of this second unhappy Occasion for unsheathing the Sword.

But while they were thus doubly anxious for the Flight of a Daughter, and the Dangers they imagin'd the Son to be expos'd to, he came to inform them with his having the most cogent Reasons for believing that *de Longy* was ignorant of his Sister's Escape, and for suspecting that ~~de Esplan~~ *Simone*, who he heard was gone out of *de Chev* Town that Evening, had gain'd her Woman, *euise*, and was Author of her Evasion. Tho' it was at this time near Two in the Morning, the old Couple would be present at forcing open all their Daughters and her Maid's Cabinets and Trunks to see if they could find any Letters by which they might trace up the Mystery of her Flight to its Source. Nothing appeared in the Daughter's Cabinets that could give any light of her Escape; but in her Woman's Trunk the following Letter was found:

Lucy

IF my Project succeeds, my dear ~~Isabel~~, you may count on my paying you the Thousand Crowns I promis'd you; and that you may have no Doubt on your Mind, I here again renew the Promise. I shan't call upon you to day, to prevent any Suspicion of my Design: For I think it will look better that I continue to appear cool and indifferent, as I have been for some Days past. I shall however, see you to-morrow, it being necessary in order to the concerting the last Measures. I shall find means to prevent your Lady's seeing de ~~Voray~~ to-morrow; so that if you assist with your usual Address, there is scarce a doubt but she will fall into the Snare, and I shall have the Pleasure of conducting her to my Country-house, where when she is sever'd from my Rival, I may have hopes she will in time correspond with the good Intentions of her Parents in my favour. Reckon always upon my Friendship, and command as your Friend your faithful

*Simond*De Chevreuille.

D'ESPLANS.

Lucy

This Letter, which ~~Isabel~~ had forgot in the hurry of her Lady's Escape, so far clear'd up the Doubts of Monsieur de ~~Vilainet~~'s Family concerning the Flight of his Daughter, that they set out immediately for the Counsellor's Country-Seat, where they found the afflicted Fugitive, bathed in Tears, and alarm'd with Fears for her dear ~~de Voray~~'s Safety. She fear'd that ~~de Esplans~~ had laid a Snare for her Lover, as well as for her; and, in her Despair, was on the point of laying violent Hands on herself,

*Despenon**Simond
de Chev
reulle*

self, when her Parents and Brother enter'd the Room she was in. She threw herself upon her Knees to her Father, who raising her up with great Tenderness, said, Daughter, you see the ill Effects of imprudent Love and Disobedience. You design'd to put yourself in the Power of a Stranger who might dishonour you for ever; but Chance threw you into the Hands of the Man whom your Duty and Interest should induce you to esteem.

Ah! Sir, said Monsieur *d'Esplan*, who by *De cheu*
this time had joined the Company, if there be *reude,*
guilt, 'tis mine alone. Your Daughter is innocent—I believe it, replied Monsieur *de V. Despenon,*
l'air, as to a Design of escaping with you. But is she not intentionally criminal? Daughter, there is but one way left you to repair your own Honour, and that of our House; and happy that such a way is open for restoring you to your Fame, and your Family to quiet.

Mademoiselle *de Kilair*, not doubting her *Despenon,*
Father meant that she should marry *d'Esplan*, *De cheu*
flung herself at his Feet, saying, Ah, Sir, confine me to the most distant and austere Monastery; confine me to the most frightful Solitude: But punish me not so rigorously as you intend, for a Crime I committed not. Shall I be the fatal Recompence of Guilt; shall the Criminal, instead of being punished as he deserves, be recompenced at my Expence, that am innocent? Will you compel me to give my Hand to a Man that merits my deepest Resentment?

When the Heart is not free, I confess 'tis difficult to follow the Dictates of simple Reason; but, my Child, said the tender Father, remember that Necessity, as well as Reason and Duty, plead in Favour of him; whose Passion for you rescued you from the Shelves on which your Weakness would have hurried you. *De Kengy* is a Stranger; and may be an Impostor for aught we know. An Alliance with such a Man would reflect Dishonour on our House. If your Love for him has blinded your Reason, 'tis to be hoped your Pride is free. For shame! call to mind the Nobility of your Race, and the Glory of your Ancestors; call to mind the Virtue and Dignity of your Sex.—Tears and Sighs being all that the Father could get from his Daughter, he assumed an Air of greater Severity, saying; While yet your Character was unfullyed, I intreated rather than commanded your Obedience, though I was convinced of the Suitableness of the Match I proposed to you. I then exerted not the paternal Power; but the Case is changed; and Prudence, as well as Affection, require that I should use it for your Benefit.

The young Count her Brother, seeing her immoveably bent to gratify Love and Hatred, two Passions now equally predominant in her Breast, believed that, in order to efface the first, it was necessary to remove the latter. She loved *de Kengy*, and hated *d'Esplan*; but it being necessary for her Honour that she should not hate the latter, if she could not love him,

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it was no less so, that she should be convinced her Love for the first was ill founded; or rather that there was no Foundation for Love at all. To this End he begged his Father would urge her no more for the present, but leave it to his Care to reason her into a Sense of her Duty and Self-interest.

As soon as the Company was retired, the Brother, taking the afflicted Sister by the Hand, said; You know me for your Friend, as well as Brother. My Tenderness for you carried me every length to gratify your Desires. My Reason told me I should reprimand you for giving up your Heart to *de Kergo*, a *Stranger*, and for any thing we know, one of neither Family nor Fortune. But my Reason soon subsided to make way for my Tenderness for you, which induced me to indulge your Weakness. You yourself can vouch for the Warmth and Sincerity with which I endeavoured to gain the Consent of our Father. But what would you say, should you be convinced that you loved in vain, and that, had my Father consented, all my Endeavours had been in vain?—*De Kergo* could never become your Husband. *Simond*

Ah! said she, what new shocking Misfortune are you preparing for me? What, is the perfidious Man already married? Has he had the Insolence to play upon my Weakness? No, my dearest Sister, reply'd the Count, *de Kergo* is *unmarried*, and yet incapable of marrying you. In short, he is not what he appears to be. He is of your own Sex, A Maiden disguised for Love, *Simond*

as you might have been before now, had he urged you to dissemble your Sex.—Still was the Sister incredulous, though the young Count had told her all he knew from *de Vergy* of his and ~~Assurance~~ *Assurance*'s History. No, no, said she, I believe not a Word of what you say. Brother, I see your Drift; perhaps it may be an Effect of your Judgment, but am sure 'tis none of your Affection. You think there is a Necessity of my marrying my Ravisher, and would gain my Consent by Fraud.—Fy, Brother, does this Conduct suit with your Professions? Why would you deceive a Sister that loves you next the dear Chevalier, and would die to make you happy?—And, says he, as our mutual Happiness depends upon your being undeceived, I shall press this Matter no farther till your own Eyes convince you, as mine have already done me. I only insist that you comply to the general Desire of your Family, if *de Vergy* be what I report him to be. Alas! she replied, if he be not what I took him for, what have I to do but to repair my Honour, and consult the Quiet of my Family?

The Business now being to disabuse Made-moiselle de *Vilainet*, that she might consent to marry Monsieur *d'Esplan*, the Company hastened back to Town, and the young Count her Brother to *de Vergy* to inform him of what had passed, and the Necessity there was of satisfying his Sister personally. But, said *de Vergy* to *Simond* young Count de *Vilainet*; how shall I appear before a Lady I had imposed upon? You will allow me to know the Resentment of the Sex

on such Occasions. Far from hoping to be forgiven, I dread that an Interview may be attended with some fatal Consequence. How! said the Count smiling, one who durst run the risk of handling Sword and Pistol in the Field, dread the Consequence of meeting a feeble Girl! But to be serious, my Sister will easily forgive an Imposition arising from Necessity. And when she is convinced of your Sex, her Love however violent, will turn to a Friendship no less so. Let us go this Instant to prove the Rectitude of my Supposition.

Mademoiselle de ~~Kilmer~~, who doubted not *Desprez* that her Brother had imposed upon her in regard to ~~de Kergo's~~ Sex, was confounded when she *Sirmond's* saw him return accompanied by the dear Impostor. She now dreaded to be undeceived, and stood trembling for fear ~~de Kergo~~ should *Sirmond* give her Proofs she wished not to see. But the Chevalier, now left alone with her by the Count who retired out of Decency, throwing himself at her Feet, said, Madam, you will have the Goodness to pardon an Imposition owing to Necessity. Your Brother has informed you of my Story; and I hope your Compassion will get the better of your Repentment. But, says the astonished Mistress, is it possible you can be a Woman, and act the Man so naturally? Madam, replied ~~de Kergo~~, *Sirmond's* as your Repose, and my innocent Guilt, if I may so call my Crime, require that you should be convinced, please to honour me with your Hand to feel a Breast that beats as much with Love as your own.

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Simond As soon as she had proved *de Kargy's* Sex, the disappointed Lady became enraged, cried, Perfidious Wretch! why would you select me from among all the youthful Fair of our City to abuse and deceive me? Was it because I loved you passionately?—But why would you drive me to an Excess of Love? Why did you still improve my growing Love? Would it cost you dearer to seem cruel than sensible?

Simond, Alas! Madam, replied *de Kargy*, all Woman as I am, I was unable to withstand the Force of your Charms. Your Love begot in my Breast a Friendship which was little short of Love. I durst not reveal the Secret of my Disguise for fear of incurring your Displeasure, and to continue insensible to the Charms of so great Goodness, and so much Beauty, would be unpardonable. As you loved fervently, your Anxiety must have been great; and, believe me, Madam, mine was no less. A thousand resolves I made never to see you more; and was determined to quit *Montpellier* the Day after your Flight from home.

Simond, This Interview had the desired Effect, for Mademoiselle *de Vilaines*, yielding to the Intreaty of her Friends, and to Necessity, condescended to marry Monsieur *d'Esplan*; and though she was not Mistress of her Love, she behaved towards him suitably to the Dictates of Virtue, good Sense, and good Nature. In becoming a Wife she thought it became a Duty incumbent upon her to consult the Quiet and Happiness of her Husband. Nor did she think herself less obliged in Gratitude to re-
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turn the Condescension of a Man that gave her constant Proofs of his Love. She was sorry she could not immediately make him as suitable Returns of Love; and hoped she should in time bring her Heart to correspond with her Duty, her Judgment, and Gratitude? Such are the Sentiments of a Woman of Virtue and Honour; and such will always be the Effects of a virtuous and generous Education. In short, Monsieur *d'Esplans* was perfectly happy, *de Chevreuse* because his Wife gave him not the least Reason for suspecting that he had not her Heart; and she had the Virtue and good Sense to make herself so, by earnestly wishing she might be his without any Reserve. For it was not her Fault that she was not wholly his from the Moment she gave him her Hand.

Her Love for *de Kerguel* degenerated, if the *Simond* Expression be allowable, into a Friendship that had much the Air of its Origin. Madam *d'Esplans* would be ravished to see *de Kerguel*, *Simond* but as her Husband was not let into the Secret of his Disguise, she would venture upon no Gratification that should endanger the Quiet of him whom she thought herself indispensably obliged to please. She would often ask her Brother how his Friend did, but never expressed a Desire to see *de Kerguel* till she understood he was to set out for *Paris*. Whether it was owing to the remains of an excessive Love, or the Effects of a growing Friendship, it is hard to say; but the Day before the Chevalier was to set out, she begged her Brother would bring him to take leave of her; and chose

chose it should be when her Husband was abroad.

Lymond The indulgent Brother brought *de Vergy* the next Day to see his Sister, and leaving them together, retired to his Brother-in-law's Study to answer a Letter that had been brought him from a neighbouring Gentleman living near his Country-seat. As soon as the Count was withdrawn, Madam ~~*d'Esplan*~~ recollecting what she had suffered for *de Vergy*, said looking wishfully at him, Ah! well might so much Beauty charm the Eyes of an innocent Maiden. These are those perfidious Features that have seduced my Heart. These are those Eyes that had such sovereign Empire in my Soul.— I should be sorry, said the Chevalier, not to have still some Power there; and your Brother is mistaken, or I may hope that Friendship will succeed to your Love for me. But, replied Madam ~~*d'Esplan*~~, who shall assure me that your Heart will be more susceptible of Friendship than of Love? Oh! Madam, said *de Vergy*, the latter was opposed by every thing, even by Nature; but all things conspire to unite our Hearts in the sacred Bands of Friendship. Refuse me not the Honour of your Friendship, nor the Satisfaction of thinking that you will make returns to mine. It would be cruel not to forgive me the concealing from you a Secret, on which depended Happiness, Honour, and even Life itself. I forgive you, said she in a Transport, from my Soul; and to convince you I do, I give you this Earnest of my Friendship, locking him in her

her Arms, an Earnest I never gave you of my Love, nor never would, though my Life depended on your Smiles, till I could do it without blushing as I do now.

While this amorous but innocent Scene was acting in Madam ~~de Esplan's~~ Apartment, the *de Chevreuille's* Husband returned; and going as usual to his Wife's Bed-chamber, fancy'd he heard *de Kargy's* Voice. He stopt and listen'd with so *Simond's* much Attention, that he was convinc'd. But willing to have ocular Proof, he peep'd thro' the Key-hole, and saw each warm, alternate Embrace of the sworn female Friends. Enrag'd beyond Measure, he vow'd *de Kargy's* Death; and would have rush'd upon him that Instant, had he not been deter'd by the Character of Courage, which the Chevalier had acquired in his Duel with Count *de Vilairre*. *Despremon* The Magistrate's Jealousy being thus over-balance'd by his Prudence, or rather his Pusillanimity, he had recourse to Fire-Arms, as the surer means to destroy his Enemy, and preserve his dear self. Without alarming the lovely Innocents he retired to load a Case of Pistols that lay in an adjoining Room, with which returning, he courageously bounc'd into his Lady's Bed-chamber, and without uttering a Word, discharged one of the Pistols at *de Kargy*, *Simond*, as he sat with his Back towards the Door. Before he could discharge the second at his Wife, *de Kargy*, who received no hurt, had drawn *Simond*, his Sword, which so frighten'd the Counsellor that he drop'd his Pistols, and ran out of the Room,

Room, crying out Murder as loudly as he could.

Defence The first he met with was his Brother-in-law, Count *de Vilainet*, who imagined what had happen'd, and the Cause of it by the visible Distraction of the Magistrate's Face. Ah! Sir, said the Count, what Mischief have you done? None, reply'd the Counsellor, my Misfortune is to have committed none. The same ill Luck that preserv'd the Villain from your more vigorous Arm preserv'd him from mine. The Spoiler of the Honour of your House and mine lives; and I am doom'd to be unhappy all my Life. The Count readily comprehending that *de Kergu* was the Person hinted at, he beseech'd his Brother-in-law to return with him to his Sister's Chamber that he might quiet his Mind for ever.

himself The Counsellor, tho' exceeding unwilling to venture where the courageous *de Kergu* was, yet on the Count's repeated Assurances of Safety, he agrees to accompany him.

De Chas Madam *L'Esclau*, who dreaded the Return of her Husband, lock'd her Chamber-door, and *reule* barricaded herself and *himself* *de Kergu* in, for fear of a second Assault. But on hearing the Brother's Voice, she scrupled not to open the Door. The Sight of the Husband, putting her into a fresh Disorder, the Brother said, Dear Sister, give not way to the Weakness of your Sex. Compose yourself, and reckon this rather the happiest, than the unhappiest Day of your Life. Your Husband might be always uneasy, and you consequently always unhappy, if this Skirmish had not rendered it absolutely necessary

sary to unfold a Mystery which will spread general Quiet and Happiness throughout our Families and Acquaintance. Your Husband saw you embrace his former Rival, perhaps with Warmth and Tenderness; and such a Sight might justify any Outrage he could commit, considering he knew not that the caress'd Person was an amiable young Lady disguis'd in Man's Cloaths, for Reasons he was a Stranger to. He knew not likewise, that it was I who introduc'd him to you, to bid you farewell, and receive, and return Assurances of eternal Friendship. We were all in fault not to reveal the Secret of your Sex to my Brother-in-law, as soon as he was married; but fair Disturber of the Quiet of Husbands and Lovers, said he to ~~de Kung~~ *Turnand*, it was in Compliance with your Desire that a Secret has been hitherto preserved, the keeping of which had like to have cost you dear. You see the urgent Necessity of unveiling you to him whom you have seemingly wrong'd. Your present Friend and former Mistress's Happiness depends on giving him intire Satisfaction. Therefore can't you in Honour refuse acquainting him with the whole Secret of your Disguise: And you may do it the more willingly that you set out for *Paris* To-morrow.

De Kung, pleas'd that he had an Opportunity of giving Proof of his Friendship for Count ~~de Kilain's~~ *Depe* Family, consented with great Alacrity to repeat the Story of his Life, and give Monsieur ~~d'Esplan~~ *de Kung* such other ample Satisfaction as produced ever after the happiest Concord between him as his Wife. After reciprocal

Sirmond reciprocal Excuses for what had pass'd, and Assurances of mutual Friendship, *de Vergy* took his Leave to prepare for his Journey.

Sirmond Nothing remarkable happen'd to these constant Lovers on the Road to *Paris*, where it was resolv'd to live as retired as possible, to prevent, for the future, such other Misfortunes as *de Vergy* had been plung'd into at *Montpellier*.
Despenon's To this end they eat at their Lodgings to avoid going to Ordinaries, and saw no Company but a few of Count *de Vilainet's* Acquaintance, to whom he recommended them as young Gentlemen of Fashion, who travell'd for their Diversion and Improvement.

Fontenay Among these was the young Count *de la Brillance*, whose predominant Passion was Gallantry among the yielding Nymphs of that great Metropolis. As he lodg'd in the same House, and next Apartment to *de Vergy's*, he was ever attempting to debauch our disguis'd Cavalier to accompany him in his Rambles. This Neighbourhood gave *Mirancourt* and *de Vergy* so great Uneasiness, that they resolv'd to change Lodgings, when an unlucky Adventure oblig'd the amorous Count to retire to *Provence*, his native Country.

Chenevian
Sirmond Two Ladies of the Town, of the Number of the Count's Goddeffes, having a Design upon his Purse more than his Heart, invited him to Dinner; and pretending they had taken new Lodgings, they borrow'd the Apartment of two of their Sisterhood. The Count, who paid implicit Obedience to the Desires of all the Daughters of *Venus*, hesitated not to comply,

ply, and was punctually at the Rendezvous at the Hour appointed. The Feast was elegant, and the Conversation sprightly; and the Count, who was in his proper Sphere, was all Gaiety and Mirth. He drank freely; and the Nymphs, who had prepar'd his Wine, fail'd not setting the Glasses about briskly, and supporting this Humour with amorous Catches. In short, the soporiferous Wine operated; the Count fell fast asleep about Night-fall, and was laid upon a Bed in the next Room, after his Pockets had been carefully search'd, and eas'd of a Gold Watch, Gold Snuff-box, his Rings, and all his Money.

As soon as the complying Nymphs had got what they wanted, they made their Exit, leaving the Key of the Apartment with the Landlady, to be given to the right Owners when they should come home. But the Count waking before the Return of these Ladies, and finding himself alone, and in the Dark, he made so terrible an Out-cry, that the Landlady call'd in some of her Neighbours to guard her, before she would venture into the Apartment.

The Count, not a little surpriz'd to see a Throng of Men and Women, arm'd with Swords, Spits, and Brunderbuffes, croud into the Room, civilly ask'd what was become of the two Ladies that had entertain'd him at Dinner; and being told that they had been gone some Hours before, he begg'd pardon for his Mistake, and took his Leave, leaving the Crowd and Landlady particularly in great Joy, that

that the House was not haunted by evil Spirits.

But by that time the right Owners of the Apartment were come home, the Count return'd with the civil Officers of that Quarter of the City to see if he could recover his Money and valuable Moveables. The necessary Search and Examination being made to no Purpose, the Landlady of the House, and her Lodgers, were taken into Custody: How they came off, being not properly the Business of our present Story, we shall only add, that this Adventure made so great Noise in *Paris*, that the Count *de la Brillanne*, unable to stand the Raillery of his Acquaintance of both Sexes, withdrew from Town, leaving *Minancourt* and *de Vergy* highly pleas'd at his Absence.

A young Nobleman of a quite different Character and Behaviour came to occupy *de la Brillanne's* Apartment. The young Count *de Roman*, so was the new Comer call'd, was as virtuous and discreet, as the other was vicious and imprudent: And he was as serious and reserv'd, as his Predecessor was communicative and gay. His Temper suited so well to that of *Minancourt* and *de Vergy*, that they sought his Acquaintance, and soon became intimate with him. They went seldom abroad, but Count *de Roman* made fewer Excursions; they saw little Company, but he saw none; and they took some Diversion, but *de Roman* was never so happy as when he was alone.

Minancourt, who took a particular liking to this melancholy Youth, not doubting that Love

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was at the Bottom of his Silence and Gravity, and perhaps sympathizing with him, resolv'd, if possible, to wrest the big Secret from him in order to his Cure, if practicable. He communicated his Thoughts to *de Vergy*, and both *Simond*, resolv'd that very Night to give ease to the labouring Mind of their youthful Neighbour. As soon as it was Evening, they made him a Visit; and *Mirancourt* at first, rallying him on his Thoughtfulness, became afterwards more serious, and spoke to him thus: Dear Count, excuse the Impertinence of Friendship. For the little time that we have been acquainted, I don't know that ever I had so sincere a Value for any Man. It grieves me to see one I esteem so much, pass thus his gay youthful Days in Grief. You strive to hide your Sorrow, but the more you do so, the more it becomes visible. Let my Cousin and I share in your Grief, which will be alleviated by being communicated. Perhaps too, Providence may so order it, that we might be of some use towards easing you of some share of those Cares that oppress you.

Oh i never, reply'd the disconsolate Count, my Grief is never to be removed. My Sorrows are such as can end only with Life. Death alone can put an End to my Grief; and I ardently wish for it, having lost the only thing that could give a Relish to Life. Your Conjecture, that my Sorrows flow from the Fountain of Love, is just. They do, my Friends; and from the purest, warmest Love that ever inflam'd a youthful Breast. You justly claim

too large a Share of my Friendship to refuse you the Pleasure of participating my Pain. You shall know the Cause of my Woe, and be judge of the Delicacy of my Conscience in delaying to put an End to a Life, incapable of Comfort or Happiness.

Deffonville I was born in the Province of *Bearn*, of Parents distinguish'd as much by Birth as by the high Employments my Family were honour'd with by the Prince. My Father, designing I should succeed him in his Posts, would marry me, at the Age of eighteen, to Mademoiselle *Bourrelli*, the richest Heiress of the Province, that he might have a Pretext of resigning in my Favour with the King's Consent. Here begun my Misfortunes. My Father was intent to make me rich and powerful; but I was contented to be happy, without the Pomp of great Wealth and Dignity. In short, I was in Love, desperately so, with Mademoiselle *de Brigue*, the Daughter of a Gentleman of greater Virtue and Descent, than Affluence of Fortune. But tho' the latter had infinitely the Advantage of Beauty, Wit, Humour, and every other Perfection, yet she had no Charms for my Father, who had set his Heart on the large Possessions of the former.

Coulam *Deffonville* Mademoiselle *Bourrelli* was not so ugly as she was weak; and the little Sense she was Mistress of, was of the worst Sort, as you shall hear. The tyrannical Temper of my Father not permitting me to form hopes that he would relent, I address'd myself to the Person he chose for me, hoping, by informing her of a prior Engage-

Engagement, that she would find means to extricate me by forming some unfurmourable Objections on her part. But far from seconding my Wishes, she made the Breach wider, by telling my Father of the Proposal I had made to her, and revealing to him, at the same time, the Secret of my Engagement with Mademoiselle *de Brignol*. My Parents, judging *Coulam* that Absence would be the only Cure for my Disease, commanded me to acquiesce instantly in the Choice they had made for me, or to set out in Two Days for this City.

Oh! my Friends! what a Sentence was this to a Heart ingross'd as mine was, with the sincerest Love? Yet cruel as the Alternative was, I chose it on the spot, Absence from her I lov'd, being a less Misery than cohabiting with her I did not. But how melancholy was the Scene when I went to take leave of the Delight of my faithful Soul? — Here, said the lovely Weeper, begin all those big Sorrows which we so much dreaded some Weeks ago. I can perceive that nothing could secure us against them. From the moment you first taught me to love; from the instant I suffer'd my Eyes to take in no Object but you, I concluded that our Chains would become too heavy for us both. Alas! had I no Uneasiness but what proceeded from your Absence, I might support it by writing and receiving Letters from you, and the hopes of your Return: But your Inconstancy, my dear Count, the Thoughts of your Inconstancy go to my Soul, and are so many Daggers that transfix my Heart.

In vain I endeavour'd to wean her from so unkind, injurious a Suspicion. Ah! said she, you are young; you delight in Pleasure, and are going where all you see and hear lead you to it. In such a Town as *Paris*, where the shining Beauties of all *France* assemble, how can I hope to keep my ground in so youthful a Heart as yours? Oh! the Thoughts of being robb'd of my Conquest there, cut me to the Soul, and quicken my Despair.

Are then, said I, all my past Vows and Services so soon forgotten? Have I not given Proofs of my Sincerity; and is not my Refusal of the richest Heiress in the Province, a Surety to you of my future Constancy? Shall you, whom I love so passionately, be the Person to doubt my Love, and render me unhappy by that Suspicion? Will you, who make me Returns of Love, entertain a Doubt of him you love? But, setting my Fidelity aside, can you have so mean an Opinion of yourself as to suppose you could be supplanted in a Heart you have ingross'd? View these Eyes in your faithful Glass; examine the Symmetry of those Features, the Exactness of that Shape, the Lilies and Roses in those Cheeks; the Affability of your Mien, the Grandeur of your Air; Oh! Goddess of all Beauty! think of the Charms of your Wit and Humour; think of the uncommon Perfections of your Body and Mind; assume the laudable Pride and Vanity of your Sex, and you will no more harbour a mean Opinion of yourself, or unkind one of me.

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Your Words, said she, are too soothing not to give me a Pleasure that blunts for the present the Edge of my Pain. But, alas! no Words can charm away my Doubts, and restore the Peace of my mind, while you are from my Sight. You taught me to love, and that same Love has taught me to doubt. Had it been less intense and sincere, my Doubts and Cares would have been less. I am not certain that I should be able to outlive your Absence; but am sure your Inconstancy would put a quick End to my Days. Judge then, my Charmer, the Danger of leaving me, and the Consequence of your Insincerity.

Since then, said I, your Doubts admit of no Cure that I can prescribe, I wish you would condescend to pronounce one yourself. Alas! said she, what Relief is in my weak Power? I answer'd, that the Dissipation of all her present Cares depended solely on herself. Let us go hence together, continued I, and quit a Land, whence we are driven by the Cruelty of my Parents. Let us go to *Italy*, where we may marry without those Formalities exacted of Children by the Laws of *France*. There need we no Consent of Parents to render the Contract valid. What you propose, said she, speaks your Love, but would ill suit with the Modesty of my Sex, should I comply. However desirous I am of calling you Husband; and how happy soever I should think myself in being your Wife, yet can I never gain on myself to act such a Part as should wound my Reputation. No, my dear Count, I can ne-

ver agree to be the Partner of your Travels before I am your Wife.

These last Words imply'd so strongly a Diffidence of my Honour, that, being nettled to the quick, I told her with some Warmth, Madam, I can now perceive myself more indifferent to you than you would persuade me I was. Why this Distrust of the Man you love? My Diffidence, said she, arises not from my Love for you, but from yours to me. And will you still doubt my Love, said I? Not your Love, reply'd the Charmer; I doubt not that you love me; but that that Love would hurry you to seize Opportunities which Honour forbids the making use of. But supposing your youthful Desires should be restrain'd by your Virtue, what will or what can the World say? 'Tis not, my amiable Count, enough for a Woman, particularly a Maiden, to be virtuous, but she should not give the least Cause for being thought otherwise. Nay, said I, if you are so scrupulous, there is no arriving at the point of our Desires. But remember I foretel that your ill-judg'd Delicacy will cost you hereafter many a Tear, and be the Cause of much Woe.

How unjust are you, said she, to upbraid me for a Conduct that should endear me to you the more? How little do you know or merit the Excess of my Passion for you? Spight of your Reproaches I will convince you of my Love, by laying such a Restraint on myself as shall prevent our Separation. I shall retire to a Convent, of which my Aunt is the Supe-

Superior. There we may see one another sometimes, and keep on a daily Correspondence; and your Father, who must suppose you wean'd from your Love when you see not the Object of it, will no longer insist on your absenting yourself in some distant Country. To which I answer'd; And can you suppose me so inhuman as to be the Author of your Captivity? Innocent as I should be, I could never forgive myself for being the Cause of your Misery. But, my adorable Mistress, I am not the less sensible of the Obligation I lie under for your being willing, for my sake, to quit all the Pleasures and Gaieties of Life.

Alas! she reply'd, how little do you know the Truth of my Love, when you talk of my quitting the Pleasures and Gaieties of Life, in retiring to a Convent for the purpose of detaining you here? What you deem a Restraint would be Liberty. All will be gay and pleasant to me in my Inclosure, so I hear from you every Day, see you often, and prevent your Father's forcing you into another Country. At these Words, more melodious than the Songs of Cherubs, I flung myself at the Feet of the Idol of my Wishes, to thank her for the Condescension, and to repeat my Vows of eternal Love. She was not behind-hand with me in Tenderness of Expression, nor in Truth. She retired the next Day to the *Bernardines*, and I to a Country-seat of my Father's, to varnish, by my seeming Sorrow, the true Reason of her Retreat.

The Stratagem had all the Success I propos'd; for my Father thought now no longer of removing me from an Object that had remov'd from me. And not doubting that Absence would cure me of my Passion, he renew'd his Application to the Heiress, *Beauvilliers*, in an Opinion that I should soon forget Mademoiselle de *Beignol*. But however pleas'd I was, by an Imposition on my Father, to have the Pleasure of seeing and corresponding with her I lov'd, it became extremely distasteful to me to be hourly press'd to make my Addresses to her I did not. I made a thousand Excuses to my Father for not seeing his Choice; and was ever contriving how I should see my own. But as Jealousy and Resentment are not less inventive than Love, Mademoiselle *Beauvilliers*, picqued that I should slight her after the Retirement of Mademoiselle de *Beignol*, had me so narrowly watch'd that she soon discover'd I visited my Mistress at the Convent.

Revenge being a Passion as predominant in Woman as Pride, the slighted Heiress sent to inform my Father of my Conduct; at which he was so exasperated, that he peremptorily commanded me to prepare setting out for *Paris* in Four Days. He was determin'd, and I must obey. I saw my Mistress, and told her of the fatal necessity I was under of quitting her. Seeing me in Tears she with-held her own, telling me she would remain in the Convent while I staid away, that we might correspond by a third hand, and that perhaps our Perseverance might, in length of Time, work on

on the Good-nature of my obdurate Father. With such Language as this she strove to console and fortify me, that had abandon'd myself to all the Extravagance of Sorrow and Despair.

But alas! all Consolation and Advice were lost upon me. I could not bear the Thoughts of a Separation; and all mine were employ'd how to prevent it. I sat up all Night, form'd a thousand chimerical Projects, and at last hit upon one, which I thought not impracticable tho' very delicate and extraordinary in its Nature: The more I reflected on it, the more familiar and easy it appear'd, insomuch that I determin'd to put it in Execution. And yet I durst not trust my Mistress with the Secret, tho' I should miscarry by her not being privy to my Design: but I dreaded her too great Delicacy and Severity.

I intreated my Father to permit me to travel to *Italy*, instead of going to *Paris*; to which he very willingly comply'd, believing that Foreign Beauties would wear away my Passion for Mademoiselle de *Brignol* sooner than *Loulan* those of my own Country.

Having gain'd this Point, I apply'd to the Wife of a certain Shop keeper, whom I had lately sav'd from the Chain, perhaps from the Gallows, by my Interest with his Judges. He had been indicted for Coinage, and whether innocent or guilty, the Proof against him was so strong, that he would inevitably have suffered without my Interposition in his behalf. To this Man's Wife I apply'd, as one whose

Character and Discretion would answer my Purpose. Madam, said I to her, don't be surpriz'd at the Request I am to make you, tho' it be pretty much out of the common Road. You are acquainted with all the Secrets of my Family, and are no Stranger to my Passion for *Mademoiselle de Brignol*. In short, I design to make my Father believe that I am gone to *Italy*, tho' the longest Journey I propose to make is to the *Bernardine* Nunnery, where you shall introduce me, as a Boarder, for a Niece of yours. The Smoothness of my Face, the Goodness of my Complexion; and Slimness of my Shape, together with the Gravity and Modesty of my Behaviour, will be Security that the fraud will never be detected.

Ah! Sir, said the good Woman, you consider not the imminent Dangers in which your Love would precipitate both yourself and me. I am sensible of the Obligations I lie under to you, and would return them at the hazard of my Life. But on this occasion, 'tis not my Life alone would be risk'd, but my Honour and Fame must be lost for ever. Besides, Sir, continued she, I am not ignorant of your Motive for thus immuring yourself, and can't reconcile my Conscience to it. There is nothing consistent with the Laws of Honour and Conscience, I won't do to serve you; but beg you will dispense——Ah! said I, interrupting her hastily, talk not of my dispensing with you, unless you wish me laid at your Feet, pierc'd with this Sword, and weltring in my Blood. At these Words I drew my Sword, and turning the

the Point towards my Breast, I swore if she did not comply, I would that Instant put an end to Life.

The good Woman, frighten'd at my Resolution, and willing to oblige me, consented to my Request with much Reluctance; and providing the necessary Disguise for me, conducted me to the Convent the Evening of the Day I pretended to depart for *Italy*. As a new Comer I was conducted to the Superior's Apartment, where I found the lovely Object of my Heart. The Abbess said to her, Niece, this young Lady will be a Companion for you. She seems of a sprightly Disposition, and may help to dissipate your Melancholy. At this we rose to salute each other; and in the Embrace, which you may suppose was not lukewarm, my Mistress knew me. But, how great soever her Concern and Surprize were, she forgot not the Danger I should be expos'd to if she betray'd any such Female Weaknesses as should detect me. Therefore she behav'd with great Reserve and Composure, till the Bell rung all the Religious to the Choir.

As soon as we were alone, I fell prostrate before my Mistress, beseeching she would pardon a Crime owing to the Excess of my Love, and assuring her that no other Expedient could prevent a Separation worse than Death. Ah! Sir, said she, with the Tears trickling down her blushing Cheeks, you have undone me for ever. If you love me, retire this instant from the Convent. Good God! what can be your Thoughts of me? What can I think of you,

that could put my Honour to such hazard ! You know I would not consent to accompany you in your Travels, unmarried ; yet hope I should conceal you, in this Di guise, in a Convent, a Place sacred to Chastity and Devotion.

She urg'd many more Reasons, equally convincing, for my immediate Departure. But I was insensible to every thing but the Power of Love ; I begg'd, I implor'd, I wept ; and my Tears, mingling with her's, at last soften'd her into Pity, and she consented to my stay.

While my Father thought me on the Summit of the *Alpine Hills*, my happy moments glided away in Rapture and Extacy. I saw the Object of my Love as often as I would, convers'd with her without Restraint, lived with her as a sincere Friend, and, in virtue of my Disguise, took many little Freedoms which I durst not in my proper Dress. As Custom habituates one to most things, the dear Creature became not alarm'd at some little Liberties I took ; I soon extended the Line of my Freedom, and from small Favours, such as taking her by the Hand, had her Consent to kiss her Lips, and press her in my eager Arms. We were both young, loved passionately, were often alone, had no watch upon us as there was no Suspicion of my Disguise. Yet, I say, for all this, my Freedoms never exceeded the Limits of Honour and Virtue. I can't say that I was never tempted to exceed ; and that I did not, I fear, is more owing to my Dread of her Resentment than my Virtue ; for she was rigid to an Extreme in her Notions of Virtue ;
and

and let me add, that her Rigidness, even in the Excess of my Passion, increas'd my Respect for her, and added to my Love. So great is the Ascendant Virtue has over our Souls, when most we are inclin'd to trespass upon her.

Thus happily did we pass our Days, forgetful of the past, and unmindful of Futurity, when it pleas'd Heaven to cause a Reverse of our Fortunes. From so alluring a Scene as I have represented, there was a sudden Transition to one of Gloom and Sorrow. The Change happened thus.

Mademoiselle de *Brignol*, seeing me one fair *Louise* Evening from her Chamber-window walking pensively in the Garden, came hastily to join me, forgetting to lock her Chamber-door; which being perceived by one of the old Nuns, with whom she was a peculiar Favourite, the pious Woman hid herself in a dark Closet in the Room, that she might have the Pleasure of frightening her when she should return from the Garden. I waited on her to her Chamber, and sat me down by her as usual, to speak my Love, and seal it upon her Lips: Unsuspecting the Presence of such a Witness as could see and hear all we did and said, we gave a loose to our Transport, and indulg'd every Happiness unrestrain'd by Virtue.

The good Religious waited patiently a long while, hoping to find Proofs of Friendship rather than of Love; but we speaking too plain to be misunderstood, she bolted out upon us, highly enrag'd, upbraided Mademoiselle

de Brignol for her Hypocrisy, and me for my Impudence, and flung herself out of the Room, crying out Robbers, and alarming all the Community.

The Matter being of too serious a Consequence, we lost not a Moment's Time, but push'd to the gate, while the old Woman was relating her Discovery to the Abbess; and wresting the Key from the Porter, we quitted the Monastery, and got, by the Favour of the Night, unseen, to my pretended Aunt's, the same that had introduced me to the Convent.

Before I spoke, the prudent Woman, said, Ah! Sir; why would you not be advised? See the Consequence of your Rashness. You need not tell me of your Misfortune: We are all undone, unless we are saved by Flight. That, said I, was our own Resolution. Proper Measures being immediately taken, in two Hours, we set out for *Bayonne* in our Way to *Spain*. But alas! all our Caution and Expedition avail'd us not: For before we could reach the Frontiers we were seiz'd and brought back.

Goulan Mademoiselle *de Brignol* was sent to some distant, rigorous Convent, and my Introducers was confin'd to another. And tho' the Credit and Authority of my Father prevented a criminal Prosecution against me, it was necessary that I should quit the Scene of my Folly, or rather of my Sorrows, and come to this great City, where I have now resided almost two Years, without hearing from, or being able to discover where the dear Idol of my Heart remains immured. I often hear from
my

my Father, who seems to relent, and warmly urges my Return. But I can't bear the Thoughts of returning to a Country, where every Object would contribute to an Increase of my Anxiety.

No; I shall never more see the Place of my Birth till I am assur'd that she lives for whom alone I wish to live. But alas! she is no more, or no Confinement could prevent her giving me some Intimation that she exists. Yet let me hope, that she may not have the Power to write, or see any whom she could intrust to inform me where she is. You see I can sooth myself with hopes where there is any glimpse of Probability. But the Obdurateness of my Father, being what I never hope to conquer, I can't conceive any Remedy, but Death, for my Distemper, nor no other end to my Sorrows.

Armand De Kersey and *Mirancourt*, sensibly affected ~~therein~~ by a Story that had so near a Relation to their own, used their Efforts towards comforting and consoling the young Count. They constantly kept him Company, and engag'd him in all their Parties of Pleasure, the better to dissipate his Melancholy. But the dear Object of his Love being ever in his Mind, he was inconsolable; and became at last so desperate, that they fear'd he would lay violent Hands on himself in one of his gloomy Fits.

But when most they apprehended for him, he came into them one Morning so gay, so brisk, so chang'd every way, that they began to suspect him become delirious. You seem surpriz'd

surpriz'd, my Friends, and may very justly, at the Change you see in me to Day. But see here in this Letter the Cause of all my Joy. What Heart, oppress'd as mine was, would not bound with Joy at the Recovery of a lost dear Mistress, and of a Father's Love? Read, my dear *de Kony* those Lines that restore me to the adorable *de Brignol*, and to Happiness. My Father consents to our Marriage, and calls us home to solemnize our Nuptials.

After the usual Congratulations, the Count *de Roman* took leave of them to set out post for *Bearn*, and they to seek some Amusement, in order to forget the Loss of so deserving an Acquaintance. But at Night they found more Matter of Diversion at home than they had explored abroad all the Day before. The Landlord's Daughter afforded them such a Scene as, for a while, dissipated all their Cares.

Jawatte This Wench, call'd *Catin-Sala*, was young, brisk and pretty; and was the only Child of her Family who were in good Circumstances for Persons of their Condition; but was not over scrupulously anxious about her Reputation. So many young Foreigners of Distinction as had lodg'd at her Father's, found the means to wean her from those Severities which are so amiable in the Fair, and so approv'd of by the other Sex. Her first Instructor was an *Englishman*, before whose opulent Countrymen most venal Beauties fall. From that Islander she fell into the Hands of a young *Dutchman*,

Dutchman, who assign'd her over to a young *German Baron*.

Catin, having laid most of the Nations of *Europe* at her Feet, began to be tired of her Conquests, and seriously resolved to settle herself in Marriage. To this end she cast her Eyes on the Son of a rich neighbouring Sadler, call'd *Sauvan*, whom she soon brought to her Lure. He was young, artless, and amorous, and she agreeable, witty, a Coquette, and artful. When a Swain and Nymph are thus disposed, it may be presum'd that she had an easy Conquest of his Heart, and that he was devour'd by the scorching Flames of Love. *Sauvan* was intirely in Love, and would quench the Torch of it in Matrimony, not daring to offer any other Means less honourable; but tho' he eagerly press'd that the Bans might be published without Delay, *Catin* had substantial Reasons for slackening her Pace to tie the nuptial Knot.

Her last Lover, a *German*, had set a young *Saxon* on the Stocks, whom *Catin* would fain see launch'd before she put herself into the Power of the Sadler. *Sauvan* growing immoderately impatient at her continued Delays, she was obliged to fix on a distant Day, taking care to keep some Days beyond the time of her Reckoning. But growing jealous of the Visits of her young Sadler to a neighbouring Nymph of her own Condition, she alter'd her Mind, and, to secure a Husband, fixt on a short Day for the Solemnization of their Marriage.

Sauvan

Belac *Sauran* was in Raptures; and *Catin*, though anxious concerning the Burden she bore about her, yet comforted herself with having so great an Ascendant over her Husband to-be, that, even should he discover her Condition, she should be able to pacify him, and perhaps impose upon his Ignorance. In short, she hoped by means of a Friend she had confided the Secret to, and by her own Address, to impose not only on *Sauran*, but the Neighbours and her own Family.

Belac
Jewell But unluckily, as the Company were in their Way to Church, poor *Catin*, who had greatly misreckon'd, was taken short; and her Pains redoubling, the Company were oblig'd to return. The Bridegroom, distracted for his Bride's Colic Pains, flew for the Doctor and Apothecary. But before he could return, the young *Saxon* made his Appearance, and cry'd out so lustily, that *Catin's* being a Mother was now no Secret to the whole House.

Jewell's
Belac Her Father and Lover, who had been different Ways to seek a Physician, return'd at the same time, and understanding what had happen'd by the Crowd in *Catin's* Bed-chamber, the first would have laid violent Hands on his Daughter, if the second had not generously interpos'd, saying pleasantly, Thus will it always happen to such bad Christians as I am, who irreligiously fall to before Grace. This so opportune and good-natur'd a Raillery, put the Father and the Company in so good Humour, that *Catin's* Misconduct was no longer talked of. But *Sauran* was not so serious, nor so much

much in *Carin's* Chains, but he quitted her, *Jardine*
 who would make him a Father before he was
 a Husband, for her neighbouring Rival, whom
 he married a few Days after.

This Accident diverted, for some Days, all
 Monsieur *Salé's* Lodgers, and particularly the Lo- *Gros*
Chambers vers *Mirancourt* and *de Vigny*. The latter laugh'd *Jeune*
 at the Adventure, but had still a Concern for the
 Immodesty and Unhappiness of one of her Sex,
Therese *Mirancourt*, who had confin'd his Thoughts to
 the Object in View, said a thousand pleasant
 things on this Subject; and dropping some Ex-
 pressions that suited not with the extreme Deli-
 cacy of *de Vigny's* Modesty, the disguis'd Cava- *Simand*
 lier said to him, Prithy, *Mirancourt*, have done; *Cham*
 put an End to Mirth that ill becomes you, and
 me much worse to hear. Methinks you are not
 the same Man. Where have you dropt that strict
 Modesty, which so endear'd you to me, and which
 you never before attempted to exceed? Have you
 forgot my Sex, or what you owe yourself? Or
 can you think that I have exchang'd Sentiments
 with my Dress?

Valette, My dearest *Mirancourt*, said *Mirancourt*, cast- *Cham*
 ing himself at her Feet, afflict not with such
 unkind Language a Heart, that beats but for
 you. The Thoughts alone of having offended
 your chaste Ears, rack my Soul, and prove a
 Punishment more severe than you yourself
 would wish to see me suffer. Rise, my dear
Mirancourt, reply'd she, and always remember *Cham*
 ing the Necessity of my Disguise, you ought to
 render it as little uneasy to me as possible. My
 adorable Mistress, said *Mirancourt*, I willingly *Cham*
 condemn *ran*

condemn myself, since you are pleas'd to think me guilty. Let me say, however, that my Crime was the Fruit of Inadvertency, which I hope you'll think some Plea in my Favour. But for the future, I shall guard more assiduously against Errors of this, or any other offensive Nature.

Simond, After the Count *de Roman's* Departure these *Platonics* lived more retir'd than ever. *De Kengy*, dreading to fall into the Company of young Fellows, whose Passions too often lead to Lewdness and Obscenity, seldom went abroad, but to the Opera. He, or rather she, had a fine Voice, and was a Lover of Music; and so was *Adrianconet*, who play'd exceeding well on several Instruments. The Nights they did not go to that musical Entertainment, they diverted themselves at home with exchanging Vows, talking over their Adventures, and with a little Concert of their own making. Thus they lived many Months, happy in Innocence and Love, when *de Kengy's* ill Stars, or rather the uncommon Beauty of his Person brought fresh Troubles upon him.

Simond, [— The Duchefs of —, who loved Music as well as *de Kengy*, was never from the Opera, unless she was taken up with what she loved better, Gallantry. She was a Widow, very rich, not old, and very agreeable and entertaining. And in such a World as *Paris*, it may be presum'd that a Lady so qualify'd and dispos'd, wanted not for Intrigues: But Fate would have it, that seeing *de Kengy* at the Opera, she was no longer her own Mistress. She

She discarded all her Lovers, intent only how to get the fair Stranger into her Toils.

As ~~de Kargy~~ fate constantly in a Box opposite *Simond* the Duchefs's, she made him all the Advances Eyes are capable of; but finding he was deaf to the expressive Language of those Windows to the Heart, she resolv'd her Tongue should speak the big Secret of her Soul. For this End she had ~~de Kargy~~ dogg'd from the Opera *Simond* by a Mercury in her Grace's Livery. This faithful Messenger, bringing her Word that her Lover was a young Man of Fashion who travell'd for his Diversion, her Flame became so unsufferably intense, that she could scarce bear the Delay of one Night, before she sent to invire, or rather inveigle the lovely Stranger to her House.

The Duchefs was a fine Woman, and still of an Age to charm; but, did she fail to soften the Heart of the beautiful young Stranger by the Allurement of her Person and Pomp of her House and Equipage, she doubted not to be able to surmount all Difficulties by the Force of her Gold, which most young Fellows stand in need of to supply their Extravagances. Full of her universal Power, she sent her Coach and Servants to fetch ~~de Kargy~~ to breakfast *Simond* with her. He, astonish'd at such a Message from a Lady he had never known, or so much as heard of, believ'd the Messenger was mistaken. Young Man, said he to her Grace's Servant, you must have forgot your Message. For I can never be the Man your Lady desires to see, since I am an utter Stranger to her. Par-
don

Don me, Sir, reply'd the Domestic, you are the very Gentleman for whom her Grace has order'd the Coach. Is not your Name *de Simon?* *Henry?* So am I always call'd, said the Cavalier. Then, Sir, said the Servant, are you the Gentleman I was commanded to wait on.

De Kersey, finding by the Landlord that there was such a Lady, and not suspecting that a Woman of her Fashion would have any ill Designs, he resolv'd to wait on her Grace, but would fain Delay till the Return of *Al-*
Chenier^{*ancourt*}, who was gone abroad. But the Servant, who knew his Business and probably his Lady's Impatience, press'd him so earnestly, that he stept into the Coach, and suffer'd himself to be carry'd to the fair Impatient.

He was immediately conducted to the Duchess's Bed-chamber, where she received him in the most elegant and alluring Dress that *Paris* could furnish. After she had courteously handed him to set by her on a Couch, cover'd with Crimson Velvet, and lac'd with Gold, she said; Sir, what must you think of a Woman that thus seeks your Acquaintance, and receives you in her Bed-chamber? But when you know the Cause, I hope your good Nature will excuse a Forwardness seldom becoming my Sex. However, unbecoming it be for a Woman to own a Passion for a Man before he makes advances to her, I cannot help owning that I love, and so excessively, that my poor Heart would break should I conceal it longer.

Observing

Observing that *de Vergy's* Colour came and *Simonds* went, she proceeded. Perhaps you may think that so frank an Avowal of my Love for you, proceeds not from the Heart, but rather from a Spirit of Lewdness and Debauch. But, believe me, you mistake. I loved you from the first Moment I saw you at the Opera; and the oftner I saw you, the farther you rivetted my Chains. I blush to confess so great Weakness; but I should burst, if I did not confess; and shall be the most miserable of my Sex, should you prove ungrateful.

Poor *de Vergy*, who would never believe *Simonds* Woman capable of forgetting her Sex, so far as to make such plain Overtures of Love, lost the Use of Speech, and trembled to think of the Consequence of disappointing one of the Duchess's Quality and Spirit. He could not persuade himself that a Woman of her Fire and Resolution would sit down contented with being slighted after so open a Declaration of her Passion, and fancy'd himself already fallen a Victim to her Resentment.

Her Grace perceiving the Disorder of the Lover, which she imputed to his Inexperience and Timidity, forbore urging her Suit to him, till he should recover himself. Apprehend, said she, no such fatal Consequences as generally tread on the Heel of unlawful Love. I am a Widow, and consequently Mistress of myself. No Accident can happen to disturb our Happiness, if you make me returns of Love. Nor shall I have aught to dread but your Inconstancy.

The

The disguis'd Cavalier, who by this time had recover'd from the Panic that had seiz'd him at first, reply'd, How happy am I; and how envy'd should I be, had my Happiness been known? No Man in the World can be more sensible of the Honour you do me; but, Madam, my Misfortune is, that I can't make you such Returns of Love, as my own Gratitude and your Generosity exact from me. My Heart is no longer at my Disposal; other Eyes, before I was so happy to behold yours, have robb'd me of all the Power I had over it. Your Grace is too lovely, and too distinguish'd to put up with Part of a Heart, even had I any to bestow: And I hope too generous not to pity and excuse one that has none to give.

What do you say, said the disappointed Lady, that your Heart is engag'd? Ah! why did I ever behold those Eyes that rob me of my Quiet? Before I saw you, I was free, I was happy. But now alas! I am the Unhappiest of my Sex. I am in your Chains, and you in those of another.—Miserable State!—Ah! why did you come to disturb my Tranquillity? Why did you not stay in your Province? Why did you not stay with the happier Conqueror of your perfidious Heart?—But know, Sir, I am not of a Rank to be trifled with. Whatever she be that holds your Heart in Chains, she must let it go.—Ah, Sir, forgive the Transports of a Mind, which you yourself have ruffled, and which you alone can compose.

In

In saying these Words, she threw herself into ~~de Kersey's~~ Arms; and it was some Moments before she did, or could come to herself. As soon as she recover'd, she took him by the Hand, saying, Was I then once in my Life so happy to be in the Arms of him my Soul doats on! Would to Heaven I had died there, before another shall fill my Room! Ah, thou lovely Charmer! did you know all the Pain I feel, you would in Pity withdraw your Heart from one that deserves it not as I do, because her Love can't be as excessive as mine. *Simonds*

Still, continued she after a Pause, are you silent; still is your Heart as hard as Adamant, and as cold as Ice. Oh! why has Nature been so lavish on your Person, and so great a Niggard in the Furniture of your Mind? You can see me thus gaze and sigh my Soul away, and stand calm and unmoved as old Age? But I will be reveng'd, and kiss those Eyes away that have made me your Victim, and gently pluck out that Heart that beats not equal Measure with my own.

Here, the amorous Widow threw her Arms about her Lover's Neck, stifled him with Kisses, and eagerly ran over with her busy Hand all the Charms of his lovely Bosom. Ah, Heavens! she cry'd at feeling the Size and Shape of ~~de Kersey's~~ Breasts, what, have I lav- *Simonds* ish'd all my Store of Love on one of my own Sex? Ah! tell me quickly what thou art? Art thou Man or Woman?—Too sure, the latter, Madam, reply'd the disguis'd Lady,
F the

tho' my Garb speaks me to be of the other Sex.—Ah, Traytor! says the Duchess, grown furious and enrag'd beyond Measure, have you enter'd into a League with false Man to expose the Weakness of your own Sex? But you shan't live to triumph over me, and betray my Foes to your faithless Allies. At this, she

Simonds snatch'd at *de Vergy's* Sword, drew it, and pointing it to his Breast, said, — Yet let me hold back my murdering Hand from the Breast that still holds my Heart in Chains. — Ah!

Simonds, Madam, reply'd *de Vergy*, intrepid and unmov'd as a Greek or Roman Hero, put an End, in Pity, to a Life that is become a Burden I am any longer unable to bear. Three full Years have I dragg'd it along with unusual Pain, but now the Weight of my Woes is grown too heavy for my Strength, and sinks me quite.

The Duchess, who by this time was grown calm, by the Recovery of the Use of her Reason, taking share in *de Vergy's* Sorrows, and partaking of his Grief, return'd the Sword, saying, Far be it from me to deprive the World of so finish'd a Beauty. Live rather to revenge

Simonds, our Sex on faithless Man.—Ah, Madam! reply'd *de Vergy*, can I punish him that has brought me to what your Grace sees? Yes, says the Duchess, your Sufferings should give an Edge to your Resentment. True, Madam,

Simonds, reply'd *de Vergy*, if I had experienc'd the Falseness of the Sex. But ought I to punish the sincere and honourable? No, says her Grace, But are there any who deserve the Epithets among that perfidious Sex? I am no Novice

in

in Love, yet have I never known the Man that acted without Design. If we are rich, they seek us for our Wealth; if young and handsome, they form Designs upon our Virtue. Thus in every Rank and Station of Life are we liable to be the prey of that undoing Sex.

Much indeed I have heard, said *de Longy*, of *Simond*, the base Designs of Men, but, thank Heaven! I never experienc'd any; my first Amour is my last, and in that I have had such Proofs of the Honour and Truth of Man, as would convince an Infidel. Sure, said the Duchess, your Story must be attended with uncommon Circumstances; I long to hear it, if it can bear the Light, or you dare venture to trust me with your Secret. Alas! Madam, reply'd *de Longy*, *Simond*, your Grace conceives not the Disagreeableness of the Task you honour me with. However I obey you with Pleasure, and was the Secret far more important than it is, should think it buried in revealing it to your Grace. But how poignant must be my Pain in repeating the Sorrows underwent; nor can so melancholy a Repetition administer to your Grace's Pleasure.

All he could say to dissuade the Duchess from hearing the Story of his Life, added but the more to her Impatience. Therefore forcing him to sit down by her she oblig'd him to begin, compassionating him as he went on, and assuring him after he had concluded, that she would engage some powerful Relations she had at *Lions* to employ all their Power and Interest with Count *de Mainville* her Father, to consent to her Establishment. She detain'd

him the whole Day, took him along with her to the Opera at Night to proclaim her Conquest, and raise the Spleen and Envy of her Acquaintance; and at parting, presented him with a Ring of great Value, and oblig'd him to spend most of his Time at her House.

Chemeran Though the Relation of this new Adventure gave *Mirancourt* great Pain, as it brought to his Mind the Hazards his Mistress had run, yet could not he help smiling at the Duchess's Disappointment when she first discover'd *de Kerg's* Sex. I know not, said he, where our ill Luck lies, but it would seem as if Accidents multiplied in Proportion to our Care to prevent them. Heaven seems to have reserv'd us to be the Sport of Fortune. We are in the greatest City in the World, where one would think we might hope to be safe and unknown; yet retir'd as we live, are not we exempt from Risk and Danger? How terrible might have been the Consequence of the Duchess's Resentment! For my Part, I tremble at the Reflection of the Danger you were in; nor can I be at ease on account of those which may be expected from the Effects of your Charms.

Chemeran, Ah! my lovely Mistress, continued *Mirancourt*, that eminent Beauty bestow'd upon you by Heaven, proves fatal to you. That graceful Air, which charms all that see you, subjects you to a thousand Dangers. 'Tis irresistible, and there are many Women in *Paris* no less wanton and violent in their Passion, than the Duchess: And who can assure us that they

they would bear like her, being disappointed when their Passions are at the Height?

But, my dear *Mirancourt*, said *de Kerzy*, is it possible that Woman can so far forget her Sex, as to permit her Passions to lord it over her Reason and Modesty? You see, reply'd the Lover, by your own Experience, that it is. All Women are no more alike than all Men. We have most of us failings; so have your Sex. I am glad, said *de Kerzy*, that your Charge was not general. Indeed, but it was intended such, reply'd *Mirancourt*: There are none without them. Even you, with all your Charms and Virtue, are not exempt from Weakness. Fy, *Mirancourt*, said she smiling, how uncourtly an Expression was there for a Lover that was not as yet arriv'd at the End of his Chace? Suppose I should discard you for presuming to see an Imperfection in me: Ha, ha. I love you, said the faithful Lover, too sincerely to attempt imposing upon your Understanding. You are not perfect; and you know you are not, which is a Perfection that endears you to me no less than your Tenderness and Generosity. I liked you when first I saw you, but did not love till I convers'd with you. I loved only when I was sure the Excellence of your Mind equall'd that of your Person, being ever of Opinion that an Idol ador'd only for the Symmetry of its Features, and Tincture of its Skin soon loses of that Power which at first Attracts our Veneration.

Chemeran, Ah! *Mirancourt*, said *de Kergu*, how ingeniously do you flatter! Spight of your Truth and Sincerity still does your Sex break out in you. I always believ'd you loved me; I still believe you do; but till now I did not think you could descend to Flattery. And will you

Chemeran, then, reply'd *Mirancourt*, construe to my Prejudice what adds to my Praise? Flattery, 'tis true, often wears the Face of Truth; and Truth as often wears that of Flattery. But when both are cautiously weigh'd in the Scale of Reason, each appears in its genuine Dress. If I had told you you had no Weaknesses, you might say I flatter'd; but when I say you have, and that you are sensible you have, methinks you should change your Note. You have, continued he, my dearest *Mainville*, your Faults, but fewer than most of your Sex. I have mine too, and in far greater Plenty: But Untruth and Insincerity are not of the Number.

Chemeran, I believe not, said she, or I had not taken all this Pains to secure you mine. Ah! *Mirancourt*, when will our Stars grow more propitious to our Loves? When may we hope

Chemeran, that the Heart of my tyrant Father will relent in our Favour? At last, reply'd *Mirancourt*, shall our Constancy work our Relief, and gain on the savage Cruelty of all that oppose our Happiness. Spight of them we might be happy would you condescend to be so without their Consent. Oh! no, *Mirancourt*, however harshly my Parents have us'd me, they are my Parents still, and have a right from

Nature

Nature to dispose of me. I never can break in upon the Laws of Nature; I never will break in on those of God, which injoin Obedience and Duty to those to whom we owe our Being.

Mirancourt, enraptur'd with her Sense and *Chemeran*,
Virtue, could no longer contain himself, but catching her up in his Arms, cry'd, Ah! Miracle of thy Sex; why will crost Fate withhold you longer from pouring full Blessings on the Man you love?—*Mirancourt*, said she, no *Chemeran*,
more. Does this Excess become you, or suits it with me to bear it? Am I not already become that Pageant of an Idol, you so well painted a few Moments ago? I confess my Love, but you ought never to forget that that Love admits of no Freedoms unauthoriz'd by Virtue or Decency.

While *Mirancourt* was upon his Knees aton-*Chemeran*
ing for his inadvertent Guilt, the Court-yard of the *Hotel* they were lodg'd in rung with the Arrival of a Coach and six, and several Horsemen. A Noise so unusual induc'd the Lovers to put a speedier End to their little Jangle than probably they would have done otherwise. But how surpriz'd were they, on looking at the Equipage that had alarm'd them, to behold the young Count de *Mailaiville*, de *Kerzy's* *Vallette*
Brother, handing a young Lady out of the *Sirmond's*
Coach? Ah! *Mirancourt*, said de *Kerzy* o'er-*Chemeran*
come with Joy, see my dear Brother, the only comfort I had while I was at home, and in whom center all my Hopes for returning *Sirmond*
thither.

thither again. Oh! let me run to embrace and welcome him to *Paris*.

Chimeran, Adinancourt, whose Prudence equall'd his Love, intreated she would use more Moderation, saying, If it should be your Brother, as he seems to be, you will have Opportunities enough to embrace him, seeing he is to lodge in the same House with you, and probably on the same Floor. But should the Person you take for him prove to be like him only, how confus'd would you be to find yourself mistaken after being expos'd? Besides, does not Prudence direct us to learn the Purpose of his Journey before we unbosom ourselves to him? Who knows but your Father may have prejudic'd him against you and me, and that he is come in quest of us?

Simon, You are ever in the Right, reply'd *de Vergy*, and therefore ought I to acquiesce, tho' I can never think that any Authority of my Father's could alter him in regard to me. You shall keep out of his Sight, because you are not so alter'd but he must know you again; but my Impatience won't allow me to hold out till To-morrow. I must this very Night pay him the Compliment of a first Visit. My Disguise and Growth secure me from his Knowledge; and I shall ease my labouring Mind, and gain some Intelligence.

Simon — As soon as *de Vergy* thought that the new Comers were settled in their Apartment, he sent for leave to visit them, which being obtain'd he flew thither; and committed no small Violence on himself, not to have flown into

into his Brother's Arms as soon as he appear'd. The Stranger receiv'd ~~de Kergy~~ with unusual *Simond* Marks of Friendship, in Consideration, as he told him, of his being so very like a Sister he had, whom he loved tenderly. At these Words the Stranger let fall a few Tears, accompanied with Sighs, which produced a great Number from ~~de Kergy's~~ Breast and Eys. The *Simond* new Comer seeming surpriz'd at the great and uncommon Compassion of his Visitor, ~~de Kergy~~ exerted himself, saying, Sir, you may *Simond* wonder to see such sudden Effects of the Tenderness of one so much a Stranger to you as I am; and to tell you truth, I myself am no less surpriz'd than you. But I know not how it comes, the Moment I saw you methinks I could lay down my Life to serve you. I sympathize with you, and I can't tell why, in all that concerns you. You talk'd of a Sister you have, whom you say, I am like.—

Alas! Sir, said the Stranger, such a Sister I had; but where or how Fate has dispos'd of her I know not. I have met of late with various Crosses myself; but Heaven can witness for me, I have deplored the Loss of that dear Sister more than all my own Misfortunes. At these Words, ~~de Kergy~~, the disguis'd Sister, was *Simond* oblig'd to summon up all her Resolution, in order to keep her Promise with ~~Mimacour~~ *Chimoran*, not to discover herself at her first Interview. But after much Struggle to retain her Tears, and guard her Tongue, she prevail'd, saying, In every thing we seem to sympathize; you deplore the Loss or Absence of a Sister you *loved.*

loved, and I that of a Brother whom I loved more than Life. I can't help thinking that we were born under the same ill-boding Planet, and that the Circumstances of our Lives are similar. You are tired after a Journey, and want repose, or I would entertain you with the Story of my Life with signal Ingenuity, that you should be convinc'd of my Esteem by the Implicitness of the Confidence I should repose in you. But as my History, young as I am, would detain you too long from the rest you so much stand in need of, I will postpone it till the Morning.—

Simond's The Count, who was unwilling to part his Visitor, laying hold of *de Kerky's* Arm, said, Sir, though the Story of your Adventures be long, mine is not so; and to give you the earliest Proofs of my growing Esteem for you, if you will do me and my Wife the Honour to stay Supper with us, I will amuse you with the short, but affecting History of my Life, while Supper is serving up.—As this was what *de Kerky* sought with the greatest Ardency, and intended by a seeming Willingness to relate his own Story first, it may be presum'd that he wanted not to be much courted to stay Supper.

Valette, My Name, said the new Comer, is *Arminville*, and I was born in *Lions*, of a Family distinguished there for Nobility and Power. Love and Friendship seem'd, from my earliest Youth, to be Sources from whence all my Misfortunes should flow. From a Child, I loved my youngest Sister with the greatest Tenderness.

derness. We were much of an Age, and alike, in Person and Humour, insomuch that our Affection for each other grew up with us. But, alas! that dearest Object of my earliest Love, was ravish'd from my Sight, or rather withdrew from it about three years ago.

There are Partialities in some Families, tho' there be nothing more unjust and absurd than for Parents to be prejudic'd before Children are of an Age to disoblige. But such was the Unhappiness in ours. My Favourite Sister, tho' the most amiable and deserving of the Family, was hated by my Father; so I must judge by the extreme Harshness and Rigour with which he always treated her. Young as she was, she had the Wit to distinguish, the Spirit to resent, and the Resolution to attempt extricating herself from the too cruel Tyranny exercis'd over her. In short, she withdrew from her Father's House about the Age of Sixteen, but whither or with whom has never been known, tho' the strictest Enquiry has been made. Some Suspicion there was that a neighbouring young Gentleman, call'd ~~Amour~~, had accompany'd her in her Flight, because he had been a Suitor of her's, and had absented himself much about the same Time from *Lions*. I wish she may be so happy to be in the Care of one of so known Probity and Honour. But I chuse to think, from my Knowledge of her Spirit and Resolution, that she has taken some more extravagant Course.

How sensibly soever I was affected with the Loss of one so dear to me, Love was preparing

paring an Addition to my Anxiety. A growing Beauty, not unlike my Sister, had so ingross'd my heart, that I had no Desire but to please her, nor no Ambition but to convince her that she alone was capable of rendering me happy or unhappy. I saw her as often as I could; but ever had the Idea of her in my Mind. Awake, I thought of nothing else; and asleep, I dream'd but of her. Her pleasing Image was always before my Eyes, and my Lips could utter no other Name, but *de Saint Chon*; so she was call'd.

Careful as I was to keep the Secret of my Love from my Family, and particularly from my Father, whose tyrannical Disposition left me no room to hope that he would ever consent to it; secret as I was in my Amour, the visible Change which it wrought in me, induc'd my Father to have me more narrowly watch'd. And, Heavens! how I trembled one Morning as he spoke thus to me in his Closet. Son, tho' you are young, you are of an Age to distinguish between Duty and Disobedience, and between substantial Happiness and Unhappiness. I am not ignorant how and where you dispose of your Time, nor to whom you have made a Present of your Heart. It was ill done to take those Liberties without my Approbation, who best know how, where and when to chuse for an only Son. I forgive what is past on Condition you return not to your Follies. *Mademoiselle de Saint Chon* is not the Person I would chuse for a Daughter-in-law; nor shall she be one whilst I live. You now know my Mind, and it is your Business and Interest not to do any thing

thing for the future that shall ruffle or discompose it.

Sensible of the Inflexibility of my Father's Temper, I despair'd of possessing the lovely Object of my Love with his Consent ; therefore willing to sacrifice Duty, Family, Wealth, Honours, every thing to Love, I resolv'd to follow my Sister's Example, and withdraw from my Paternal House. A weak Resolution, I confess ; and such a one as Youth, Inexperience, and Love only could dictate. Tho' no Man in the World was happier in the Choice I made or can be more contented, yet can I look back and see the Error of my Conduct. But, alas ! how feeble are the Efforts of green Reason against the Torrent of youthful Passions ! And I know no Remedy so effectual towards curing the impetuous Follies of Children as for Parents to treat them with Tenderness and Indulgence ; and let me add with Freedom too, especially after they are grown up. I don't say, that Children are to be indulg'd to their Ruin ; but so far only as is consistent with their Welfare ; and when they are oppos'd or their Inclinations cross'd, it should be with Gentleness and Art : For Harshness and Severity seldom are productive of Good ; of which we have had too woful Experience in my own Family. Had my Father been less unreasonable and severe, my dear Sister had never thought of shunning her Family ; and however violent my Passion was for my present Wife, I am apt to think that Gentleness and good Usage might have wean'd
me.

me from it.—But it is said, there is a Destiny in Marriage; and one would think so by mine.

Having determin'd to quit *Lions*, I flatter'd myself to have so good Interest with my Mistress, as to be able to persuade her to accompany me in my Flight; I did not think it difficult to prevail upon one who made me the warmest Returns of Love, to fly with me to *Holland* or some other foreign Country where we might marry without the Consent of Parents. I waited on her; and told her, in a Flood of Tears, the severe Injunctions of my Father, never to converse with her more. And, said I to her, if I am to be deprived of the Pleasure of seeing you, and of the Happiness of your Hand, welcome Death; you cannot come too soon. But should you slacken your Pace, this trusty Sword shall soon quicken it to my Wish.

Ah! reply'd the dear Idol of my Heart, whether will your Despair drive you? I would bring you Relief was it in my Power, but what can I do more than join my Tears to your's, and pray that the Count your Father's Heart may relent? Prayers, Pity, and Tears, said I, are poor Comforts in such a Case as mine. Some Cure more immediate and effectual is wanting, and such you have in your Power. Apply it, and we shall be the happiest Pair under the Sun. Trust yourself to the Conduct of a Lover, the sincerest in the World, and accompany me to *Holland*, where we shall tie a Knot that shall join us for ever. As I am an only Son, it cannot be suppos'd, that my Father won't relent
in

in time; and rather consent to an Union no way disproportionable, than be depriv'd of the only Hopes of his Family, and render him desperate.

I listen, said she, to what I should avoid hearing. I hear you make a Proposal that offends against the strict Laws of Modesty, and yet am unable to leave the Room, or command your Silence. A Proof, my dear Count, that I love you infinitely. And yet tho' it be so, and that I know I shan't be able to outlive your Absence, I can't however resolve to approve of your Project. As you can see but with the Eyes of a Lover, the Execution of your Scheme seems easy to you; but wou'd you, or cou'd you reflect as others would, you might see it attended with a thousand Dangers. My Honour, in the first Place, would be too much expos'd, and must suffer more than Virtue should bear.

Gods! says I, what an Error are you fall'n into? In accompanying me, don't you accompany your Husband? Will your Virtue be put to the Blush by avoiding the Rigour of those who would impede your own and the Happiness of him you love? Is your Honour wounded by loving an Object whose Truth and Affection merit your Love? Have you not vow'd a thousand Times never to dispose of that fair Hand to any other but your *de Maimouille*? And now that you are press'd to a Performance of your Vows and Oaths, you draw back and are check'd, forsooth, by your Modesty and Honour. You dread tarnishing your Character of Virtue by going along with your Lover, and dread

Valette?

dread not being counted faithless and perjur'd by staying behind him? Are these the Proofs of your Love? I was vain enough to think myself truly belov'd, but find I took the Shadow for the Substance.

Lurely

Cease, Count, if you love me, said Mademoiselle *de Saint-Chau*, a Language that injures my Love, and is therefore offensive to my Ears. Your Reproaches are unjust, as my Conduct towards you has not merited such, and unkind because you can't but know that your Suspicions will augment my Sorrow. Did I love less, or was I less delicate, as to what relates to my Honour, I might enter into your Measures with less Difficulty. But I dread the plunging you into Misfortunes you could never surmount, and far greater than your present Passion permits you to discern. I am no Stranger to your Father's Temper; and we seldom see that paternal Rage subsides to make way for Tendernefs. Should you rashly embark in this dangerous Project, might not your Father disinherit you, divide his vast Fortune between your two Sisters that have always been his Favourites? Heaven can witness for me, that in setting your Interest so obviously before you, I have no View to my own. A Cottage with you would be always a Paradise; and a Palace without you, would be to me a Dungeon. Such is the Purity of my Love, that I should never permit the Approach of Discontent whilst with you, be it where it will. But I shudder when I reflect, that by indulging you and myself, I might become the innocent Author

thor of your Misfortunes. These Thoughts so alarm my Love, that I find I shall never be able to gain upon myself to consent to the Flight you propose.

Oh! thou most prudent as well as most amiable of your Sex, said I, suffer not your Eyes to fix on the Gloom and Shade of the Portraiture only, but cast them for a Moment on the gay and pleasing Part of it. Harsh and inexorable as my Father is, I can suffer but during his Life. For the greatest Part of his Fortune is so settled that it must come to me after his Death. Therefore unless your cruel Obstinacy make me unhappy for ever, I fear but a temporary Suffering. But even against your Cruelty I shall find a Cure, the only one next to Death, that I can now call to mind. I will quit the World and return to a spiritual Solitude, where I shall still have the Pleasure to think of you, unkind as you are.

As the dear Creature loved me passionately, she was unable to combat against the Force and Harmony of my Oratory and the soothing Dictates of her own Heart. She saw me bent on taking some desperate Course, should she refuse complying, which she thought herself oblig'd to prevent. In short, Love interven'd, and she could no longer resist his Power. She consenting to share my Fortune, I fix'd on the Day and Manner of our Departure; and in the mean while, I sedulously apply'd myself to taking the necessary Measures, and furnishing myself with a Sum of Money sufficient to answer our Purpose.

We

We contriv'd our Matters so well that our Flight was not perceiv'd till fifteen Hours after our Departure, and as we went Post Night and Day, contenting ourselves with what Rest we could take in the Chaise, we got to the Frontiers in Safety. But had I not the Precaution not to take Post till we were got nine Leagues from *Lions*, we had certainly been stop't; but not knowing what Road we took, our Parents knew not which Way to pursue us.

After a Journey, that would have appear'd painful and disagreeable, unless Love had render'd it the most pleasant of our Lives, we happily arriv'd at the *Hague*. But we were there but a few Hours when we found we had made a wrong Choice for the Purpose of Marriage. For *Holland* being a Protestant Country, my Father would not fail to urge that as a Reason for dissolving our Marriage; of which, it seems, there have been many Instances before our Time.

My lovely Mistress, who was extremely scrupulous on such Occasions, was inconsolable when she understood the Risk she should run in submitting to be married in the *United Provinces*; and would oblige me to retire to some Catholic Country. But, I apprehensive of my Father's Influence at Court, could not consent to be in any Place where we might run the Risk of being reclaim'd in the Name of the King. I knew *Holland* to be the general Refuge of the Distress'd, but could reckon upon no such Security in any other Country. But on my assuring her that I would never
return

return to *France* while my Father liv'd, or before he consented to our Union, she agreed to be married; and accordingly, the next Day, were joined in the sacred Bands by a pious and learned Priest, who was Chaplain to an Ambassador.

I thought it my Duty to acquaint my Father with the Step I had taken, humbly beseeching his Forgiveness; but far from granting my Request, he deign'd not to take any Notice of my Letter. I expected no less when I wrote, yet did I think it incumbent upon me to pay that Deference to a Parent, whom, tho' I had disobey'd in marrying without his Approbation, I did not think myself at Liberty to bid him Defiance in all things. But whether my frequent Submissions had made some Impression on his Mind, or whether Nature prevail'd in my Behalf, I heard from him about four Months after my first Letter to him from *Holland*.

While I was yet uncertain whether my Father would ever relent, I was incessantly in Pain how I should dispose of myself so as to be in Condition to maintain my Wife, after my Stock of Money should be exhausted. I saw before my Eyes at the *Hague* a terrible example of the Consequence of imprudent and ungovernable Love. This was in the Person of Monsieur de B——, a Mouiquetaire, and of a distinguish'd Family, who quitted his Post and Friends to fly from his Country with a Girl of low and mean Parentage, who had jilted several young Men of Fashion before. That
young

young Fellow was so reduc'd that he liv'd upon Charity, and particularly that of a *Jew* who had taken Compassion of his Misery.

The Situation I saw that unhappy young Man reduc'd to, and some things I had heard of his Conduct, brought many serious Reflections to my Mind. I pity'd one who was unable to supply the necessary Expence of his Subsistence, without being oblig'd to Strangers. Is not, said I, the meanest industrious Mechanic, happier than that Man of Quality who dishonours his Station as much as they do honour to theirs? Would it not be nobler to have till'd the Earth than beg his Bread? Should a Man of Sense or Spirit, when reduc'd, stoop to Indolence and Idleness? That mean spirited Mousquetaire thought to subsist in *Holland* by bartering his Religion for Bread; and had in the Beginning got Money from some of the Reform'd of his own Nation. But that Resource soon failing, he apply'd to the Ministers of the *Dutch* Churches, who, having been so often before impos'd upon on the like Occasion, gave him the deaf Ear. Having fail'd in all his religious Schemes, his Necessities drove him to all the new Comers, among whom he found me out, and made pressing Applications to me. But having had his History before I saw him, I receiv'd him so coldly that he return'd not a second time.

As my dearest Wife was become more and more the Object of my Cares, as well as Desires, I was much in pain that she was oblig'd to keep home continually for want of
female

female Acquaintance. She was kind enough to assure me she was happier in mine than any Company in the World; and I believe she spoke from the Sincerity of her Heart. But tho' I was never so pleas'd as when I was alone with her, yet I could perceive by myself that Relaxation was not less necessary for her Body than Mind. I therefore made it my Business to seek out some Families where she might spend her Evenings. Chance brought me acquainted with one, whom I thought every way fit for my Purpose.

This Lady was *French*, saw good Company at the *Hague*, was reported to be of a noble Family in *France*, and to be rich; but what was most desirable, she was represented to me as having the Character of a Woman of Honour and Virtue. When she understood I was married, she insisted to see my Wife, and after I had introduced her, the Countess, so was Madam de—— styled at the *Hague*, press'd me so affectionately and earnestly to make her House mine, that at last I comply'd and discharg'd my Lodgings. I was not many Days under her Roof before she found out, being a profound Genealogist, that I was her Nephew.

I could perceive my Aunt's Fondness and Politeness increasing hourly; I could see her solicitous in seeking Occasions to add to my Satisfaction; but could plainly see her great Complaisance and Assiduity did not reach my Wife. In short, I could perceive that her Indifference for my Wife increas'd in Proportion

tion to her Complaisance for me. But could never persuade myself that the Conquest I had made of her Heart was the Motive of her Conduct, till my Wife one Day took notice of it, saying with a Smile, My dear, you inadvertently ruffled the Calm of your Aunt's Repose; which would induce one to believe she had adopted you purposely to have a Pretext for her Freedoms.

I found the Fact to be too evident to be dispured, for which I was extremely concern'd, because, in the first Place, I loved my Wife passionately, and next, because, if I had not, the Countess was the wrong Side of Fifty, which is an Age ill suited to Twenty-one. 'Tis true the amorous Lady strove to put Age to Flight with great Art and Industry. But all her Pains to look young by the Help of false Hair, Eye-brows, Teeth and Complexion, served but to render her more ridiculous and odious in my Eyes.

I endeavour'd all I could to bring her to a Sense of the wrong she did herself and me, by harbouring a Passion she ought not to indulge, nor I to gratify. I seemingly redoubled my Passion for my Wife, that the Countess might see the Improbability of succeeding. But all my Remedies were but fuel to feed, or rather increase her Flame. She grew so openly amorous to me, and impolite to my Wife, whom she look'd upon as a Rival, that I found myself under a Necessity of quitting her House.

Now, as commonly is the Case, was her Love turn'd to rage? She was not contented with

with disowning me for a Relation, which I could easily dispense with, but loaded me in all Companies with all the Infamy she could invent; and in every Shape endeavour'd to render me all the Disservice in her Power. Tho' I knew my own Innocence, and believ'd that most People would judge of the Motive of her Calumny, yet it gave me pain, that, being a Stranger, some of the Dirt she flung at me might stick. I was complaining one Day, on this Head to a *Walloon* Gentleman, with whom I contracted an Intimacy, at which smiling, he said, Your Uneasiness, my dear Friend, speaks you a greater Stranger at the *Hague* than I took you for. Had you known the Character of the Woman, whose Tongue you so much dread, you would be under no Manner of Concern for what she should say of you, tho' you might for living under her Roof before you had inform'd yourself thoroughly of her Life, of which, for your Satisfaction, continued he, I will give you such Information as I have had from good Hands.

You may remember, said he, that she always affected to keep the Mystery of her Birth a mighty Secret. Sometimes she would have it believ'd that she was a natural Daughter of the late King *James* the Second of *England*: At other times she would suggest that she was of the House of *Bouillon*; nay, she would often insinuate that she was related to most of the distinguish'd Families of *France*. Yet after this vast Parade of thick Blood, we shall find her reduc'd to the dire Necessity of submitting to be

be what she really is, the Daughter of a Gardener to a Convent of Nuns at *Dijon* in the Province of *Champagne*.

Costinde, While she was yet under the Age of Twenty, she was receiv'd into the Monastery in Quality of Lay-Sister, to do the servile Work of the House. She behaved so well, that Sister *Victory*, so was she call'd, was prefer'd to the important Post of *Tourriere*, or Portress, an Employment which suited with the natural Frailty of her Passions, which however she had the Art to govern, or at least to hide from the Community, till she had a fair Opportunity of indulging them.

Quernal, The Employment of Portress admitting of much Liberty, Sister *Victory* was resolv'd to give a loose to her Desires, and execute a Scheme she probably had projected before. To this End she cast a wishful Eye on *Jerome*, the Steward of the House, a sober Man about Forty, who till then behaved well in his Office of providing and buying in all Necessaries for the Convent. But *Jerome's* Heart being vanquish'd by the Beauty and Address of the designing Portress, he went into all her Views without Remorse or Examination.

Quernal, Having gain'd *Jerome*, she oblig'd him to take the necessary Measures for retiring to this Receptacle of the wicked and unhappy. *Costinde* The Day being fix'd, Sister *Victory* made bold to borrow all the ready Money she could lay Hands on within the Grate, as her Lover did on all that had been intrusted to his Care without. With this Treasure the Couple

Couple set out and arrived here at the *Hague*; where she took the Name she now goes by, and *Feroma* that of *St. Albain*. But her *Quernat* Haughtiness, and probably her Intrigues, not *Crillon* agreeing with the Chevalier *de St. Albain*, so he was call'd then, he fairly quitted her to go into the Service of an *English* Ambassador, in his Journey to *Sweden*, who, it seems, had a Passion for Domesticks of our Nation.

As they who set out wickedly seldom reclaim, *St. Albain* behaved no better at *Stockholm* than at *Dijon*. But as the History of the Portress is more immediately to your Purpose, I shall pursue that only. This Votary of the beauteous Goddess, unable to withstand certain Impulses of Nature, took in a young *Swiss* Officer in the Service of this State, into hers, to supply the Room of *Feroma*. But the honest *Swiss*, commanded to his Regiment, or disliking his Hostess, soon took his Leave of our Countess; who, not long after, replac'd his Loss with a *German* Baron. *Quernat*

This young Soldier of Fortune, who, like most of his Countrymen, admired Gold and the Bottle, more than Love and Intrigue, grew tired of his Lodgings as soon as his Landlady withheld her distributing Hand. He retired to his own Country, *Zell*, to make a Figure with what Treasure he had acquired in his Travels; and she to *Amsterdam*, to avoid the Scandal of busy Tongues here at the *Hague*, and to recruit her Exchequer. Being young, handsome and artful, she soon made Conquest of the Heart of one of the richest *Jew* Bachelors

of *Amsterdam*, who at his Death, which happen'd not many Years after his Acquaintance with *Madame la Comtesse*, left her a considerable Part of his Fortune.

The Countess, now Mistress of herself and ten thousand Pounds Sterling, return'd to shine forth once again at this Court of the Republick. Most of her former Acquaintance being dead, she found it practicable to establish a fresh Reputation and new Acquaintance. This was the Situation you found her in. But had you been as curious about the Choice of your Friends and Intimates, as every young Man of Fashion ought to be, particularly in a foreign Land, you would have known her real Character, and have avoided the Uneasiness you now seem to labour under.

This little History diverted my Wife extremely and gave me no small Pleasure. I reflected with great Satisfaction on my good Luck in escaping the Snares of so artful a Woman; and became quite easy as to any thing she could say to my Prejudice. But while my Wife, my *Walloon* Friend, and myself were making merry at the Expence of my enrag'd Mock-Aunt, I receiv'd a Message from the *French* Ambassador at the *Hague*, which for the present turn'd all our Mirth into Sorrow.

I had never been so wait on the Ambassador, avoiding all I could, to have any Communication with him or his Family, for Fear of the Intrigues and Interest of my exasperated Father at the *French* Court. I could not suppose that the Minister wanted to speak to me
for

for any other Purpose, but to tell me of his having Orders from Court to solícite my Banishment from the Territories of the Republic, if I did not return to *France* and consent to the disannulling my Marriage. But I found myself agreeably mistaken as soon as I saw the Man I dreaded so much.

After the Ambassador had chid me with great Politeness for not seeing him so many Months as I had been at the *Hague*, he told me; Sir, had you known that your Lady was my near Relation, I suppose you would have indulg'd her to see my Wife, tho' you had not thought it proper to see me yourself. But I was not the less your Friend. For as soon as I was inform'd of the Regularity of your Conduct here, and your affectionate Behaviour towards your Wife, I employ'd all my Interest to wean your Father from his Prejudice to the Alliance you had contracted without his Consent: And I can now tell you with Pleasure, that I have succeeded to your Wishes and my own. Here is a Letter from your Father and an authentic Act, that he approves of your Marriage. I have his Orders to supply you what Money you may have Occasion for, and to induce you to set out immediately for *Paris* where he proposes to meet.

Here was a Turn in my Fortune which was the more pleasing as it was unexpected. I flew to impart the glad News to my Wife, to whom it had like to have cost very dear; sudden Joy being generally attended with worse Consequences than even Grief; but the Good-

ness of her Constitution, getting the better of of her Illness, during which she was daily visited by the Ambassador and his Lady with great Tenderness and Affection, she was in a Condition to set out upon this long Journey in about a Month after she had been first taken ill.

Valette, Here, Sir, continued the young Count *de Maimville*, is a faithful Narrative of my Life ever since I lost that Sister I mention'd to you, more amiable and dear to me than all the rest of my Family. Had I that dear Companion of my Infancy but once again in my Arms; Could I be sure even that she lives, I should reckon myself compleatly happy. But it would be Prodigality in Fortune to give me the best and most agreeable Woman in the World for my Wife, to restore me to the Affection of an incens'd, I may say, an inexorable Parent, and to gladden my Heart with the Sight of a Sister I ove as tenderly as I do my Wife.

Simone, Ah! Sir, said *de Vergy*, who could contain himself no longer, Behold here one who can inform you best of any one living of the Fate of a Sister so dear to you. But before I reveal the Secrets of her Life and Residence, you must promise to assist in mollifying the Heart of her Father. Did you know, reply'd the Count, the Warmth and Truth of my Love for her, you would not have exacted a Promise I am more intent upon performing than you can be in requiring it of me.

But before the Sister would quite unmask herself, she desired to know what was thought for

of her Flight at *Lions*. To which the Brother made the following Answer: It was never doubted that the Severity and Partiality of my Father, were the first Motives of her Flight; and it was also suspected that Love might have had some Share in it. For, as I have already told you, one *de Maurel*, a young Gentleman *Pereville* that had demanded her in Marriage of my Father and had been refused some little Time before her Flight: That young Gentleman, I say, absenting himself from *Lions* about the same Time, it was suppos'd that he was the Companion of her Rambles.

And, Sir, said the disguis'd Sister, what were your Thoughts of the Conduct of your Sister? Mine, reply'd the Count, were such as Love and Tenderness dictated. As I loved her passionately; I was grieved to see her treated with Cruelty at home, and pleas'd to see her become the Object of the Love of so promising a young Gentleman as Monsieur *de Maurel*. I consider'd her Flight as a Matter of Necessity, and the Companion she chose as the only one she could repose a Confidence in. So that you thought not the worse of your Sister, said *de Kerguel* *Sirmond*, for the Step she took. Not in the least, reply'd the Count: It would ill become me to censure a Conduct similar to my own. Besides, I could safely reckon on the Virtue of my Sister. I was sure she would never dishonour either herself or Family by any indecent Liberties or Looseness of Conduct. I knew she had a Spirit above being guilty of a mean or base Action,

Action, and Resolution to bear up against the Frowns of Fortune.

Simond, But, Sir, said *de Kerg*, was you not blind to your Sister's Imperfections? Your Love for her seems to have got the Start of your Judgment, and you could see but the fair Side of her. Now I wish her well, perhaps as well as you; but I can see her guilty of gross Errors.—She was going on to arraign her own Conduct, when perceiving her Brother's Colour to come and go with Rapidity, she said, Sir, as what more I have to say of your Sister, may displease you, I chuse to wave it for the present. By no means, reply'd the Count, I have too good an Opinion of her to believe any thing to her Disadvantage, and hope you are too polite and too much a Man of Honour to attempt sullyng the Character of a young Lady of her Distinction.

Simond, Sir, said *de Kerg*, if you are resolv'd to shut your Ears to Truth, I have done. But let me add, that Women of Quality and Distinction, such as your Sister was, — Was, Sir, reply'd the Count angrily; Is she not still one of Quality and Distinction? There are many Women of Quality distinguish'd more by their Errors than Virtues. Have a Care, reply'd the Count, Sir, what you say; for the little Time I have had the Honour of your Acquaintance, I never esteem'd any one so much. But should you so much as suggest any Thing to the Prejudice of my Sister's Virtue, I shall forget that I ever regarded you.

Ah!

Ah! Brother, said Mademoiselle de ~~Adair~~ *Valette*,
~~vill~~, throwing her Arms about the Count's
 Neck, it would be a Pity to keep so tender a
 Brother and Friend any longer in Suspence.
 See here, under this Disguise, the Sister you
 love so tenderly. I did not intend to discover
 myself so soon; but your Sincerity requir'd I
 should break thro' the Promise I had made to
 your Friend de ~~Maurel~~, who has been the faith-*Peremville*,
 ful Companion of my Travels ever since I came
 from *Lions*. He is in the next Apartment, and
 will be rejoic'd to be Witness of our Hap-
 piness.

As soon as the Brother and Sister could get
 from each other's Arms, she flew to bring in
 de ~~Maurel~~, and the Count to lead in his Wife, *Peremville*,
 whom he introduced to his Friend and to his
 Sister. The Joy that was dispers'd in every
 Heart and visible in every Face of this united
 little Company is far easier imagin'd than ex-
 press'd. But great as it was this Night, it
 was augmented the next Day by the Arrival of
 Count de ~~Adairville~~ the Father, who brought *Valette*
 so great Tenderness, so complying a Temper,
 and so much good Nature with him to see his
 Son and Daughter-in-law, that he forgave his
 Daughter on the first Application made to him
 in her Behalf by the Son. He also receiv'd de *Peremville*,
~~Maurel~~ with Affection, and consenting to his
 Alliance, gave him his Daughter in Marriage
 before he left *Paris*.

Thus at last was the virtuous Sincerity of
 these Platonic Lovers rewarded and crown'd
 with Success. The Father saw the Error of

his Conduct in regard to his Daughter; and seeing likewise, that midst her Provocations and Misfortunes, she had still an Eye to her Duty and Character, he was as much charm'd with her Conduct as he condemn'd his own. These Considerations soften'd his Temper; and he now became sensible that to be a happy Father and beloved by his Children, he ought rather to have indulg'd them as far as Reason would admit, than treat them with Sullenness and Rigour.

The FAIR PILGRIMS,
OR,
DOUBLE DISGUISE;

A Relation of various amusing ADVENTURES and affecting MISFORTUNES, occasion'd by the Severity of Parents forcing the Inclinations of their Children.

AN old rich Gentleman, call'd *de Belac*, who lived in the City of *Marseilles*, in *France*, having lost his Wife, retir'd to a Seat he had a few Leagues from Town, more to avoid Expence than to breathe the Country Air or mourn the Loss of a Wife, who had forced him, against the Bent of his Soul, whilst living, to live up to the Extent of his Fortune, which was considerable. The Wives in *France* assume more Privilege than in any other Country, and are supported by the Laws there to have an equal Share in the Disposal and Management of the Fortune in the Family. Madame *de Belac*, sensible of the excessive Covetousness of her Husband, improv'd the Prero-

gative of her Sex, took the Management of the Family Estate wholly into her own Hands, and laid out the Income of it in Hospitality and other Acts of Generosity.

The Husband, pleas'd at his Heart that he had now no Wife to thwart him, sold his House in Town, his Furniture, his Coaches and Equipage as soon as she was laid under-ground. But gave out, that he was unable to bear the Shock of living in a House or Town where he had enjoy'd so great Happiness in the Company of his dear Wife. His Neighbours, who knew him better than he thought they did, smiled at an Excuse which they knew to be false; not doubting but he retir'd purposely that he might indulge his avaritious Temper before fewer Witnesses, and more privately than he possibly could in Town.

Our Miser had a Daughter by his late Lady, an only Child, whom he would force along with him to his Retreat, not so much for the Pleasure of her Company or to have her under his own Eye, as to save the Expence of her Board at a Monastery where her Mother had kept her from the Age of Ten, according to the Custom of *France*. The young Lady, now going into her Fifteenth Year, was inconsolable, when she understood she was to quit one Enclosure to go into a worse. But her Intreaties, her Sighs, and Tears not prevailing, she was forced to submit.

The Quality and Fortune of our young Heiress intitled her, and even required she should have a Governess when she had no Mother to

awe

awe or guide her Steps. But there was no touching upon that or any other expensive String with old *de Belac*; who, far from having a Governess for his Daughter, had, and would have no Servants, but one old Woman who serv'd all the Offices within the House, and one elderly Man, who serv'd for as many Uses as *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*.

The old Gentleman lov'd his Daughter tenderly, but he lov'd his Money more: That is, after his Gold, he loved the aimable *Gertrude*, so was his Daughter call'd, best of any thing in the World. And to give her such Proofs as one of his Temper was capable of, he committed the important Trust of his House-keeping to her Care, but with strict Charge not to exceed, but to observe a laudable Oeconomy at all Times, and on all Occasions. He would often tell her, that Parsimony was the Road to Wealth; and that Riches, far more than either Beauty or Parts, were what recommended young Women to Men of Sense. He never sat with her but he would read to her Lessons of Oeconomy: And tho' sometimes he would drop a Hint concerning Matrimony, he took care to suffer no Visiter that should give his Daughter any Passion for it.

For the fair *Gertrude's* part, she was not at all sorry that her Father seem'd not too solicitous about her marrying, well knowing that he would not consult her Inclinations whenever he should resolve to dispose of her. If ever the Conversation turn'd upon the Subject of Matrimony, he was sure to display the in-

estimable Value of Riches and the egregious Folly of fixing the Attention on the Perfections of either Body or Mind. Reason, with him, ought to be the Guide of Love, but it was that Sort of Reason which directs to center all Happiness in Wealth alone. With such a Father, who must chuse for her, or at least approve of her Choice, how much happier was she in a single State than married?

But the fatal Moment was now at hand, when her Obedience is put to the Test, her Father had wherewith to indulge his predominant Passion. Such has been the Case of many a Parent and many a Child; and I fear, will be the Unhappiness in many Families, though they have Experience to guide them. How many unhappy Instances have been known of forcing the Inclinations of Children to comply with that of obdurate, thoughtless Parents? Parents, 'tis true, are not oblig'd to humour every weak and sickly Humour of their Children; but are oblig'd, in Prudence and in Conscience, not to stretch their paternal Power so far as to force their Inclinations in a Matter that touches them, and them alone, so nearly and essentially as Marriage.

But to wave any farther Discussion on a Subject which no Parent ought to be ignorant of, or can without erring; our Miser had a Neighbour, a Man of Quality, and the richest in the Country, who came often to see him. This Nobleman, tho' bordering upon his grand Climacteric, had a sweet Tooth for Youth and Beauty, which he saw the lovely *Gertrude* Mistress of.

In

In short, he became as desperate in Love with his Neighbour's fair Daughter, as the Warmth of Blood running in the Veins of Sixty-two would admit of.

Here begun the Misfortunes of the beautiful *Gertude*. For tho' she suffer'd much from the penurious Humour of her Father, yet were her Sufferings light, if compar'd with the Sorrow that must attend the being oblig'd to receive the insipid Courtship of an old coughing, spitting, super-annuated Lover, wrap'd up in Flannels.

The Baron *de Quernas*, so was our antiquated *Adonis* call'd, had been a Dangler in his Youth, and being therefore tolerably well skill'd in the Art of Love-making, he set out with planting the Battery of his Eyes only; which, to be sure, play'd with great Success on a gay, sprightly Heart of Fifteen. But failing of making any Breach with the Artillery of his Eyes, the Artist had Recourse to Sighs, which were so deep and mournful, that no Heart but *Gertrude's* could withstand them.

At first, this aimable young Lady sported herself with the comic Scene; but she soon experienc'd, that tho' no Curse is greater than for one of her Age to be importun'd by an old Man, yet that there was none more difficult to get rid of than his Importunities. Slights and Indifference will shock a young Lover, and often wean him from the Pursuit of his Love: But an old Man bears all Rebuke and Indifference with the greater Patience, because he thinks
Resigna-

Resignation to be a Debt owing from advanc'd Years.

But before Matters were carry'd to Extremity; that is, before the old *Baron* came to an *Eclaircissement* with the Idol of his Heart, he put in practice all the Arts of the most seducing Lover. He ogled and sigh'd, as has been observ'd; he dress'd with all the Air and Fancy of Twenty-five; powder'd, painted, patch'd, sung, caper'd; in short, did every thing to captivate a young Heart, went every Length that he thought might render him amiable in the Eyes of the lovely *Gertrude*.

The Baron was not ignorant of Monsieur *de Belac's* predominant Passion, and did not doubt to win his Heart and gain his Consent by offering to take his Daughter without a Fortune. But being naturally vain, or perhaps from a Motive of Generosity, he would gain upon the Affections of the Daughter before he would make any Proposals to the Father: And not contented with gaining upon her Judgment only, he would make a Conquest in her Heart.

Thus mistaking the only Path that lies open for old Age to the peaceable Possession of Youth, our old *Adonis*, instead of advancing his Suit, by affecting the Airs of the most finish'd Fop, lost himself intirely in the Opinion of her, whose Ears alone he ought to have courted. Would old Men enter into themselves with Seriousness, they never would attempt pleasing the Eye of Youth. Good Sense, good Humour, good Nature and Generosity

nerosity may captivate the Judgment of a young Female, but her Eye can never be caught by all the varnishing that Art can hide old Age with. On the contrary, it frequently happens that an Attempt to charm the Eye loses all the Ground that might have been gain'd on the Understanding.

And so it happen'd in the present Case; for the Baron, by a too strong Affectation of Youth, became quite ridiculous; insomuch, that old *de Belac* himself, who had not as yet suspected the End for which the Baron dress'd out with so extravagant Foppery, said to him, one Day, that he appear'd uncommonly foppish; I protest, my worthy old Play-fellow, you are by half younger than I thought you; and yet, to the best of my Memory, we were much about the same Age when we were at College together.—About the same Age! reply'd the Baron warmly, — Lord, how the Memory of some Men will fail. Had you said, the Difference was but a Trifle of ten or a dozen Years, I should have thought your Memory as good as mine. How! said *de Belac*, hastily, are we not both of us in our Sixty-third Year? You may, says the antiquated Beau, for any thing I know; but I am many Stages short of that venerable Age. I appeal, continu'd he, putting on one of his languishing Airs, to this fair Lady. Madam, said he to *Gertrude*, who was luckily present at this Scene, you shall judge if there be any such Traces of Age in my Face as your Father would impute to me. Oh! by no means, Sir, said she, taking a malicious Survey of his Person.

Person. The Difference 'twixt your Age and my Papa's is so visible, that if you had a little more the Air of your Family, you might easily be mistaken for my eldest Brother. Madam, reply'd the Baron, transported with Joy, I was always charm'd with the Perfections of your amiable Person; but am infinitely more so with the Solidity of your Judgment.

From these last Expressions, the Father easily comprehended why Monsieur *de Quernas* made him so frequent Visits, and dress'd out so unbecoming his Age. He plainly saw he would willingly become his Son-in-law, and that his Daughter's Beauty had made a Conquest of his Heart. The old Miser was charm'd with the flattering Prospect in View; assuring himself that it was probable the Baron, who was very rich, would not only take the Daughter without a Portion, but even purchase the Father's Consent. Ever after, therefore, Monsieur *de Belac*, was sure to give the Baron Opportunity of being alone with his Daughter; and beginning that very Day, he withdrew after Dinner under a Pretence to write some Letters that must be dispatch'd that Afternoon.

The antique Lover was no sooner alone with his Mistress then he renew'd his Sighs and the Language of his Eyes; but observing her Inattention, he assum'd a brisker Air, saying; I vow, Madam, I never was so mistaken in any one in my Life as in you. I thought you a young Lady of great Quickness and Sagacity, but find you extremely slow of Conception. How many pretty Things have my Eyes told

told you since your Father has been gone, and yet you seem as insensible as if they had been shut all the while. Really, Sir, said she, I am confounded at my own Stupidity; but it is my Unhappiness not to be skill'd in the Language of the Eyes.

Madam, says the Baron, in a Tone that he thought would mollify the most obdurate Heart, I am extremely concern'd at an Ignorance that affects my Quiet so essentially, and which strikes even at your own. For God's Sake, Sir, reply'd the affectedly ignorant *Gertrude*, how can my want of Knowledge discompose your Thoughts, however it might affect mine. Alas! my little Angel, said the Baron, you know not that my Eyes, all this Time past, spoke the Language of my Heart. Lord! Sir, said she, seemingly surpriz'd, sure Men must be strange Monsters, that have so many Tongues and speak so many Languages. Pretty Innocence, said he, when Man loves as sincerely and passionately as I do you, every Feature, every Part, about him speaks his Love. Tell me then, thou little Inchantress, without Flattery, what Answer does your little, fluttering Heart make to all the Oratory of my Love?

Ah! Sir, said the fair *Gertrude*, sighing, ask me not, I conjure you, to make you a direct Answer. Save me the Confusion of explaining the Language of my Heart. But should I guess it, said he, you won't refuse me the Honour of rightly interpreting your Thoughts. Suppose I should guess that the Title of Baronness would suit your Fancy. Eh, eh! my little Queen,

Queen, what think you of my Spirit of Divination? You shall be a Baroneſs as ſoon as you will, and before the Year's about, you ſhall be the Mother of a little dangling Baron. For, thank Heaven! I am of an Age —

The old vain Lover would have gone on, and perhaps leſs decently, when the modeſt and bluſhing *Gertrude*, put a Stop to his laſcivious Career, ſaying, Ah! Sir, pray forbear a Language that would ill become me to hear, and you worſe to repeat. Think not, that either your Quality or Age gives you a Right to offend againſt the Laws of Decency. You muſt have a very mean Opinion of my Underſtanding and Virtue when you can treat me with ſo little Deference.

The Baron, confounded at the Pertneſs of an Answer he did not expect, or think he deſerv'd, alter'd his Tone of a languiſhing Lover to that of one that might vanquiſh without the Aid of *Cupid*, if he would. Madam, ſaid he, with an Air of Gravity and Seriousneſs, you carry Matters with an higher hand than becomes your Age. I might have ask'd and had the Conſent of your Father before I ſolicit your's; ſee then if you don't lie under Obligations to me for having made Court to you, before I would arm myſelf with the Authority of a Parent.

And, Sir, ſaid ſhe, under a borrow'd Smile, tho' ſhe trembled all the while, can you think me ſo indifferent to my Pappa, as to ſuppoſe he would diſpoſe of me without conſulting my Inclination. You muſt have a deſpicable Opinion

nion of his Understanding, not to mention his paternal Affection, if you can suppose, he would use his Authority to oblige me to a Choice that should make me unhappy all my Life. But, says the Baron, why should I suppose that a young Lady of your good Sense, would not consult her Interest and conform to the Sentiments of a discerning Parent who should have chiefly that in View? If your Judgment should inform you that you might enjoy all the Affluence and solid Pleasures of Life, by being Mistress of my Fortune, I should not despair of possessing your Heart as well as your Hand.

Indeed, Sir, said she, with a Firmness the Baron could not mistake, if he were not blinded by his Passion, you are grossly in Error. A Woman may be forc'd to give the Hand, but no Authority can restrain the Heart. And what is more, tis not always even in her own Power to bend it to her Judgment. I would therefore, Sir, advise you, before you suffer your Heart to imbibe a Passion I can make no Returns to, to consider how unhappy we should both be, if you should possess my Hand without my Heart; which would inevitably be the Case, should any Authority or Chance ever make me your Wife. You'll speak another Language, said the inflam'd Lover, after a few Month's Marriage. Never, said she; and if you would not have me detest you, instead of your being but indifferent to me, as you are at present, think not of prevailing over the
Avarice

Avarice of my Father, and arming yourself with his Authority.

Monsieur de Quernas would not or could not see the Folly and Injustice of attempting a Possession that he could never hope to obtain uncompell'd; but instead of laying a reasonable Restraint upon his Passion, he indulg'd it, and quitting the Daughter he flew to the Father to tell him that he sought his Alliance so ardently that he would think it an Honour to be his Son-in-law without any Portion whatever.

De Belac, charm'd with a Proposal which soothed his favourite Passion, came readily into it; and having return'd the Baron's Compliment, assured him he would use his Authority to compleat his Happiness; adding, that as his Daughter was young, it was probable, she would make some childish Objections in the beginning, but that he might reckon upon his Address and Power, and that he might come the next Day, when he did not doubt but he should meet a Reception to please him.

The old Men parted highly delighted with each other. The Baron, not doubting that the Authority of the Father would obtain him the Possession of the Daughter; and the Father, that he could dispose of her to the richest Man in the Province without parting with any of his own dear Wealth. But they were both egregiously out in their Count. The Spirit and Resolution of *Gertrude* broke all their Measures and got the Better of the Address of the Lover and Authority of the Father.

That

That very Night, as soon as Supper was taken away, Monsieur *de Belac*, contrary to his usual Manner, called for a Bottle of *Saint Lawrence's* Wine, racy and delicious to the Taste; and after obliging his Daughter to drink a Glass or two of it, he took her by the Hand, saying, My Dear, the more I look at you, the more I think you like your Mother. You grow more like her every Day: But pray Heaven! you grow not like her in her Extravagance: Had she liv'd many Years longer, I should not be worth a Crown, and even the few Years we cohabited together, she so reduc'd my Fortune that I have it not in my Power to give you any. But as Heaven prospers the Prudent and Parsimonious, Chance has brought you that good Luck which my Circumstances were unable to procure you. The richest Man in this whole Country has taken a Fancy to your Youth and Innocence; and tho' he be intitled to a Portion of an Hundred thousand Crowns, agrees to take you to his Arms without a Doit.

The old Man went on enumerating the happy Consequences of marrying a rich Man, who could support the Expence of Dress, Equipage, Gaming, Hospitality, and every other Article that could sooth a youthful Heart. But fair *Gertrude*, whose Heart was 'steel'd against the Baron, whom she knew her Father meant tho' he named him not, was not afraid to express herself in the following manner. Sir, you have often told me you lov'd me, yet methinks, your designing me for a Man I can't love,
shews

rather your Hatred than Love. Would it not be a greater Mark of your Affection, had you consulted my Inclination before you encouraged the Baron to make you any Proposals concerning me? But, Sir, reflect, I beseech you, how ill you could answer it to either your Love or Justice to join me by the force of your Authority to a Man I can never love; nay more, to a Man I hate.

And pray, good wife Madam, said the Father in an angry Tone, why do you hate the Baron? Is it because he is rich and noble, can give you a Rank in your Country, and can make you out-shine not only your Equals but your Superiors? But, Sir, reply'd *Gertrude*, can you suppose that all these and as many more Advantages as you have enumerated, would compensate for the Disproportion of Age, not to mention several other Considerations. — Ah! very well, Madam; I understand you perfectly well, said the Father. If the Baron had been about your own Age, you might gain upon yourself to make him your Choice in Obedience to me. But henceforth know, that I have too good Sense to consult the Inclination of one who so little knows or consults her own Happiness. 'Tis because you are young and silly that you want a Director as well as a Husband. The Baron's Years have gain'd him Experience, which you want; therefore I have chose him for a Son-in-law, that you might find him a Father when you are from under my Wings. You are now acquainted with my Mind; and I expect you will determine to let me and the
World

World see, that you have the Sense to be guided by my Experience.

Ah! Sir, said the unhappy Maid, throwing herself at her Father's Feet, bathed in a Flood of Tears, use not your Authority to render your Child unhappy; but rather let paternal Compassion mollify your Heart. Shall it be said that you begot me only to make me the most wretched of my Sex! Can you refuse me the Satisfaction of keeping yourself Company while you live! or if my Conduct has given you any Dislike, permit me, I intreat you, to spend my Days in a Convent.

A Convent! reply'd the old Man hastily. Will a Convent maintain you *gratis*? Will so many of the Nuns as are like yourself, receive you without a Portion. There are enow such Nuns as you would be, who, rather than be obliged to take Advice, precipitated themselves into an Enclosure. But, in one Word, as well as a hundred, I am resolv'd you shall take Advice. And whine and cry as much as you will, all the Indulgence I shall ever shew you is, to convince you of my being your Father and of your being my Daughter, by exacting from you an implicit Obedience to my Will. And that I may have early Proof of your Submission, the Baron will be here to To-morrow; and remember that I expect you will receive him so as to give him and me Content.

Since you command it, Sir, said the Daughter, I will receive the Baron's Visit, and shall arm myself with Patience to hear his frigid Professions

Professions of Love. But as I am too sincere from Nature, to gild or disguise my Sentiments, I can't answer that they will be such as may please the Baron. And do you know then, weak Reasoner, said the Father, that the worthy Baron has been so obliging as to offer to take you without a Groat? And, Sir, reply'd the Daughter, is this the only Proof you could give me of your Affection and Tenderness? 'Tis such a one sure, as could enter into no Parent's Brain but mine; and such a one as I should never have any Idea of.

Poor *Gertrude*, perceiving the old Man's Passion rising, thought it best not to wait for an Answer to her last Words, but made off precipitately, retiring to her Apartment, where she spent the remaining part of the Night, contriving how she might avoid the Unhappiness she was menac'd with. After much Solicitude and Reflection she comforted herself with hoping she should be able to gain on the Good-nature of the Baron; at least, if she could not persuade him to drop a Pursuit so disagreeable to her, that she should prevail upon him to give her Time to reason herself into a liking of him; and by temporizing something might intervene to procure her Relief.

As uneasily as the fair *Gertrude* pass'd the Night, her Lover spent it with greater Anxiety; the Pains of unsuccessful Love being far more poignant than any other. The Baron was up with the Sun, and at his Mistress's Gate before *de Belac* or any of his careful Family were stirring. The Miser told him
the

the preceding Day, that he would prove the Obedience of his Daughter; and the despairing Lover was anxious to know the Success of the Father's Experiment. But too soon he learnt how small Weight paternal Power has in Affairs of Love. And probably would have quitted the Thoughts of a future Pursuit of a Heart which he saw steddily bent against him, if he had not founded Hopes on the Avarice of the Father, who, he was sure, would stretch his Authority to bend the Stubborness of his Daughter.

Monsieur *de Belac*, perceiving the Baron balancing whether he should drop or pursue his Suit, said to him; And can you suppose me so ignorant of paternal Authority and filial Duty, as to permit a Child of mine, a Girl, a mere Child scarce out of her Leading-strings, to consult her own or any Inclinations but mine? I have pass'd you my Word, and I reiterate my Promise that I will make her yield or renounce the Name of Father. You have done me the Honour to seek my Alliance, and seem to center your Happiness in being my Son-in-law; here is my Hand, that you shall be so before eight Days be at an End.

After the Baron had thank'd him for the great Honour he did him, and embrac'd the old Miser for so warmly espousing his Cause, he said; But what think you of slackening your Authority for a while? I am satisfy'd you will use all its force in my Favour, for which I thank you most gratefully; but it should be our last Resource. What if I should try to

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gain the fair *Gertrude's* Inclinations, by Presents, fair Words, and all the other Affiduires of the warmest Lover? How much happier should I think myself to be able to gain than command her Affections? Therefore, my worthy Friend, exert not your Power as a Parent till I see what I can do as a Lover. I am no Stranger to the Passions of the Fair; and who knows but in Time I may find Means to sooth your Daughter, and insinuate myself into her good Graces. At least let us make the Experiment and precipitate nothing.

From the Father, the Baron went to wait on the Daughter at her Toilet, who receiv'd him with so uncommon and unexpected Courtesy that his Hopes began to revive; and doubting not of the Rectitude of his Resolution, he outwent *Gertrude's* most sanguine Hopes in being willing she should take what Time she would to settle her Inclinations. Madam, says he to her, I am willing to hope that you have no Aversion to my Person, and therefore would rather leave it to Time, your own Prudence, and my Assiduity in your Service to reconcile you to my Years and Fortune, than owe my Happiness wholly to the Power of a Parent.

Gertrude, astonish'd and ravish'd at a Speech that spoke so quick a Turn in her Fortune, return'd the Baron Thanks with all the Affability imaginable, assuring him that she should never forget his obliging Condescension, and would strive all in her Power to conquer such

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Repugnancies as her Youth had suggested to her.

The Baron, seduced by such flattering Professions, thought himself on the Verge of Happiness; and therefore, from day to day, for about two Months, waited for the Declaration that should compleat his Bliss. During this Time, he dress'd, perfum'd, sung, made Verses, Presents, took every Step to gain a Heart, which Love could suggest to the most passionate and youthful Lover. As he was naturally vain, it was no difficult matter for *Gertrude* to persuade him by an obliging Carriage only, that he made some Progress towards levelling the Obstacles in his way to her Affections. This Consideration supported him in the State of Uncertainty she kept him; and his Foppishness and Affectation diverted her from the Anxiety which the Addresses of so distasteful a Lover must inspire so youthful a Heart as hers. But the Moment was approaching, when the flattering Scene the old Lover had had in View for two Months should vanish, and even one more frightful than any the Mistress had prov'd should succeed.

A young Knight of *Malta*, call'd *de Lunel*, coming to *Marseilles* in order to embark for that Island, and having Orders from an Uncle of his, an old Acquaintance of *Monsieur de Belac*, to make his Compliments to this latter, before he should put to Sea, came, about this Time, to discharge his Uncle's Commission. The young Gentleman had heard at *Marseilles*, that *Monsieur de Belac* had a beautiful Daugh-

ter; and perhaps the Curiosity of seeing her, more than Obedience to his Uncle's Commands, had brought him to the Miser's Country-house. But as Nature had been uncommonly careful in finishing the Outside of that beautiful young Lady, Monsieur *de Lunel* found her infinitely more charming than she had been painted to him. He no sooner saw her than he became the Victim of her Charms; nor was she altogether insensible.

The young Knight was about Twenty, an Age capable of inspiring Love; and was withal well-featur'd, tall, and exactly proportion'd; he was polite, well-bred, and had Wit at Will. What Wonder, if a young Fellow so agreeably fram'd and fashion'd should wound the Heart of a young Creature, that was permitted to see none but an old nauseous Fop of Sixty three? *De Lunel* loved at first Sight, and so passionately, that he had much ado to hide his Flame from old *de Belac*. *Gertrude*, tho' more reserv'd; was no longer Mistress of her Heart. She found she had lost it without knowing why, and supposing the young Knight had robb'd her of it, she would steal a Look at him as they sat at Table to see what Arms he had to make so quick a Conquest.

But tho' these stolen Glances were not perceiv'd by the Father, the Guest was too sharp-sighted to pass them by unheeded. The Chevalier saw fair *Gertrude's* growing Passion in every Look she strove to hide from him; and, no longer doubtful she burnt with an equal Flame, he employ'd all his Thoughts in contriving

triving how he should frame an Excuse for staying under the same Roof with the lovely Object of his Love. After a few Moments Reflection, he address'd himself in the following Manner to Monsieur *de Belac*, who, as the Evening drew on, expected every Moment his Guest would stand up to take his Leave.

I don't know, Sir, whether I dare hope from your Generosity and Regard for my Uncle, that you will have the Goodness to pardon me for the Liberty of a Request I am under the Necessity of making you. Pray, Sir, reply'd *de Belac*, use me with less Ceremony; and be persuaded that I esteem my worthy Friend, your Uncle too much to refuse his Nephew any Request in my Power. Since then, Sir, said the Chevalier, you are pleas'd to encourage me with so good a Grace, I shan't hesitate to let you know that I have had the Misfortune to put it out of my power to prosecute my intended Voyage to *Maltha*, tho' it be absolutely necessary that I proceed with the present Convoy in Obedience to my Uncle's Commands. I have had ill Luck at play, and have lost all the Money I had to defray the Expence of my Voyage.

De Belac, who apprehended what would follow, took him up short to prevent being ask'd for what he would not part with to save his own Soul, saying, Monsieur *le Chevalier*, I should be extremely pleas'd to be able to furnish you the Money you may want, since you have had the Misfortune of losing your own; but tho' I have not had your ill Luck of losing

my Money at play, I am not the richer; and as I am utterly unable to assist you with the Sum you want, I don't see that you can do better than draw immediately on your Uncle for the necessary Supply.

I have already done so, reply'd *de Lunel*, and expect Bills in about a Fortnight's Time. But, Sir, continued he, you have heard but Part of my Misfortunes. I not only lost all my ready Money, but such was my Folly and Passion for Gaming, that I contracted a Debt of a hundred Louisd'ors, for which I am hourly in dread of being cast into Prison, being due to Men that seek to secure their Demand to me by securing my Person, as they know I am at the Eve of my Departure for *Maltha*. The Request therefore, Sir, I have to make to you is, not to lend me the three hundred Louis I stand in need of, but to permit me to shelter myself here in your Castle till the Return of my Bills.

A Request of this Nature, tho' not altogether as cutting as the borrowing of Money, was however affecting enough to a Heart as narrow as *Belac's*; but with what Grace could he refuse so reasonable a Request to the darling Nephew of a Man he pretended to value and esteem above all his Acquaintance? But tho' he granted the Favour, it was after raising so many Difficulties and forming so many Obstacles, that no other Man but a passionate Lover would have accepted of it. The old Man was not so much alarm'd concerning his Daughter, as the Expence which the young Gentle-

Gentleman's Stay for a Fortnight would create him. But his Honour was engag'd and his Word was pass'd, so that he must submit, how reluctant soever he was to increase the Dishes at his Tables.

The first Opportunity the young Lover had, he thought himself oblig'd to acquaint his Mistress with his Imposition on her Father, and the Motive of it. And after explaining to her at large all that had passed between him and the old Man, he said: And, Madam, may I hope you will have the Generosity to pardon me an Artifice which your own bright Eyes have inspired? Oh, by no Means, Sir, said she smiling. You can't think that I, who am immur'd in this old Castle where I see none but my Father's old Domestics, except a neighbouring old Baron more frightful than they, can pardon you an Artifice that procures me more agreeable Company. Here she inform'd him without Reserve of the old Baron's Addresses, upon which, she said: And after this can you wonder at my forgiving you with so great Facility? Besides the Pleasure I may propose in your Conversation, I may hope of being freed by your Presence, at least for a Time, from the anxious Displeasure of being solicited by an old Fop that is my Aversion, who I am forc'd to receive with seeming Frankness, to avoid the immediate Effects of my Father's Rigour; nay, I am so unhappy as to be under a Necessity of seeding his Vanity with some faint Glimmerings of distant Hope, to prevent the Change of his Love into Rage and Malice.

But continued she sighing, in spite of all my Caution and Address, I fear I shan't be able to surmount the vast Difficulties that lie in my Way to Happiness. The odious Choice my Father has made for me has the Merit of being very rich; a Merit so seducing and agreeable to the covetous Temper of your Uncle's Friend, that I can form no Hope that I shall be at Liberty of making another. But, Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, might I advise you, it would be to tell your Father roundly, that as the whole Happiness of your Life depended on the Choice of a Husband, you look'd upon it as a right you had from Nature, a right anterior to paternal Authority, to be consulted. What a Sin would it be to force so amiable a young Angel as you are into the Embraces of a doating Owl, who had better extend his Views to the Grave than the nuptial Bed? But is there is no curing such old Fools of their Frenzy? I will try if I can't restore him to a due Sense of his Age and Inabilities. If good Advice won't do with him, he may be frighten'd or beat, like other mad Folks, into Sobriety and Condescension.

For Heaven's Sake, Sir, said she, think not of any Remedy so desperate. You would but quicken my Father's Pace to force me to a Marriage my Soul abhors. Let me rather temporise a little longer, and wait such Relief as Providence shall please to send me. Providence, 'tis true, said the Chevalier, is a faithful Friend; but he expects his Efforts should be seconded by Man's. You shall have no hand

in getting rid of the Importunities of your antiquated *Strephon*. He shall take formal Leave of you himself; and should you press his Stay, he could not be prevail'd on even by you whom he loves so passionately. You tremble at the Experiment, in an Opinion of its being hazardous. But rely on my Genius and Sincerity; tho' an old Man, particularly when a Lover, be the testiest, obstinatest Animal in the World, I despair not of succeeding with your old Ass, and persuading him to consult his Reason more than his Love.

After he had inform'd her of the Method he propos'd to take to wean the Baron from pursuing her, and had her Leave to prosecute his Scheme, he made her so ample and explicit a Declaration of his Love, as oblig'd her to explain herself; because, as he told her, it was necessary that he should know whom he was to serve, and that, perhaps, they might not be bless'd with such another Opportunity in haste. A Heart already so prejudic'd in the Chevalier's Favour as was that of *Gertrude's*, was easily persuaded by such forcible Arguments. In short, these young, inflam'd Lovers made an Exchange of Hearts at this first Interview. And it was settled between them as a Preliminary towards executing their Designs on the Baron, that she should raise his Jealousy, by distinguishing the Chevalier in his Presence, and shewing peculiar Marks of her Esteem. But alas! the young Knight needed not to have enjoin'd a Conduct which, without his Advice, *Gertrude* could not help observing. She was in Love;

and it would be difficult not to shew more Regard for the Object of that Love than to any other.

The Baron, next day, came, as usual, to shine before his Mistress in all the Gaiety and Richness of Dress and Equipage. And fortunately for *Gertrude*, as she thought, he found her walking, with great Freedom, with the young Knight in one of the most solitary and distant Walks of the Garden. How shocking a Sight for an old Man, sensible of his Mistress's Indifference and his own Disabilities? So ruffled was he, that all old *de Belac* could say concerning the Wants and Losses of his Friend's Nephew, had no manner of Effect upon him for a while. He would hear no Reason or Excuse in Favour of the young Knight's staying where *Gertrude* was. He would listen to no Counsellors but his Rage and Jealousy.

Yet after a while he became more tractable, heard all the Father had to say, and thought it his Interest to stifle his Resentment. He purposely avoided joining the young Couple, not doubting but at the end of the Walk, his Mistress would come towards him. His Rage might not permit him, and perhaps his Vanity might not allow him to stoop to his Mistress, or at least let the young Knight see that he did. But she maliciously, pretending not to observe either him or her Father, turn'd from them into another Walk, in earnest Discourse with Monsieur *de Lunel*. Her Father call'd to her; but still did she appear too attentive to
what

what was said by the young Knight, to hear or heed the old Man.

The Father enrag'd at last, that she was so unattentive to him in the Presence of the Baron, whom he would persuade that she was all Submission, went up to her hastily, saying, How now, Mistress! What, give a deaf Ear to a Father's Voice? Sir, said she, I ask your Pardon; but really I was so attentive to what Monsieur *de Chevalier* was saying, that I had no Ears but for the refin'd and elegant manner in which you know he relates any thing. Madam; said the young Knight, these are flattering Panegyrics, from so beautiful an Orator; but pardon me, I am not so vain as to believe them sincere. Indeed, Sir, said the Baron, addressing himself to the Chevalier, you may believe them to be sincere; for I dare assure you that the young Lady's Lips and Heart correspond. You certainly judge right, reply'd *Gertrude* to the Baron, and when you know the Chevalier more intimately, you will say that his Merit exceeds all Praise. I doubt it not in the least, said the Baron, with some Emotion; the Beauties of his Person speak those of his Mind; and both united render him irresistible.

The Father, who perceiv'd the Baron greatly discompos'd, had a mind to put an end to a Discourse that gave him Disquiet, saying, You all seem as if just arriv'd from Court, and are practising all the fine Compliments in use there. You expect, perhaps, that I should join you; but know that I am too unfashion-

able for Compliments, and too much wedded to Truth and Sincerity. But, Pappa, said *Gertrude*, casting a kind Glance at the Chevalier, and a disdainful one at the Baron; is it swerving from Truth and Sincerity to say that the Chevalier is perfectly accomplish'd, and Master of all those amiable Qualities that render Men agreeable?

But know you not, my young Impertinent, said the Father angrily to *Gertrude*, that such Praise ill becomes your Sex, and that your Character may suffer by such Indiscretions? Really, Sir, said she to him, I am a Stranger to your Meaning; but if having the highest Opinion of the Chevalier's Merit be a Crime, I own myself guilty. More Impertience, said the Father! And what I wonder at, no less than your Indiscretion, is, that you don't dread incurring my Displeasure, by giving a Loose to your chattering Tongue.

I can't see, Sir, reply'd the Baron, ready to burst with Jealousy, to *de Belac*, any Reason for your resenting the young Lady's speaking her Mind with Frankness. The Chevalier's Merit justifies her Encomiums of him, and would likewise justify any Prejudice she can have in his Favour. Sir, reply'd *de Lunel*, I should be vain indeed, did I suppose that a Lady of so exquisite Judgment would be prejudic'd in my Favour when she has the good Fortune to captivate the Heart of so accomplish'd a Chevalier as yourself. And let me add, that you seem to have the Happiness of conquering in your Turn; and more, of being

ing beholden to your own Merit only for your Conquest.

The artful young Fellow pronounc'd these last Words with such an Air of Banter, that the Baron, who saw how he was play'd off, had much ado to contain himself. But summoning up all his Stock of Reason and Resolution, he got the better of his Resentment: and, as if he had a Curiosity to hear News from *Paris*, he chang'd a Discourse that was extremely distasteful to him, to an Inquiry after what was transacted lately at the Metropolis. To which the Chevalier reply'd very courteously, Sir, I am charm'd to have an Opportunity of obliging a Nobleman of your distinguished Merit. Then he feign'd a long History of the Misfortunes that attended an old Man's making Love to a very young Lady, and told it as a genuine Fact that had lately happen'd. This Relation he embellish'd with such Variety of Accidents and Incidents as afforded much Pleasure, but particularly to *Gertrude*; and painted both her and the Baron so lively, and him especially so satyrically, that he almost lost all Patience. But still calling his Reason to his Aid, he was able, for that time, to smother his Anxiety, determin'd, however, to go all Lengths towards getting rid of so dangerous a Rival as the young Knight of *Malthe*.

But all the time of Dinner, to which the Company was call'd in as soon as the Chevalier had ended his feign'd History, the old Lover could not conceal his Jealousy and the Distraction of his Mind. He was all Thought,
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spoke but little, and that little was made up of Monosyllables only. If he attempted to reason, he was presently lost and oblig'd to Silence. But what disconcerted him most, or rather finished him was, to see his Rival and his Mistress in a Confederacy to play him off and expose him.

It must be own'd, that *Gertrude*, on this Occasion, push'd her Raillery farther than she ought to have done in Decency; and farther much than she would, had she not been encouraged by *de Lunel* to do so, as the only Means to get rid of her Father's Persecution and her old Lover's Importunities. He had persuaded her that a few such Scenes would determine the Baron to take Leave of her in Form; and that she should thereby for ever after get the Ascendant over her Father. But this scheming Counsellor knew not, that he himself should be first obliged to take Leave of the lovely Object that ingross'd his Heart.

As soon as Dinner was over the Baron retired with old *de Belac* to his Study, where the Fate of the young Knight was resolv'd upon. Monsieur *de Belac*, said the Baron, I am glad I can open my Mind to you without the Impertinence of that young Couple, who have made merry all the day at my Expence. Have you not observ'd how unmercifully they play'd me off, and particularly your Daughter, who little answers your Character of her Duty and Obedience? Sir, reply'd *de Belac*, I have observ'd so much that I was tempted a thousand times while we were at Table, to desire the
young

young Impertinent's Absence: And I certainly had done so, if I had not apprehended disobliging his Uncle, who is my particular Friend. And, Sir, reply'd the Baron, you scruple to disoblige his Uncle more than your Neighbour and Son-in-Law that wou'd-be. You may have as many such courteous Scruples as you please; but allow me to assure you, that if he stays here another Day, I come no more to offer my Person and Estate at your Daughter's Feet. As much a Lover as I may be, I have the Sense to see myself made the Jest of the young Fools, and Spirit enough to resent the Affront. But really, continu'd he, I don't see that you can do better than indulge your Daughter's Fancy; and make the young Fellow your Son-in-Law. He will manage your Estate with surprizing Oeconomy after your Death; and to be sure he won't expect a Groat by your Daughter while you live.

Ah! Sir, for God's sake, reply'd old *de Belac*, torture me not so cruelly; rather afford me your Advice; and tell me how I may decently get rid of him. I told you he had lost his Money, and is besides in Debt, and in dread of being confin'd by his Creditors. Now should such a Misfortune happen to him, on my forbidding him my House, how should I be able to account for it to his Uncle? Very well, said the Baron, by advancing him what Money he wants, and taking the Bills on his Uncle.—Nay, nay, continu'd the jealous Lover, if you have not the Courage to part with so much ready Money, send to me in the Morning, and
you

you shall have the necessary Sum, which you shall pay him, taking his Bills, on condition that he sets out before Night.

De Belac, who, to please the Baron, and save Expence, was no less solicitous than the Baron that the Chevalier should be gone, was ravish'd at his Neighbour's Proposal of lending the Money. As soon as he had it in his Custody he waited on his Guest in his Apartment; and setting down a Purse on a Table, he said, Sir, you may see, by the hard Shift I have made to raise the Sum you want, how warm my Friendship is for you and your Family. Time is precious to all Men, but particularly to the Youthful, and rather than you should mispend any part of your's, I advance you what Money you want, that you might set out immediately for *Maltha*. By no means, Sir, reply'd *de Lunel*, it shall never be said that your Friendship for my Uncle had put you to so great Inconveniency. It can't be many Days before I have Answers to my Letters; and till then I must endeavour to compose my Mind. Oh! not for the World, Sir, said *de Belac*; it shall never be said that you lose a Moment of your time for want of Money while I can command it. Here is fifty *Louis*' more than you want, therefore, that your Uncle may be convinc'd of my Esteem by my Care of his Relation, I beg you will set out instantly. My Servant shall see you safe to *Marseilles*.

The Chevalier would have evaded the Proposal, by pretending an Unwillingness to receive the old Gentleman's Money for fear his Relations

Relations might not repay him punctually; he urg'd a thousand other Reasons besides; but all his Art and Oratory proving vain, he was forced to yield, and prepar'd in good Earnest for his Departure. But it being necessary that *Gertrude*, who was ignorant of the Baron's Plot, should know what had pass'd between the Father and him, the Chevalier waited on her. Ah! Madam, said he, as soon as he came into her Presence, we are doom'd to part, and this is the last time I shall be blest'd with the Sight of her that holds me in her silken Chains. Heavens! said she, what do I hear! Sure my Father has not discover'd that we have exchange'd Hearts? I can't say, reply'd the young Knight, whether he has or no; but he has given me my Congée in all its Forms. He then related all that had happen'd, and the Offer of Money made him to urge his immediate Departure.

Ah! said *Gertrude*, after drying her lovely Cheeks from the trickling Tears forc'd from her bright Eyes by the Reflection of what was to happen, This is a Stratagem of the Baron's to get you hence. He has supply'd this Money to be rid of a Rival. But I will suffer all the Ill which he can invent and my Father inflict, before I sacrifice my future Happiness to the doating Passion of the one, or Avarice of the other. But, my adorable *Gertrude*, said the Chevalier, may I hope that a Resolution so worthy yourself, has been taken in my Favour? Alas! reply'd she, sighing, and with down-cast Eyes, Why will you give her, who has

has already made an Exchange of her Heart for your's, the Confusion of making you a direct Answer? I pardon you, because you are not thoroughly acquainted with the Sincerity of my Soul, which disdains unsaying or undoing what I have once pass'd my Word to perform. But, my dear Chevalier, what avails my Truth or your's, while I have such a Parent?

At these Words, *Gertrude's* Tears began to flow afresh, which her Lover perceiving, he threw himself at her Feet, beseeching her to forbear her Grief, and assuring her he would contrive her Ease and his own Happiness, if she would follow his Advice. With all my Soul, said she, provided you advise nothing inconsistent with my Duty and Honour. You could not sure, says he, imagine me capable of any Advice that could affect either. No, reply'd she, if you would give yourself time to reflect; but I know but too well, by Experience, that Love clouds the Understanding and prevents Reflection. But let us hear; what would you advise to prevent the shocking Importunities of the Baron, and the more displeasing Effects of my Father's Covetousness? To disguise myself, said he, stay in the Neighbourhood, and see you by some well-concerted Stratagem every day. — And so, said she, from Days come at last to Nights; for Use and Custom habituates People to any thing. — No, *Monsieur de Lunel*, tho' I confess you are the first, the sole, and will be the last Object of my Wishes, I will never put it in your Power to fully either
your

your own Honour or mine. You have a good Opinion of yourself, and I doubt not you mean well; but alas! you know not how Love plays with Man, and weakens his Resolutions.

Ah! fair *Gertrude*, said the Chevalier, much confus'd, how happy shall I be to have such a Monitor all my Life, to guide my Actions! I stand corrected, being thoroughly convinc'd that the most amiable Quality of your Sex is Modesty, and of mine Resignation. I will go, since you direct I should; but either here or at *Maltha*, you won't forget that I have a Right to that fair Hand whenever you shall be at Liberty to bestow it upon me. Reckon, said she, securely on my Constancy, which no paternal Threats nor Allurements shall ever shake. Let your Absence be never so long, still shall I think myself happy in waiting your Return; and every day shall add to my Love till we meet again.

After the Chevalier had made his Mistress the most grateful Returns for the Favour she did him, and given her the strongest Assurances of an inviolable Fidelity, he press'd her to accept of the three hundred Louisdores which her Father had lent him, telling her, she did not know what Occasion she might have for such a Fund. She as earnestly refus'd the Offer, saying, she could not possibly want Money in her present Situation, which she resolv'd not to alter till his Return. Still, and so warmly did he importune her, that she consented at last he should leave the Money with her; which soon after prov'd of infinite Use to her.

her. But, for the present, we shall leave the Lovers inconsolable for being oblig'd to live asunder; and while the Chevalier is embarking for *Maltha*, we shall produce the Baron, who, now that his Rival was gone, had buoy'd himself up with the vain Hopes of winning upon the Affections of the lovely *Gertrude*.

As no Passion is more whimsical and capricious than Love, we need not wonder that Lovers often lose Ground when they propose to make the swiftest Advance. Thus it happen'd to the Baron the very first time he saw *Gertrude* after the Chevalier's Departure: Madam, said he, observing a Gloom on her Countenance, I come to condole with you on the Loss of so agreeable Company as Monsieur *de Lunel's*. He was, in truth, an amiable Companion, and I would have given any thing that he could have staid longer.—I am not ignorant, Sir, said she tartly, to whom I am indebted for the Loss I sustain by the Absence of so agreeable a Companion. Nay, Sir, deny not that you supply'd my Father's Avarice, induc'd him to hasten away his Guest, and to rob me of the only Satisfaction I had in this fatal Retirement. And what Success do you purpose by your odious Project? Your Jealousy may be satisfy'd, perhaps, by the Absence of a Rival, but could you hope to find the Avenue to my Heart by so base and ungenerous an Artifice?

The Baron not a little confus'd and at a Loss what to say, paus'd a while to consider whether he had best flatly deny the Charge, or leave the Matter still in doubt. Chusing the latter,

latter, he said, really Madam, one would think you in earnest by your Warmth and Disorder, yet I can't believe you could entertain so mean an Opinion of my Love, as to be instrumental your Disquietude. Far be it from my Thoughts to have any hand, much less project in the depriving you of Company so very agreeable and entertaining as the Chevalier's. I confess the Loss of him is of those Losses which the Ladies call irreparable ; but, Madam, might I have your Leave, I should be able to wear the Memory of it from your Mind. Ah! Sir, said she, forbear taking any such unnecessary Pains; you certainly will fail of Success. Take my salutary Advice, and give over a Pursuit that you can never hope to succeed in. You have good Sense, and pray have Recourse to it. If you consult your Reason, it will inform you that you and I are greatly mismatch'd, and that Heaven never design'd we should be united.

Oh! Madam, reply'd the Baron, 'tis extremely well that I know your Mind. Your Plainness and Sincerity charm me so much, that I am in pain till I impart the Pleasure I feel to your Father. I will instantly wait on him to acquaint him with the Openness and Frankness of his Daughter. Do, Sir, said she, irritate against me the Author of my Being. Make him sensible that his Honour is engag'd to force me to make good the Promise he made you. Advise him to double his Severity, if I should continue insensible to your conquering Charms, and see what will be your Success. At least,
reply'd

reply'd the Baron, I shall have the Pleasure of thinking that I have tempted Fortune in every Shape, and that I have not been wanting to myself if I don't succeed. At these words, the Baron left the disconsolate *Gertrude* to inform her Father of his Reception and urge him to exercise his paternal Authority.

This young Lady, tho' Friendless, and without Advice or Resource but from her own Resolution, baffled all the Efforts of the Parent and Lover, who resolv'd, one to be gratified and the other to be obey'd. She saw the Storm gathering, but her Love and Fidelity to her young Lover, added so far to her Strength and Courage, that she faced the Danger with the utmost Composure and Calmness of Mind. When her Father told her, the next Day, that he absolutely insisted she wou'd wed the Baron in eight Days; she reply'd, with great Calmness, that she wou'd make the best Use she could of the few Days he allow'd her for Reflection; but that she would tell him in the mean time, that the Baron was her Aversion so far as that she should much sooner chuse present Death, than contract an Union which Death only could dissolve.

The Impression, being too strong to be effac'd in a Breast so ingross'd and young as *Gertrude's*, it is not to be admir'd that she form'd a Design the most dangerous and hazardous that cou'd be; which she soon after executed with the utmost Resolution and Secresy. This Design was to withdraw from her Father's, and retire to *Paris*, as the fittest Place to live unknown

known in, till the Return of her Lover from *Maltha*. Her Love and Courage would not permit her to see the Perils that must attend the Execution of her Design, or if she beheld them, her Aversion for the Baron prevail'd over her Fear. Yet as mortally as she hated him, thinking it adviseable to temporise, she treated him more civilly than usual the first time he waited on her after the pronouncing her Father's final Decree, and begg'd, as a Favour, that he would not come to see her till the eight Days should be elaps'd, assuring him, that she would do all that lay in her Power to compose her Mind and reconcile her Heart. The ravish'd Baron, reckoning upon her Compliance, took his Leave, saying, he would employ those Days in preparing for their Nuptials.

Tho' *Gertrude*, thought herself happy to have a Cessation from the Baron's fulsome Addresses, yet somewhat more was necessary in order to perpetuate that Happiness. To avoid him was her only Remedy; and how to do so while her Father, who seldom went farther than the Garden-walls, was at home, was the Question. Tho' all her Moments were employ'd in contriving how to get away secretly, yet were five of the eight Days elaps'd, without her being able to fix on any practicable Means of escaping. But Chance, the faithful Friend, it is said, of Love, pointed out the Means, and help'd to fix her Resolution.

This was by seeing a young female Pilgrim passing by the Gate of her Father's House.

Gertrude,

Gertrude, who instantly took her Resolution, call'd to the Pilgrim from her Chamber-window; and as her Father was then in the other Wing of his spacious Castle, she had an Opportunity of conversing with the Devotee, as long and as secretly as she would. Her first Care was to examine if she could perceive any Traces of Probity in the Pilgrim's Face; and observing, or willing to believe, that much Virtue and Honour were hid under tatter'd Weeds, she ask'd the Stranger, if she should not be charm'd to have a Companion in her pious Peregrinations? Madam, reply'd the Pilgrim, who, spight of her Disguise, appear'd to be above the common Rank, and shew'd a greatness and nobleness of Soul unusual in Persons of her mean Appearance, such Company as your Ladyship's would be the greatest Honour and Felicity could befall me. No Remedy would be so effectual to divert the Melancholly that oppresses my Soul, and from which I never expect to be reliev'd but by Death. Sure, said *Gertrude*, the Cause of your Sorrows must be very extraordinary, that can make them be so very affecting and lasting. Ah! Madam, reply'd the fair Pilgrim, ask me not, I beseech you, to begin a Narrative that would cause me to shed a Flood of Tears, and at which, perhaps, you could not retain your own.

The Tears already beginning to descend, *Gertrude* intreated she would forbear and take Courage; for, said she, I pity and commiserate you without knowing the Cause of your Grief. If you do then, Madam, reply'd the Unknown,

Unknown, you will help me to defray the Expence of a very long Journey, which I am oblig'd to take, and in this Garb, to avoid Suspicion. I must cross the whole Kingdom before I can come to be reliev'd by my Relations. You shall want for nothing, said *Gertrude*, if you will allow me to accompany you in your Journey. As I have resolv'd to quit this Place, being the only Means left me of avoiding the greatest and cruelest Misfortune that can happen to one of my Age and Sex, you will infinitely oblige me to return to *Marseilles* and buy for me such another Disguise as your own. Here is what Money you may want; I shall expect you back to morrow Night about Eleven o'Clock; I will wait for you at that Door; (pointing to a distant small Door to the Garden) and remember that all the future Happiness of myself depends on your Sincerity and Dispatch.

Gertrude utter'd these last Words in so plaintive and affecting a Tone, that the Pilgrim, not doubting she was involv'd in deep Sorrow as well as herself, assur'd her of her Sincerity, and bid her take her Measure so as to depend on her Exactitude. The fair Fugitives parted well contented with each other; the Pilgrim to *Marseilles* to buy every thing necessary and conformable to the Station her Fellow-traveller was to assume, and *Gertrude* to make ample Provision for her Journey. For this last consider'd, that besides the Gold left her by her Lover, a larger Supply would be necessary to maintain her for four Years; which is the usual

I

time

time that young Knights of *Maltha* remain'd for the first time in the Service of the Order: she therefore pack'd up all her own Jewels, and such of his Father's as she could lay hands on. As for his Money, there was no coming at it, unless the Key of his Iron Chest, which constantly hung by a String about his Neck, could be stolen from him.

The appointed Hour being at hand, and old *de Belac* and his two Servants being in a sound Sleep, *Gertrude* undress'd herself, and went to meet the Pilgrim with only one Under-Petticoat and a quilted Waistcoat on, leaving all the rest of her Cloathes in her Chamber, as being of no use in her Travels. And being presently attired in her Pilgrim's Weeds, by the Care of her Sister Pilgrim, the beautiful Fugitive set out from her Father's in the dead of Night, unknowing whither to go or with whom she went. And what was it but the most sordid Avarice of a Parent that drove her to such Extremity?

Tho' we can't amply justify the Conduct of the Daughter, and particularly in exchanging Vows with the young Knight of *Maltha* without Consent, yet may it be said that the Father was infinitely less justifiable than she. She was young and inexperience'd, was frighten'd out of her Wits at the Thoughts of being forc'd to marry an old Man she loathed, and knew no way, but by a secret and precipitate Flight, to avoid the threaten'd Danger. But the Father had no Excuse to plead for the Cruelty of exerting too rigorously

roussly the paternal Power; nor was he urg'd on, but by an insatiable Avarice, to treat an only Child, so unnaturally and inhumanly. Would he consult Nature, he would act less rigidly by his own Offspring; and had he taken Advice of Reason, he might see the Injustice of joining the green Youth of Fifteen to wither'd Sixty-three. But his predominant Passion, Covetousness, left him not the free Use of any Sense or Virtue that oppos'd its Gratification. And so will it fare with all other unbridled Passions as well as Covetousness; wherefore if Men would be guided by unerring Reason, they ought first to examine strictly their Passions; and if they find any that lords it over the rest, they should direct all their Force to oblige it to subside: And when that Tyrant is once conquer'd, persuasive Reason will take the Lead, and infallibly guide to Virtue and Happiness. — But to return to our fair Pilgrims.

Gertrude, supposing the Hue and Cry would be after her, had the Precaution to oblige her Companion to be directed by her in their three first Day's Journey. Instead of taking the high Road to *Avignon*, where they propos'd staying for some time, they went the By-ways only, and mostly by Night, resting by Day in some obscure Inn or Farm-house. By these Precautions, they avoided their Pursuers and got safe to *Avignon*, where we will leave them for a Moment, to see what became of old *de Belac* and the Baron, who was unknowingly blest'd

with a chance Sight of her he fought with so great Industry.

As soon as the old Miser knew of his Daughter's Escape, he moan'd, he sigh'd, he howl'd, but not so much for the Loss of an only Child as for his Money, or for the best part of it, which he suppos'd his Daughter had robb'd him of. The strong Chest was the first Object of his Care: He examin'd if he had the Key, then flew to the Room where it stood; and, Gods! how transported was the old Gold-eater when he found his Treasure untouched. His narrow Heart being now at ease concerning his Coin, he gave way to paternal Affection. But tho' sensible that his own Cruelty had driven his Child away, and that his earliest Care should be employ'd in seeking her while yet she was at hand, yet could not he gain upon himself to be at the Expence of employing as many Persons as was necessary in so general a Pursuit. He contented himself with informing the Baron, by Letter, of what had happen'd, not doubting but Love would inspire him to expend liberally towards the Recovery of his Mistress.

The Baron, tis 'true, came presently to *Belac*, and gave Orders for all his Tenants and Servants to go several ways and seek out the fair Fugitive with the utmost Care and Circumspection. But he rated unmercifully the old Miser for having delay'd the Search. And not contented with sending out a Multitude in Quest of his Mistress, he sets out himself after her with a grand Retinue; and in his Return
from

from *Avignon* met her without knowing her. The Meeting was purely accidental, and happen'd thus:

After the Baron had been at most of the considerable Towns of the Province, he went to *Avignon*, to engage the Legate there to issue his Orders for securing *Gertrude*, should she be found within his Jurisdiction; and returning from thence in his way home, he turn'd out of the high Road to shelter himself in a neighbouring Thicket from the scorching Heat of the Sun. Coming into the Shade, and near a Fountain, he alighted off his Horse to rest himself, till the more intense Heat of the Noon of Day should be over. But had not been here long before he was rous'd from his Thoughtfulness by the Approach of Huntsmen in pursuit of a Wild Boar of a prodigious and uncommon Size. And while yet he was in Discourse with some of the Huntsmen, a Troop of Countrymen and Women, among whom were our two fair Pilgrims, came by, frighten'd by the hunted Boar, who had rous'd them from an adjoining Grove where they had taken Shelter from the Heat.

A Sight so hateful and unexpected had like to have thrown *Gertrude* into such Convulsions as would have discover'd her; but her Companion perceiving her Disorder, took her immediately under the Arm and hurried her into the Thick of the Wood, where they remain'd till the Coast was clear. 'Tis probable that if the Baron had met the Pilgrims alone, or even in greater Company, he would have

had the Curiosity to examine them, had he been cool and unmov'd; but the Surprize of the Huntsmen, and perhaps the Fright he was in at the Sight of the hunted Monster, left him not the free Use of his Reason or Recollection.

After a fruitless Search of many Days, the Baron returns to old *de Belac*, whom he publicly upbraided with having forc'd his Daughter away by his Severity and Covetousness. And to mortify the Miser the more, the Baron sued him for the three hundred Louisdores advanc'd to the young Knight of *Maltha*. Here was a Turn of Fortune more shocking to *de Belac* than the Evasion of his only Child. But this was but the beginning and least of his Punishments for his Crimes of Avarice and Cruelty. We will leave him at Enmity with the Baron, who worries him with an expensive Law Suit, to look after the fair *Gertrude*.

As soon as she was recover'd from the Fright which the fortuitous Sight of the loathed Baron had put her into, she and her Companion separated themselves from the Troop of the Country People they had join'd to avoid the Dangers of the Forest; and bending their Course directly to the River *Rhone*, they embark'd on one of the Boats who mounted that rapid River, and arriv'd the next day at *Avignon*. Here *Gertrude* intended to make some Stay, to repose herself after the Fatigues of her Journey; but the Impatience of her Fellow Traveller to be at *Lions*, oblig'd her to set out that very Night, chusing to go by Water, tho' against

against the Current of the River, to avoid her Pursuers.

During this tedious Passage, *Gertrude*, who had reserv'd none of the Secrets of her Heart from her fair Companion, thought she had a Right to know the Story of her Life in return. But it was after much Intreaty that the elder Pilgrim yielded to the Importunities of her Friend; saying, My dear Companion, did you know the fresh Anxiety which the Relation you desire will give me, you would in Pity dispense with me. But so dear are you to me, that tho' I know the Narrative will cost me many a Tear, yet will I oblige you with it. You will find me the true Picture of female Weakness; but why should I dread exposing my Foibles to so sincere a Friend? Yet let me beg one Favour, which is, that you won't interrupt me; for so absent shall I be, by the Reflection of my Unhappiness, that if I am once interrupted, I shan't be able to return to my Subject again.

I was born, said she, in *Alsace*, a Province where my Family, who have been all bred to Arms, have made a conspicuous Figure. As soon as I was out of the Nursery, my Mother, who design'd me for the World, wrote to a Relation she had at *Paris* to send her a proper Governess for me. The Choice fell on a young Woman of Quality, who was oblig'd to this or some other way of Living, by repeated Shocks and Misfortunes in her Family. This young Gentlewoman, called *de Prinville*, had a thousand good Qualities, besides being bless'd

with no small Share of the Beauties of the Person as well as Mind.

This aimable Person was not quite Twenty when I was committed to her Care, yet was she so naturally staid and prudent, that my Parents thought me perfectly safe and happy under her Inspection. But what endear'd her particularly to me, was the Sweetness of her Temper; and as she took far greater Pains to make me love than fear her, she so far gain'd upon me, that I may say, she ingross'd all my Affection whilst I was in my Non-age.

Being tall of Stature, and as forward as most young Things of my Age, my Mother introduc'd me to the Public as soon as I was Fourteen. You may be sure that a young Creature as I was, an Heiress, and of Quality, and far from being ugly, had many Admirers and Followers. I had in truth so many Dangers after me, and such a Variety of them, that at last I began to think I had all those Charms they pretended to have found in my Person. In short, my dear Companion, I grew infinitely vain, and to my Confusion, I say it, I became as finish'd a Coquet as any in the Province. But yet in all my Career of Conquest, I was unaffected myself; that is, my Heart was unaffected, as having no View but to the Gratification of my Vanity only. But alas! the fatal Moment was at hand when my Pride was to bow to the Power of Love.

My Mother took me to an Assembly, kept by the Governor of the Province's Lady, where

where for the first time, my Eyes met the lovely Object that captivated my youthful Heart. But, oh Heavens! how was it possible for me to have resisted the Charms of the God of Love himself; for sure had he borrow'd mortal Shape, it would have been that of *de Vigni's*, so was that Ravisher of my Soul call'd. — Ah! ye Gods! why was I separated from the dear Object of my Love? why am I doom'd never to behold him more? Must I be always the Sport of Fortune? or is it never to change in my Favour? Here she burst into a Flood of Tears, which for a while interrupted her Narrative, but wiping them away, and recovering the Use of Speech, she went on thus:

This young Man of Quality seem'd not to exceed Eighteen, and was no more, tho' by his Politeness, Knowledge, and Elocution, he might be taken for a Man of Thirty. Tho' the Company was numerous, and compos'd of the most brilliant Wits of the Town, yet was young Monsieur *de Vigni* the Life of the Conversation and Delight of the Company. Every Ear was attentive to him, every Eye was fix'd upon him. And, my Dear, said she to *Gertrude*, how was it possible for mine to overlook an Object that charm'd so universally?

Whether the Charmer's Eyes had been fix'd on me for any time, I can't say, but the first Look I stole at him, my Eyes met his, which brought all the Blood in a Stream from my Heart to my Face. Heavens! how great was my Confusion; how intense my Pain; and still

how great and refin'd was my Pleasure ? I was chang'd of a sudden ; all was new ; all was uncommon ; I felt somewhat I did not know, and could as little name. He observ'd my Confusion, as he told me since, and fearing to increase it, forbore looking at me while he stay'd, and went away sooner than he would, apprehending that the Company might take notice of his own Weakness or mine.

Cautious as he was, he could not but give me a parting Look ; and confus'd as I was, I could not but look to see if he did. Here again our Eyes met, and, without uttering a Syllable, agreed to a mutual Exchange of Hearts. Oh, Love ! how powerful art thou ; how various and imperceptible thy Windings and Approaches ? I was innocent and young, and knew not, tho' I hop'd that I had made an Impression on his Mind equal to that he made on mine ; but the following Night all my Doubts were clear'd up.

Monfieur *de Vigni* was too sensibly affected not to seek the earliest Opportunity of having a second View of the Object of his Wishes. He sent privately to know where my Mother design'd to spend the Evening ; and inform'd, she was to be at a Lady of his Mother's Acquaintance, he made no Scruple to meet me there, tho' he had never been at her Assembly before. Here, tho' we were not less in Love with each other, we were more guarded in our Looks ; or rather, I fancy, Love had made us more ingenious.

Chance, ever befriending Lovers, brought him and me to the same Quadrille Table, and placed us opposite to each other. Two other young Ladies, who compos'd the Set, were really agreeable, and were thought so by most People. And as I can't suppose them to have been exempt from the Vanity natural to our whole Sex, I must conclude they had no very humble Opinion of themselves. It was easily perceivable, by Monsieur *de Vigni's* frequent Blunders and Mistakes, that his Mind was employ'd on something else more than the Game; but each of these young Ladies, as Luck would have it, were vain enough to flatter herself, that she had caused many Distractions that took their Rise solely from my unhappy Eyes.

Spight of the youthful Charmer's Prudence, his Partiality to me was too visible to be mistaken by any but the vain and conceited. His polite Care and Assiduity were so constantly directed to me, that I wonder how even Vanity was able to lead them into so gross an Error. But, my Dear, said she to *Gertrude*, is there any Passion, except Love, which spares neither Sex, that clouds the Understanding of the Fair so much as Vanity?

As I could perceive *de Vigni's* Impatience to speak another Language than that of the Eyes to me, I walk'd to the other End of the Gallery, as soon as the Pool was ended, to look at some fine Paintings that adorn'd that part of the Room. I imagin'd he would seize the Opportunity; and I was not mistaken. For

in casting my Eye on a Mythological Representation of somewhat I did not really understand, he who had stood behind me for some time, said, Madam, you seem at a Loss concerning the Meaning of that excellent Piece of Painting; and I much wonder you should, because it is a Representation of what you inspire to all that behold you. The Picture represents, continued he, the Triumphs of Love; and who has so great Reason to understand it, as she who triumphs wherever she goes?

He still went on to explain the Picture, making Allusions which might flatter a Heart less ingross'd than mine was; in fine, from Allegory he descended to make a plain and open Declaration of his Love. Yet tho' my Heart was swell'd with Excess of Joy, did I endeavour to stifle my Transport by seeming to doubt the Sincerity of his Professions. But soon discovering that my Doubt was more the Result of my Discretion than Opinion, he press'd me to permit him to give me ampler Proofs of his Truth than the Place we were then in admitted of.

After some weak Resistance, I suffer'd myself to be persuaded to inform him of all the Places where my Mother visited. As his Family was of a Rank that entitled him to be introduc'd to the best Company, he was sure to meet me wherever I spent the Evening. At these Assemblies he sought every Opportunity to entertain me with his Love; and when his Discretion forbid him the Use of the Tongue, he had Recourse to the Language of the Eyes, which

which became at last as familiar and expressive to me as that of the Lips: So ingenious is Love; or rather so powerful to be able to convey itself through every Sense and by all manner of Channels to the cherish'd Object.

But as Love, like frail Man, is never contented, Monsieur *de Vigni* was not satisfy'd with seeing me every Night, and speaking to me the soft Language of the Eyes, and often that of the Tongue; but he must have my Leave to entertain me likewise when absent. He had already acquir'd too great an Ascendant over my Soul to be refus'd any Favour consistent with Virtue and Honour; and scarce a Day pass'd, but we exchang'd Vows by Letter. Oh! let me not call to mind the unspeakable Pleasures of those happiest Days of my Life.

That *de Vigni* was become absolute Master of my Virgin Heart is not to be wonder'd at, because he daily directed all his Force to convince me that I had made a Conquest on his. But how he came to insinuate himself into my Governess's Favour so as to gain her on his Side without Reserve, is what I could never learn. He visited not at our House, nor did she ever stir abroad but along with me. Yet tho' they never saw one another, that I could know, *de Prinville* could tell me one Morning, as she help'd dressing me: Really, Mademoiselle, said she, I should never suppose that Dissimulation could take so deep Root in the Heart of green Youth, as I find it has in your's. And much less should I imagine that, of all Persons, you would make me, who have been
always

always so indulgent and sincere, a Stranger to what is not so very great a Secret as you suppose.

My Colour coming and going without Intermission, gave the Lie to my Lips, who deny'd the Charge; and brought one against her in my Turn, for suspecting I should keep any Secret from her. The Friendship between us should be, as you say, reply'd she, without the least Tincture of Deceit or Reserve. And it is such on my Side; but you will judge if it be so on your's, when you understand that I am not unacquainted with your being an apter Scholar in Love than at your Needle. Nay, redden not so much upon it, continu'd she, the aimable Choice you have made of an Instructor, is an excusable Justification of your Conduct. Monsieur *de Vigni* has too many good Qualities to be received indifferently wherever he sincerely professes to admire.

You may be sure, my Dear, that my Confusion redoubled at hearing my Governess name my Lover; but recollecting that she mention'd him with Deference and Regard, I flatter'd myself, that the utmost of her Resentment would be to chide me for what was past, and forbid me to fail in my Duty to my Parents for the time to come, if I would prevent her acquainting them with my Misconduct. But how transported was I to find her the warmest Advocate *de Vigni* could have in the World? He had, it seems, found the Means to gain her without speaking to her; and there was no Chance for my escaping the sweet and rankest Infection

Infection of Love, that was attack'd by the most charming of his Sex whenever I was abroad, and by the most subtle of my own, all the while I was at home.

Judge, said *de Prinville*, how dear you are to me, and how good an Opinion I conceive of your Lover, when I have contriv'd that you shall meet this Evening in the little Wood, where you and I have often taken the fresh Air on Summer Evenings. I am convinc'd of his Sincerity, and have no Scruple about his Probity and Honour; therefore think I serve you affectionately in procuring him Opportunities of assuring you of the Generosity of his Intentions. But tho' I doubt not either your Virtue or his Honour; yet for Decency sake, and in my own Justification, you won't take it amiss that I am constantly a Witness of what you do and say, whenever you are in my Care.

Tho' I was ravish'd to find my Conduct and Passion so highly approv'd of by her I lov'd and fear'd most in the World; yet was I, for a Moment, concern'd that I was not allow'd to entertain my Lover without a Witness: But reflecting that Monsieur *de Vigni* was incapable of saying what was not fit for our common Friend to hear, I consol'd myself with the Thoughts that she might help us by her Advice to surmount such Obstacles as might happen to be form'd to our mutual Happiness. I suppos'd the Discourse would turn chiefly on the Means of softning the Temper of my Father,

ther, who was vain to a Weakness of the Nobility of his Race.

I was not mistaken. For as soon as we met, *de Vigni* said to me, I am charm'd my adorable *Eleonora*, that your Governess is here to witness the Truth and Sincerity of our Loves. I love you more than Life; and flatter myself that you are so generous to believe I do. I hope then you will think it time that I solicit a Consent, on the obtaining which, depends the future Happiness of our Lives.

If my Governess had not been present, I believe I should have given my Assent without any Hesitation. But being aw'd by her Presence, I stood mute for some Moments, which oblig'd my Lover to proceed, saying: Could I suppose that your Silence proceeded from the same Cause that alarms my Fears, I should conclude that our Love had inspired us with the same Thoughts, and the same Hopes and Fears.

I am, continu'd he, no Stranger to your Quality nor the high Opinion your Father entertains of his Blood; but let me say, that tho' my Family be not quite as ancient and eminent as your's, yet it is such as your Father need not blush to be ally'd to. You have besides, said *de Prinville*, the Advantage of being the only Child of your Family, and one of the richest Heirs of the Province. Your first Care should be to obtain the Consent of your own Relations, and induce them to make the Proposal to Monsieur the Count, Madamoi-selle's Father; or rather to the Countess her
Mother,

Mother, who of the two, is by far the most reasonable and least intoxicated with the Enthusiasm of Nobility.

Oh! said the enamour'd *de Vigni*, could our Relations read the passionate Truth of my Heart, they would not hesitate to agree to our Happiness. I doubt not of the Approbation of my Family, and should your's, my lovely Mistress, oppose our Bliss, I will endeavour to soften them by my Sighs and Tears. Oh! thou sincerest of thy Sex, said I; despair not of Success. It would be questioning the Justice of Providence to doubt the Success of so great Truth as your's. 'Tis true, my Father is unhappily too vain of his Extraction; but he durst not oppose my Mother; and she, I know to have the highest Regard for your Merit.

Blessings on that vivifying harmonious Tongue, said *de Vigni*, that administers so great Comfort to my sinking Heart. Yes, divine *Eleonora*, continued he, I will pay Court to your Mother; I will fall prostrate before her, all my Family shall do her Homage; every Means shall be try'd to gain your Father by her Means; but thou Idol of my faithful Heart, should he be unvanquishable and baulk all our Hopes, may I not hope you will still retain for me the same Place which you permit me to hold in your Heart?

Ah! reply'd I, why will you form these torturing Doubts and Fears? Let us rather hope for the best, and sooth ourselves with the Hopes that your Solicitations will succeed. But should it happen otherwise, you may
reckon

reckon on my Constancy with the utmost Safety. No; said I, all the Threats and Hardships that can be invented, shan't be able to check my Constancy in the least. Rely on my Truth and Resolution; and count that if I am not yours by Consent of my Parents, I shall bury myself for ever in the Obscurity of a Cloyster.

I spoke, Heavens can witness for me, the real Sentiments of my Soul; and was so happy as that my Lover believ'd I did. He flung himself at my feet, transported with Joy, and swore eternal Fidelity. Sure, no bliss known on Earth could equal ours! We loved without Limit or Bounds, and our hopes of being united for ever, almost equal'd our Love. I reckon'd on my Mother's Indulgence and her Ascendant over my Father; and let me add, on the good Opinion she had of *de Vigni*; and he, on the Faith of my Assertions. But, Oh Heavens! how soon were we reduced to the utmost despair!

Monfieur de Vigni's Relations relished the Alliance and sought it with great sincerity and Earnestness. And perhaps 'tis because they did, that my Mother was less sanguine in the Affair than she would otherwise have been. 'Tis true she oppos'd not, but she seconded not the Solicitation to my Father; or if she did, she had not the Success I expected from her power over his Mind. In short, *Monfieur de Vigni's* Friends were flatly refus'd, and with so very little Management on my Father's side, that he colour'd not the Refusal with the least pretence; which so inrag'd all *de Vigni's* Family,
that

that he had now their Obstinacy to remove no less than my Father's.

Here was a reverse of Fortune. Here was a change the more vexatious that it was not foreseen. The worst that we apprehended was a refusal on my Father's side, but without Aggravation. But alas! my Father was not less irritated and inexorable than all *de Vigni's* Family. At once all our Hopes were vanish'd. I was commanded never to converse with my Lover under the severest Penalties; and the like and no less cruel Injunctions were injoin'd him.

But *de Vigni's* Parents, willing to put a final End to an Amour that occasion'd their Family so great Dishonour and Disquiet, they oblig'd their Son to prepare himself for returning to his Studies to *Paris*, and setting out in two Days. He gave an immediate Account of this severe Command to my Governess, intreating she would procure him an Interview with me before his Departure; but she, dreading my Father's Severity and Resentment, refused to comply, but assured him she would always be his Advocate, tho' she did not believe that I ever would give her room, by my Inconstancy, to speak in his behalf.

Unable to find Admittance to me, the dear Youth, convey'd the Letter which I shall read to you, to my Governess for me. Here he paints in the most affecting manner the Cruelty of his Parents, and the Despair he was driven to. And alas! here he paints but too truly the future Misery he was to undergo.

go. Ah! my dear *Gertrude*, was I alone miserable, it would be some Alleviation of my Sorrow.

COULD I imagine, my lovely Eleonora, that they who gave me Life, would be the first to procure my Death, by the Cruelty of forcing me to absent myself from her for whom I wish to live? But these inhumane Parents shall soon experience the Danger of pushing the desperate too far: Yes, my divine Mistress, they shall soon see that I cannot outlive the Absence of the dear Object of my Love. Ah! how little do they know me; how great is their Ignorance, who can suppose that Absence will cure a Passion so deep rooted and sincere as mine? No, my Charymer, Absence will rather kindle than quench the Flame of your Lover's Breast. The same fatal Moment that closes my Eyes, shall bring forth a last sigh that shall be lost in pronouncing the sacred Name of Eleonora. On those sweet Accents my Soul will fix; and in her last Flight she will move my faithful Lips to pronounce your Name.

But alas! said the sorrowful *Eleonora*, who was unable to read the rest of the Letter for the Torrent of her Tears, dispense, I beseech you, with my reading any more of a Letter that deprives me of all Sense whenever I read it through. Let it suffice, that I was inconsolable, and unable to stifle my Sorrow even in my Father's Presence. In a few Days I became

became so melancholy that I could neither speak, nor bear being in Company, and in a few Weeks after, I was seiz'd with a violent Fever, which gave my Mother, who loved me passionately, so great Concern, that, to cure my Distemper by curing my Mind, she promised me to use all her Interest with my Father to bring him to acquiesce to *de Vigni's* Alliance.

These flattering Hopes, more than the Skill of the Physicians, restored me to Health ; but alas ! my Strength was return'd only to enable me to encounter greater Misery. For as soon as I was able to go abroad, a counterfeit Letter was brought me from my Lover, informing me that he was sorry to be oblig'd to take a last Farewel of me ; but the Inflexibility of his Parents leaving him no Hopes of being happy with me, he had taken a Resolution of obeying them implicitly ; and was in two Days to be marry'd to a rich Heiress of their chusing.

You won't doubt, my dear Companion, continued she, that my Sorrow was infinite, on comparing this fatal Letter to those I had by me from the same Hand, and finding the Similitude exact to a Nicety. I call'd the once dear Object of my Love, ten thousand perfidious Villains ; I imprecated ; I cursed ; I said all that an overburden'd Heart and distemper'd brain could suggest. And yet, midst all my rage, I found, unfaithful as I thought him, that he was still dear to me. I found I could not hate him ; nor even look upon him with

so great Indifference, as to resolve to break thro' the Vow I had made of retiring for ever to a Cloyster, should our Parents impede our Happiness.

As soon as I had recover'd the use of my Senses, I projected a Scheme of quitting the World unperceiv'd by my Parents, who, I knew had the Will and did not want the Power, to oppose any such Design. The arrival of an Aunt of mine, settled at *Ghent* in *Flanders*, furnish'd me with a more favourable Opportunity than I could otherwise hope for, to put my Project in Execution. And some Days before she was to return, I intreated she would procure me Leave to accompany her; hoping that Absence from a Place so productive of Sorrow, would prove a Cure to the Uneasiness of my Mind. The affectionate Relation consented with Pleasure, and soon obtain'd the Consent of my Parents, whom I quitted with a dry Eye, in an Opinion that they were Authors of all my Sufferings.

My Cares and Sorrows attending me to *Flanders*, my Aunt, whose darling I was become, took all imaginable Pains to induce me to forget them. But Assemblies, Music, Cards, the Play-house, all the Amusements she devised to dissipate my Grief, contributed rather to its Increase. Melancholy was still my Companion wherever I went: And by my own Good-will, I would be always alone, or visiting Monasteries with an Intention to chuse amongst them the Place of my Retirement.

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In one of those pious Rambles, my Aunt took me early on a Summer's Morning to one a few Leagues from *Ghent*, rich and sweetly situated, whereof the Abbess was a near Relation of my Uncle's, and my Aunt's particular Friend. I was charm'd with the Place, and more so with the sweet and affectionate Demeanor of the Lady-Abbess and all the Community. Here I resolv'd to fix; but how to contrive to acquaint the Superior with my Design unknown to my Aunt was the Question. Chance gave me, towards the Evening, the Opportunity I wanted. For while my Aunt was examining some curious Paintings in the Refectory, the Lady-Abbess led me obligingly to the Garden, to shew me some Flowers and Trees of her own planting.

When we were alone, I told her that the Happiness of my Life depended on her granting a Favour I had to ask her; to which she courteously reply'd that I might freely command any thing in her Power, having taken more liking to me than she ever did to any on so short Acquaintance. Thus encourag'd, I said, Madam, I have a long Time resolv'd to consecrate myself to God and sigh'd after a Retreat, which I hope your Ladyship will allow me in your House. The World is become my Aversion, and cogent are my Reasons for hating it; therefore would shun it for ever. My dear young Lady, said the pious Woman, have you thoroughly reflected on what you seem resolv'd upon? You perceive
not

not perhaps what I am afraid is true, that your Hatred of the World proceeds not from a true Call to Religion, but from Disappointment, and foresee not that Repentance treads close on the Heels of all such rash Engagements as are enter'd into, more through Despair and Discontent than Pity and Zeal. You may see, continu'd the good Lady, that I consult your Interest more than my own; being of Opinion that a young Lady of your Merit would be such an Acquisition to our House as I should have the Thanks of the whole Community for procuring. I thank'd her for the good Opinion she was pleas'd to have of me, assuring her that I would study to mend by her Example. In short, I acted my Part so naturally and persuasively, that I gain'd her to my Interest, and my Aunt, by her Means, so far as to let me stay a Boarder in the Convent till the Consent of my Parents should be obtain'd. After a continued Importunity of three Months, I had their Leave to enter upon my Noviciate, not doubting but I should be sick of a religious Life, before the end of my Year of Probation.

But alas! they knew not that I was of a Courage nor to be repell'd by Hardship and Austerity; nor that the Sorrow which was my Motive to retire from the World, rather increas'd than diminish'd by its Duration. In fine, my Parents finding that my Noviciate had no Effect on my Constancy, they yielded to my earnest Request, tho' with much Repugnancy

nancy, and I solemnly took the Habit, as soon as my Year of Probation was at an End.

I was no sooner profess'd than I saw my Error of retiring from the World, which I naturally loved, to enter into a religious Life, to which I had no Vocation but such as was inspired by Resentment and dictated by disappointed Love. I was at continual War with myself, without wishing for Peace, or hoping for it from any other Hand but Death's. I can't express the excessive Anguish of my Mind, after I became religious, any more than I could tell why I would quit the World for the sake of, and to keep my Word with, a Man whom I thought perfidious; and whose Perfidy render'd him unworthy of my Deference and Esteem.

But was my Condition different from that of Multitudes, whom Love has driven to seek Relief in a Cloyster? They won't perhaps own, as I do, the true Motive of their Vocation; but fear 'tis not the less true that Numbers seek a Remedy where none is to be had, for disappointed Love. If there be any Cure for the Disease, 'tis to be found in the World only. For if Company, Diversions, Amusements fail, in vain shall Recourse be had to Solitude and Retirement.

But, said she, I hurry myself too hastily in the Progress of my own History, and forget that of my Lover's. You have not, added she, my dearest *Gertrude*, forgot that all my Unhappiness took its rise from a forg'd Letter from *de Vigni*. I know not then that the same

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wicked Engines, who had impos'd on me, impos'd also on him by the like base Artifice and at the same Time. Monsieur *de Vigni*, who, as I inform'd you had been oblig'd by his Parents, to retire to *Paris*, receiv'd, as he thought, a Letter from the faithfulest Friend he had, advising that his Absence sat so easy on me, that I soon yielded to the Intreaty of my Family, and was to be married in a few days to a young Nobleman, whom he had often heard of, as descended from the richest and most distinguished Family in the whole Province.

The dear deluded Youth, no longer in Suspense concerning my Infidelity than I was concerning his, took the like Resolution as I did to retire from the World; and was receiv'd in a Convent of the Order of *Bernardines* in *Burgundy*, much about the Time that I took the Habit in *Flanders*.

After he had been profess'd about two Years, the same Friend from whom he imagin'd to have had the Account of my Infidelity, happening to ride near the Convent where *de Vigni* had made his Vows, his Curiosity led him to see the Church and Cloyster which had the Vogue of being uncommonly beautiful and neat. But how infinite was his Surprise to find the Father whom the Superior had ordered to receive him, to be his dear Friend *de Vigni*, who had been lost to him and all his Acquaintance, and even to his Relations, for above two Years?

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The first usual Compliments of meeting Friends being past, my Infidelity became the Subject of the Conversation, at which the Visiter, being extremely surpriz'd, said, My dear Friend, you must have been grossly imposed upon, if you harbour a disadvantageous Opinion of that young Lady. She kept her Word with you but too faithfully for her own Happiness. For as soon as she was convinc'd by your Letters of your Infidelity, she retired from the World and took the Habit of a *Benedictine* Nun at a Monastery near *Ghent*, where I saw her about ten Days ago.

At these Words the Fryar left him abruptly, and returning with a Letter in his Hand, said, I little expected that you, of all Mankind, would be guilty of the grossest Contradictions. See here a Voucher under your own Hand, which proves the Inconstancy of *Eleonora*, whom you now affect to pity for having been over faithful to me. The Characters of the Letter were so perfectly well imitated, that the young Gentleman himself could not deny the Similitude; but having convinc'd *de Vigni* of his Innocence and the Constancy of *Eleonora*, he cry'd out; I see then that I have been the unhappy Victim of the Perfidy of my artful Parents. Gods! that I should be so stupidly credulous as to doubt the Constancy of her I loved upon so ambiguous Proofs! Ah! dearest *Eleonora*! can you pardon me for suspecting your Fidelity, even at the very Time you were giving the strongest Proofs

of it! — But unnatural Parents, perhaps you may live to repent you of your perfidious Artifice.

Here he paus'd to ease his swollen Heart by a Flood of Tears; after which he ask'd his Friend if he could spare him a small Sum of Money; saying, require not of me to tell you the use I design to put this Sum to; for to tell you Truth, I scarce know myself, at present. What can you design, reply'd the Friend, but to fly to your injur'd *Eleonora*, the constant Object of your Love! And as you may want the aid of Friendship, I beseech you to allow me to share your Perils. *De Vigni*, thankfully refusing the Offer, they parted, the one for *Alsace*, the other to meditate how he could quit his own Habit and project the inducing me to quit mine.

After a long and serious Reflection, *de Vigni* resolv'd to try if he could not gain upon his Superior to permit that he should finish his Studies at *Rome*, and that he should go part of the Way by Sea, and embark at *Marseilles* for *Leghorn*. He mention'd going by Sea, to prevent a Pursuit, should his Superior not hear from him as constantly as is usual in the like Cases. By long Importunity he obtain'd Leave at last; and the better to carry on the Blind, he set out for *Marseilles*, and went as far as *Lions*, from whence he wrote to his Superior, telling him he was to go down the River *Rhone* the next Day for *Avignon*. But instead of embarking on a Boat, he mounted the

the Stage-Coach for *Paris* where he arriv'd the fifth Day.

As he went not to the Metropolis to participate of its Pleasures, he staid there no longer than it was necessary to equip himself with the Dress of a Livery-Servant, which he thought the properest for his Design. In dropping the Habit of his order he attired himself in that of a Footman, and as such went behind the Stage-Coach for *Brussels*, and thence to *Ghent*, where he was taken so violently ill of a Fever that his Life was despair'd of.

Tortur'd that he was so near and yet unable to see me, he went abroad sooner than he ought, which occasion'd a Relapse of his Distemper; but his Youth and Goodness of his Constitution, getting the better of his Disease, he came to the Village adjoining our Convent, where he took him Lodgings suitable to his Appearance. Early the next Morning he came to the Gate, and desired to see me; but, as if Fate design'd to thwart us in all Things, I had been down in my Bed for some Days before; and was then so very bad, that the Physicians despair'd of my Life.

The faithful *de Vigni*, was so shock'd at hearing the Danger I was in, that he had like to have expos'd himself to the Nun who gave him the Information; but prudently recovering himself, he return'd to his Lodgings, stung with the keenest Pain which Grief is able to impart. As it might raise a Suspicion in the Nuns, if he, a Stranger, should make frequent Enquiries after my Health, my fer-

vent Lover, had Recourse to the Friendship of an old Woman, who lodg'd in the same House with him, whom he sent often in the Day to enquire after me.

At Length he heard I was out of Danger; but his Happiness was still postpon'd by the extreme Weakness I was reduced to, which render'd me unable, for some Weeks, to venture out of my Cell. During this Interval, supportable to *de Vigni* only by the Hopes of seeing me soon, he experienc'd new Anxieties.

All the Money he had given him by his Superior to defray the Expences of his pretended Journey to *Rome*, was now expended; and the only Fund he had left for bearing his future Expence was what Money his Friend had spared him. But of this Sum he was stript by the old Woman, his Fellow-lodger, in whom he had confided. Enrag'd to lose that by Means of which he hoped to deliver me from the Inclosure I was in, he flew to all the adjacent Towns, to seek the Robber; but whether she was retired to *England* by Sea, or to *Holland*; or had Accomplices in the Country who had harboured her, he was forced to sit down contented with his Loss.

How unhappy was his Situation in a strange Country, friendless and moneyless! He dare not own in *Flanders* who he was, for fear of being call'd back by his Superiors; nor durst he write to his Relations, who would not fail to prevent his Designs on me. But

anxious

anxious as he was for the Loss of his Money, he was more so on being warn'd away by his Landlord, who finding him moneyless, had resolv'd to get rid of him before he should swell a greater Score for Board and Lodging.

The dear Man stood the Shock of losing his Money with some Resolution; but was quite unman'd on being told he must quit the Neighbourhood of her he adored. The Generosity and good Nature of his Landlady, however, extricated him, and brought Quiet to his Mind when least he expected any.

De Vigni, begg'd of her some time before to seek him out a Service in that Neighbourhood; and it happen'd most opportunely that she heard of a Master for him the very Day he was warn'd out by her Husband. This was a neighbouring Nobleman, the Count de *****, who had a Relation profess'd in our Convent whom he loved tenderly and saw frequently, as he lived but a short walk from our House.

The Offer of a regal Crown could not be so welcome to my faithful Lover as a Service, mean as it was, that promised him an Opportunity of speaking with me when my Health should permit me to come to the Grate. He was presented to the Count by his Landlord, who spoke the most favourably of him; but he needed no other Recommendation to the discerning Nobleman, than his Mien, which spoke him to be honest and sensible. In short, he was receiv'd into the Count's Family that

very Evening; and understanding some Days after that his Lord was to dine at the Monastery, he manag'd so artfully with the Footman who usually attended him thither, that he pretended Illness just as the Count was stepping into his Coach.

The *Flemish* Nunneries are not generally so strict in their Inclosures as the *French*; and ours permitted no less Freedoms than many others. Whenever the Count dined at our House the Abbess and one or two more Nuns kept him Company, as was the Custom when any Persons of Rank came there. As I was come from a long Confinement, and was a Favourite with the Count's Relation, he desir'd I might be one of the Nuns that accompany'd the Lady-Abbess. But Heavens! how transported was I, when I heard *de Vigni's* Voice, who deliver'd his Lord a Message just as the Company sat down to Table!

Ah! my dear *Gertrude*, cannot you that are in Love, by guessing at the joyous Tumult in my Breast at the Sight of my Lover, spare me the Trouble of attempting a Description which no Words can paint? Let it suffice, that I was so transported as to forget where I was or with whom, and the Danger both he and I should run by his being discover'd.

At the first Glance I had of the dear Object of my Love, I scream'd his Name aloud; and probably would have made an intire Discovery, if I had not presently sunk into the Abbess's Arms, whom I sat next-to. The Company imputed my present Disorder to the Effects

fects of my late Illness; but *de Vigni*, who knew the true Cause, was scarce able to refrain flying to my Relief. Oh! how shall I measure the Grief of a faithful Lover, such as mine, on his beholding the Idol of his Heart die away in his Presence and yet be afraid to fly to her Succour?

But he had the Firmness to see me carry'd to my Room, without any such visible change in his Countenance, as might betray his Love for me. After a few Moments, I was come to myself; and sensible of my late Indiscretion, I pretended to have seen, or thought to have, an Apparition that had occasion'd my Fright. The good Religious, supposing me deeply in the Vapours, propos'd my taking the Air in the Garden, where I was left to be entertained by the Gardener, an old Man singularly merry and jovial.

After the crafty Fellow had made me laugh by some of his Oddities, he led me out of Sight, and deliver'd me a Letter which *de Vigni* had the Address to persuade him to put into my Hands. But tho' I have the Letter here, my dear *Gertrude*, you will excuse my reading any Part but the latter, in as much as the Perusal of the rest of it would but renew my Sorrows and add to my Pain.

IT depends wholly upon you, says he towards the Conclusion, to procure me the Blessing of an Interview. I have Things to say, that I dare not trust to Paper; things, my adorable Eleanora, that tend to your future Happiness and mine.

Oh! how blessed should I think myself, would you enter into my Views, and consent to be guided by my Advice! But how wretched shall I be, should your Obstinacy or any other Consideration get the better of your Love? Ah! my divine Eleonora, call to mind before you pronounce the fatal Decree, that the Life or Death of the faithfullest Lover in the Universe, depends upon your Resolve. I hope soon to have an Opportunity of hearing you speak my Fate, and hope you will speak as directed by Love. But why should I doubt a Happiness that depends on your Will? If you be not more deaf to the soothing Voice of Love than I am, you won't oppose, but rather aid towards the Execution of a Project inspired by Love alone. Consult your Heart and it will, I hope, direct you to follow my Advice implicitly: And by your Answer am I to shape my Conduct.

The Meaning of this last Part of my Lover's Letter was too obvious to be mistaken. I comprehended easily that he intended a sudden Flight from the Convent. And, my dear Companion, shall I be sincere with you, I should be sorry to be wrong in my Conjecture. Therefore, far from intending to oppose whatever were his Designs; I resolved to follow implicitly all that the faithful Counsellor should advise.

Ever since my late Illness, I was wont, by Advice of Physicians, to take the Morning Air on a rising Ground that was just without our Inclosure; and to that end had a key

to a Back-door, that led to it from the Garden. Sometimes I was accompany'd in those Morning-walks by some of the ailing Dames; and often I took them alone; for, as I intimated to you before, the Religious in *Flanders* are under far less severe Discipline than in *France*, tho' not less virtuous.

It happened that the Day after the Count had dined at the Monastery, he sent *de Vigni* with a Present of choice Fruit to the Lady-Abbess, and a particular Message to know how I did after the Fright he had seen me in. As Love, like the Load-stone, is of an attractive Nature, it led me insensibly, that Morning, from my usual walking-place to the other Side of the Hill which looked towards the Count's Country-house: There I sat me down under the Shade of a spreading Oak, fixing my Eyes and Attention on the Present abode of my loved *de Vigni*, who ingross'd all my Thoughts and all my Soul. But I had tasted but a few Moments of this mental Happiness, when a far more solid ensued.

The Delight of my Soul, *de Vigni*, who was going from his Lord to the Convent, was now in Sight; and so near that we could not avoid seeing each other—Oh! *Gertrude*; can you form an Idea of the equal Transports of passionate Lovers who thus met fortuitously after a most tedious Absence? But you are too young in Love, to know all the Effects of its Power; you are as yet but a Novice, and have not been initiated in all its Mysteries.

Even I, who have had a long Experience, must fail, should I attempt describing the different Emotions which the unexpected Sight of that dear Object caused in my Breast.

He, as soon as he saw me, sprung with Eagerness to throw himself at my Feet; but I flew more eagerly to fling myself into his Arms, and succeeded so well that before he could fall upon his Knees, I twisted my Arms round his Neck, saying, Thou dear and faithful Lover, am I once again blessed with the Sight of you? I could say no more; for Excess of Joy deprived me of the farther Use of Speech: Nor was he more Master of his. It was all Joy, Transport, Extacy; it was every Thing you can conceive, and far more than I can express. Clasp'd in each others Arms we remain'd silent, unable to speak, and scarce able to move. — But, Oh, my dear *Gertrude*! whither does the Remembrance of what pass'd in those soft Moments hurry me? Sure I forget what I owe to you, to myself, and to the whole Sex. Pardon me if I have exceeded the Bounds of Decency; I never intended it even in Thought; but where a Heart is full as mine is, it will attempt easing itself.

De Vigni was the first that recover'd the use of Speech; but tho' he spoke of the Design he had form'd of contriving my Escape from the Convent, yet was I insensible of all he had said for some Moments. At last I spoke, as if recover'd from a Trance, saying, Why should our Engagements in Religion oblige
us?

us? Were we not seduced to make those Vows by the Artifice of our Parents? I won't suppose that your Vocation was from Heaven any more than mine; nor will I doubt that you would as willingly quit your Habit as I should mine, to pursue the Dictates of our Hearts, which certainly were never design'd for a Cloyster.

Charming *Eleonora*, said he, you ravish me by your Condescension. You might easily guess that I design'd you should fly with me from this unnatural Confinement, tho' I durst not more openly discover my Intention by Letter. I did, said I, and you shall command me whenever you please, tho' it will be said perhaps, that I bend more to Love, and less to Piety than becomes one of my Cloth. But me-thinks I don't swerve from my Duty to God in quitting a State into which I was seduc'd without any such Vocation as Men and Women should have to embrace a religious Life.

I can readily gain upon myself, continued I, to quit Religion without any Scruple; but I can't so easily get over my Fears. We shall have all the World for our Enemies, and particularly our Parents and Relations, who will think themselves highly scandaliz'd and offended, should we quit the Habit. But supposing we should be able to avoid the ill Effects of their Wrath, where should we find Protection? Where should we meet a generous Hand to supply our Wants? These are Thoughts, my
 dear

dear *de Vigni*, added I, that rack my Soul and depriv'd me of Rest ever since I receiv'd your Letter.

Tho' I cannot, reply'd my Lover, condemn your Caution, yet must I intreat you not to despair. Pure Love, such as ours, must be attended with Success. We can never want whilst we pay Tribute to so inventive a Deity as Love. For the few Days I have been a Servant, I may say, without Vanity, that I am already a Favourite with my Lord. I flatter myself that he will promote our Happiness; for besides his natural tendency to Goodness and Compassion, his being of the reform'd Religion will be a Reason that he won't be so scrupulous as if he were a Catholic.

But, said I, tho' his Religion might prompt him to assist us to quit a monastic Life, yet may he not care to raise himself Enemies so powerful as our Relations, which he must expect, should it be known that he aided us to escape. But need any Friendship he should shew us, replied he, be made known to the Public? We are here but two short Leagues from the *Dutch* Frontiers. Therefore, as I have been robb'd of my Money, all I should hope from the Count's Generosity would be to succour us so as to get to the next *Dutch* Garrison, which is *Sas. van Ghent*, and so far sure, he might aid us undiscover'd. But then I confess, that I can't expect he will do us even so small a Friendship, unless he be made acquainted with the true History of our Misfortunes.

I easily perceiv'd the Rectitude of my Lover's Reflections, and saw it was impossible for us to succeed without the Count's Assistance; but I could not gain upon myself to allow that he should know me for the Nun that was to escape before he consented to befriend us; therefore insisted that he should not reveal me till his Lord came into our Measures.

It being now high Time that I should return to the Convent, and that *de Vigni* should deliver his Fruit and Messages, we parted to meet the next Morning, in the same Place, to fix the Time and Manner of our Departure.

My faithful Lover was no sooner return'd home, but he fell prostrate before the Count, saying, My Lord, you see at your Feet, the unhappiest of his Sex, tho' sprung from a generous and noble Stock, and bred up in all the Luxury of the most affluent Fortune. Then he faithfully told him the Story of our Lives, and his Design in regard to me, whose Name he still kept a Secret as he promised he would.

The generous Count heard him with Attention, and so far compassionated him that he not only assured him of his Friendship, and even settled the Plan we were to go by, but promised he would give him some recommendatory Letters that would be of Service to him at *Amsterdam*. In short, *de Vigni* inform'd me early the next Day of his Success,
and

and fixed on the following Night for my Escape.

Never, my dear *Gertrude*, did Day appear so long as that. The Minutes were Hours, and the Hours were Days. Such was my Impatience to be at Liberty to indulge to my Love, that I thought it an Age till the Sun had withdrawn from our Horizon. But the joyous Hour being come at last, I quitted my Chamber in profound Silence and unincumber'd; for I had nothing of Value to take with me. And by Means of my Key soon got without the Inclosure, where I was receiv'd by the faithful *de Vigni* who had been waiting for me from the Fall of Night.

Oh! how transported was I to have my Lover for a Guide; and how enraptur'd was he to have the Honour of being my Conductor! We soon arrived at the Gate of the Castle, where the Count himself waited for us; and conducting me to the Door of a Chamber adjoining to his own Apartment, he left me, saying, Madam, you will find there the necessary Apparel; I am sorry you must be oblig'd to disrobe and to dress yourself without Help. But the generous Nobleman's Care did not extend to me alone; *de Vigni* participated of his Generosity; for as the Garb of a Livery-man would ill suit the Companion of my Travels, Care was taken that my Lover should be equipt suitably to the Employment he was to enter upon.

In fine, as soon as we were dress'd suitably to our Condition, the Count saw us without
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the Gate to proceed on Foot to *Sas van Ghent*, not venturing to lend us his Equipage, or so much as let any of his Family know that I had been at his House.

'Tis possible that Nobleman might have already look'd upon us as Profelytes gain'd to his Religion, and as such thought himself oblig'd to aid us to escape to a Protestant Country. But be his Motive what it may, 'tis certain we could not have escaped without his Assistance, and that he spared no Expence to set us at Liberty. I always reflect with Gratitude on his Generosity, and shall never forget the Obligations I lie under to him. But to return to my Subject.

Much as I was reduced by my late Illness, yet so invigorated was I by Love, that I travelled the two Leagues from the Count's House to *Sas van Ghent*, without taking Breath. We got there as soon as it was Day: And, Oh Heavens! how infinite was our Joy, when we found ourselves secure from any Pursuit that could be made either then by the Community or hereafter by our Relations? Now, said I, my dearest *de Vigni*, am I arrived to the Height of my Ambition. Now may we bid Defiance to the false Arts of our unnatural Parents; in Spight of their Wiles we are happy.

While I was thus giving a Loose to my Joy, my Lover was no less lost in Rapture, tho' he spoke not, or rather was unable to to speak for the Excess of his Transport. His Caresses and Embraces spoke the Fullness of his Heart; and when he could speak,
all

all he could say was, Adorable *Eleonora*, do we not taste of Divinity? Is not our Happiness too refin'd for Mortals?

My Lover would have perswaded me to repose myself in this first Place of Safety, but I chusing to advance further from Danger, we set out immediately for *Rotterdam* by Water. As the Wind blew high, I being unused to the Motion of the Yatch, was sickish in the Passage, which gave the dear *de Vigni* so great and visible Disquietude that he was the Jest of all the Passengers. He bore the Rallery with great Politeness and Composure of Mind, contenting himself with the secret Satisfaction of succouring the Object of his Love.

Our Stay at *Rotterdam* was but short, our Intent being to settle at *Amsterdam*. As soon as we arrived at this last City, Monsieur *de Vigni* waited with the Count's Letters on those he had recommended us to. These worthy Men received him with the utmost Politeness, assuring him they would serve him on all Occasions to the Extent of their Power. With this glad News the dear Man flew home to me, who, as well as my Lover, unmindful of what might happen, spent whole Months enraptur'd with the Pleasure of enjoying each other's Company without Interruption or dread of being parted.

But, my dear *Gertrude*, continued *Eleonora*, suspect not my Veracity when I assure you that during all that Time our Happiness consisted only in the pure and delicate Pleasure
of

of loving and reckoning on being loved. I may safely say this of myself, and of my Lover too, if a Man's Actions speak the Sentiments of the Heart, never was Mind purer than his, if it may be judg'd of by Words and Deeds. For never did he drop an Expression which the most pious Recluse might not hear, nor do that Thing which the severest Modesty did not authorize. Blessed in an Union of Hearts, which Death alone could dissolve, and contented with our present State, we thought not for some Months but of the innocent Enjoyment of those happy Moments we possess'd.

But at last Remorse and Grief intruded themselves into our Minds and brought along with them the killing Reflection of the State we had quitted and the Vows we had pass'd. We loved and were willing to indulge to our Loves; but we were both of us unwilling that it should be at the Expence of Piety and Religion.

The Gentleman to whom we had been recommended by the Count, would persuade him to be married by one of the Ministers, and always would rally him on his Scruples and the Excess of his religious Zeal. They used every engaging Method to persuade him to a Change of Opinion; but finding him rather stiffening against, than yielding to the Force of their Arguments in Favour of their Religion, they courteously assured him that they would not be the less his Friends, whether he should quit or continue his present way

way of thinking; and, in Effect, they soon after gave him evident Proofs of their Friendship and Sincerity.

I advis'd Monsieur *de Vigni* to seek out some *French* Ecclesiastic, as the fittest to guide us in the Method we should take for dispensing with our Vows and obtaining Leave to marry. And such a one he found, after some Days Enquiry, who, on hearing our Stories without the least Disguise, told us, that as ours was become a Case of Necessity and Compassion, he hoped to surmount all Difficulties at the Court of *Rome*, by means of some powerful Friends he had there: That he would write immediately and with great Earnestness; but that, as the Motions of the Papal Court were extremely slow, he would advise us to go to *Rome* in order to solicit personally our Cause.

The pious Man's Advice being too well founded to be slighted, we resolv'd to pursue it. But how to undertake so long and expensive a Journey as from *Holland* to *Rome*, when all our little Stock of Treasure was already exhausted? However, as the Journey was of absolute Necessity, every Means must be attempted for defraying its Expence. *De Vigni* waited of the Count's Friends, who far from dissuading him from the Journey encourag'd it, and furnish'd him the Expence of it with the most generous Profusion.

I should do these Gentlemen in particular, and the whole *Dutch* Nation Injustice, did I not own that I found them the most friendly and sincere of all Nations. Let a Man's Religion

ligion be what it will, they never slacken in their Esteem or Friendship towards him, if he behave with Honesty and Uprightness. A Profelyte to their Religion is no longer esteem'd among them, than they are perswaded that he is become one from pure Motives of Conscience. Such as conform thro' Motives of Interest, and too many there have been of this infamous Class, they disregard, and even detest, while they carels an honest Man the more for persevering in the Religion he had been bred up in, until he should be convinc'd of his Error.—But we will quit that sincere People to pursue our Voyage to *Rome*.

Instead of going by Land, as it was first design'd, all our Friends advised us to go by Sea to *Leghorn*; we took the Advice; and tho' we waited almost two Months for a Convenience, yet could not we repent us of the alternative of the Sea, as it procured us the Pleasure of the most agreeable Company that possibly could be during the Voyage. Two Couples embark'd with us, one of *Italy*, the other of *Sweden*, who were perfectly courteous and genteel in their Actions and Conversation. I was become so great a Favourite with the Ladies as well as Gentlemen, that it would seem I had been their whole Care. But how obliging soever they were, and how oblig'd soever I was to those generous, polite Strangers, I was infinitely more so to the dear *de Vigni*, whose Attention was solely and constantly directed to my Ease and Content. And so good Effect his affectionate Care of me during

ring the Voyage had, that I arrived at *Rome* as little fatigued and impair'd in Health, as if I had not travelled at all.

You see, my dear Companion, how little a while I have dwelt on so long a Voyage in order to come the sooner to the Relation of more important Cares. But alas! ought I not rather to stifle the Narration of Adventures so shocking in themselves and so infinitely affecting to relate? — All my Wishes center'd in being at *Rome* to solicit the Dispensations we had Hopes to obtain. We so ardently desired to be united by the indissoluble Bands of Marriage, that we viewed only the fair Side of the Path that led to that Union, without reflecting on the Obstacles which stood in the Way. We had a quick Passage and favourable Gales, but the Winds went too slow for my Desires. All my Hopes were at *Rome*, and I wanted to be there to compleat them.

But, Oh, Heavens! how grossly was I deceived in my Hopes! How happier should I have been if I had never seen *Rome*! but could I imagine that I was rushing into an Ocean of Sorrow, when I was eager to be in that Capital of the Christian World? Could I suppose that they who should be the most active in protecting Innocence, would be the most perfidious Prosecutors of the Virtuous? — Yet alas! whither are my Sorrows hurrying me, before I come regularly to describe them?

As our sole Business to *Rome* was to dispense with our Vows, we employ'd our whole Thoughts, on our Arrival there, in considering

ing how we should best accomplish the Work we came about. Our first Care was to deliver the *French Clergyman's Letter at Amsterdam* to the Ecclesiastic he recommended us to. That good Man no sooner read his Letter and heard the true Narrative of our Lives from *de Vigni*; but he assured him of Success, provided we could strengthen ourselves with the Protection of Cardinal *****, who, he said, had the highest Influence at Court.

The Question being how to obtain the Protection of his Eminency, it was thought proper, as we had no Friends to introduce us to his Friendship, to petition him for an Audience, on a Supposition that he would be moved to Compassion by the Relation of the Case, and befriend us out of Motives of Charity. We proceeded on this fatal Plan, and succeeded after much Delay and Solicitation. For at that Court all Affairs are transacted with the utmost Exactness and Decorum, and the most trivial with no less Ceremony than the most important.

In fine, we were admitted into his Eminency's Presence; he receiv'd us courteously, and heard our Cases with Attention; but seem'd far more affected when I related mine, than whilst he listen'd to *de Vigni*. Your Affair, said he, addressing himself to us both, is infinitely perplex'd, as it includes not only a double Apostacy but a Rape likewise. I admit your Parents are not innocent; but you are not therefore the less criminal. However, continued he, despair not; for (casting an Eye

on me that spoke a Regard we might reckon upon) I mean to serve you with all my Skill and Interest. But you must follow my Advice, if you wish to succeed. 'Tis probable that the Advice I shall give may not be relish'd by so passionate Lovers as you are ; but as it is of absolute Necessity for the Advancement of your Suit, I will suppose that your Prudence will get the better of your Tenderness. From this Day, you must resolve not to lodge in the same House ; it being a Decency very necessary to be observed while I am soliciting your Cause. But as I shall have frequent Occasion to see you both, let your different Lodgings be as near my House as possible.

The Prelate dismissing us with the strongest Assurances of his Protection, we agreed, tho' repugnant to our Desires, to take different Lodgings as he advised. We did so that very Afternoon, but so contiguous that we eat and spent the whole Day together. No consideration could induce us to separate for good, nor did we understand that his Eminency design'd we should. But we soon found our Mistake.

The Day after the Audience, the Cardinal sent for *de Vigni*, who, after this second Audience, came back to tell me that the more he knew his Eminency, the less he liked him. For, says he to me, he seems to have had no other Business of me but to ensnare me by a thousand different and artful Questions which he put to me : And I am mistaken or he will take you in your Turn.

My

My faithful, discerning Lover was not mistaken ; for the Cardinal sent one of his Coaches for me two Hours after. This Distinction of a Coach gave me some Uneasiness ; but I was willing to hope that it was only an Effect of *Italian* Politeness towards my Sex. Indulging this last thought as I went along, brought me at last to so perfect a Composure of Mind, that I had lost all Apprehension of Risk or Danger, by that Time I entered his Eminency's Palace.

But the excessive Courtesy with which he received me in his Closet, whither I was conducted by the Groom of the Chambers, renewed my Uneasiness, and gave me infinite Concern. He got up to receive me, and ordering an Arm'd-chair to be plac'd for me near his own, the Domestic retired. Finding myself thus alone, and in the Power of a Man whose Eyes, the Day before, spoke a rising Passion, I chang'd Colour, and trembled every Joint of me. My Disorder being too visible to be overlook'd, the Prelate thought to encourage me, and dissipate my Fears by the following Speech, which had a quite other Effect.

Madam, said he, imagine not that you are here before your Judge ; but reckon rather that you are in the Presence of your Friend. I have promis'd you my Interest and Protection, on both which you may depend ; and let me add, that I am become your Friend from Inclination. Therefore let your Answer be sincere ; for if you would wish I should serve you, you must be ingenuous with me. Tell me if

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you

you don't repent you of the false Step you have taken; or rather that which you were forc'd to take? For I am well assured you would never have quitted your Convent, unless you had been seduc'd, or rather that some Sort of Violence had been used to get you thence.

Though these Interrogatories disconcerted me not a little, I pluck'd up a Spirit, saying, I know not, my Lord, whether it be criminal to have quitted a State to which I was seduc'd by the unnatural Artifice of my Parents, but if there be Guilt, 'tis all mine; for in leaving my Inclosure, I had no other Counsellor but my Love. A candid Confession, said the Cardinal, whose Eyes seemed to speak a Flame which I dreaded; but, fair Lady, continued he, don't you perceive the Power of that Love, which you so implicitly obey'd some Months ago, to diminish of late? For our Passions slacken daily, and none so soon as Love. Your Observation may be very just in the general, reply'd I, but, my Lord, with Submission to your Eminency's better Judgment, I am of Opinion, that a Passion founded on Merit and Esteem, and regulated by Wisdom and Virtue, such as mine for Monsieur *de Vigni* is, can never slacken or decrease. Which is, says the Cardinal, as much as to say, that if I would oblige you, I must extend my Friendship and Protection to him as well as you. Well, Madam, continued he, seizing me by the Hand, which he press'd with an Eagerness that gave me Pain, it shall be so; you shall both of
you

you be Objects of my Care. And that you may see how far I interest myself in all that concerns you and him, I must see how your Exchequer stands. I can't suppose that you brought any great Treasure along with you, and yet you will want a good deal of Money before your Affair can be finished; therefore you will give me Leave to supply the Deficiencies. 'Tis necessary that you have a Woman to wait of you, and it is no less so that Monsieur *de Vigni* have a Servant to attend about him; I will take Care to provide you Domesticks and all other Necessaries for Persons of your Condition.

Though I had some Jealousy of the Cardinal's great Officiousness, I could not however in Civility but return him Thanks for his Generosity. But on his telling me that he would likewise take upon him to regulate our Conduct towards each other; it being necessary in our Case, that my Lover's Interviews and mine should be as seldom as possible, and as public, I was extremely afflicted? and not so much for my Dread I had of his Eminency's ill Designs, as to be debar'd the Conversation of one so dear to me as Monsieur *de Vigni*.

But I must be contented, or at least appear to be so, having it not in my Power to change my Protector if I would; or if I could, in dropping my Present, I should raise myself a powerful and dangerous Enemy, who probably would take his Revenge for any Slight that should be made of his Friendship. Few great Men of any Nation would bear Slights from

their Clients or Dependants, but the jealous *Italians* least of any. Therefore to avoid a greater Evil, if greater could be than the Absence of a faithful Lover, I suffer'd my Reason, on this Occasion, to subdue my Love, and endeavour'd to prevail with Monsieur *de Vigni* to do the like.

The dear, generous Man, unskilful in Deceit himself, and therefore unwilling to mistrust the Policy of others, readily agreed to shape his Conduct with regard to me, by the Cardinal's Regulation, on a Supposition that what he advis'd was for our own Interest. And he was the more confirm'd in the generous Opinion by his Eminency's subsequent Care in the Furniture of our Apartments, and in supplying every Article of Apparel, either of Elegance or Use that could be thought of for us both.

I could perceive by so uncommon Assiduity and Expence, that I was highly consider'd by his Eminency; but I was willing to stifle all the suspicious Emotions of my Heart concerning his Virtue, because I saw he was equally liberal to my Lover and myself. His Apartment was not less sumptuously furnish'd than mine, his Apparel not less costly, nor his Table less plentiful and elegant. What Suspicion then could Hearts, so unpractis'd in Deceit as ours, harbour of one who extended his Benevolence with so conspicuous Impartiality?

The Cardinal's Regulations for our Conduct were many, but as there were but two Articles
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of them of any Consequence, or consider'd as such by us, I shall take notice of them only. The first, that my Lover and I should see each other but once a Week, and that in the Presence of our Servants; and that we should each of us separately see his Eminency every second Day. I confess myself to have been greatly alarm'd at these Injunctions, but kept my Suspicions to myself, being loth to alarm my Lover, who entertain'd the most favourable Sentiments of our Protector's Generosity.

We were both of us regularly conducted to our separate Audiences according to his Eminency's Regulation, but we were very differently entertain'd. My Lover was soon dispatch'd, and always with Hopes of Success; but I can't complain of my being dismiss'd like him, as soon almost as I came. Instead of Moments, as he was, I was detain'd Hours, which were employ'd in passionate Looks, tender Expressions, squeezing my Hand, and many other little Caresses, which however innocent, alarm'd me not a little.

But all this Time the Word *Love* was not so much as once pronounc'd, tho' the Eyes and Hands seem'd to publish what the prudent Lips kept secret. I was wont, however, to console myself with Thoughts of our Protector's Disinterestedness; saying often to myself, for my own Ease, If the Cardinal had been in Love, as I suspect, why would he not declare his Passion? What should hinder him that has so frequent Opportunites?

Might not he hope to succee^l, on a Supposition, that I should be proud of the Honour done me by one of his eminent Rank?

Thus, by Degrees, I reason'd myself out of my Fears and Suspensions, and brought myself to hope that my Protector's uncommon Tenderness for me was the sole Effect of his natural, generous Compassion for the Distress'd. So very ingenious was I to deceive myself, that I was inclin'd to construe the most passionate of his Caresses to his Advantage, imputing them to his Charity. But it was not long before my Suspensions were realiz'd by Proofs I could not fail being convinc'd by.

His Eminency telling me, one Day, that he had inform'd his Holiness of our Affair, and that such Commissaries had been appointed as he could rely upon, added; but, my charming young Lady, since I have hitherto been wholly employ'd about your Affairs, I hope you will now allow me to look a little to my own. Tho' I have not suffer'd my Lips to speak Language of my Heart, you could not but have read it in my languishing Eyes. Those faithful Interpreters might have inform'd you that you were become the Idol of my Heart and the Object of my Hopes and Wishes. Yes, lovely *Eleonora*, said he, in seizing and kissing my Hand so as if he would have devour'd it before I could disengage it from him, the whole Happiness of my Life depends on your Sensibility of my Love. Speak to calm my doubtful Soul. I would be oblig'd to love alone for
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my Happinefs. Say, thou loveliest of thy charming Sex, if I may hope.

While he expected an Answer, I was considering how I should behave to him after so open a Declaration of his impure Love. My Virtue told me I should treat him with Scorn and Indignation, but my Reason and Love for the dear *de Vigni* dictated to me a less severe Treatment of one who had it in his Power to render us happy or miserable.

Still undetermin'd what to say or do, with my Eyes fix'd on the Ground, I kept a Silence which perhaps he interpreted into Condescension, tho' nothing was farther from my Heart. And, whether to thank me or to urge on his Love more earnestly, he was about to throw himself at my Feet, when I prevented him, by saying, My Lord, such Humility should be reserved for Heaven; it becomes not your Eminency to apply it here, nor me to suffer it.

Was I by Nature inclin'd to Coquetry, how might my Vanity be tickled by seeing the *Roman* Purple at my Feet? But far from triumphing in my Conquest, I saw nor consider'd but the Deformity of my new Lover. I saw but his advanc'd Age and the Wrinkles in his wither'd Face, and consider'd but the Impurity of the Fame of a Dotard of his high Rank in the Church. I was tempted a thousand times, to forget the Respect due to the Splendor of his high Station. But the Services I expected from his Influence and Friendship, inducing me to soften my Resentment, I contented
myself

myself with rallying him on the Declaration he had made, as if I imagin'd he intended only to put my Virtue to the Test.

Oh! he was out of Patience to see that I doubted the Sincerity of his Professions; and took infinite Pains to persuade me of the Reality of his Passion; adding, that I could not but see the Truth of his Love in all his Actions, but particularly in his Eyes. Heavens! how I colour'd and trembled at these repeated Declarations of impure Love! Even now, my dear *Gertrude*, I can't help being moved at the Repetition of them.

But the amorous Prelate, little pleas'd with my Rallery and continual Evasions, press'd me very earnestly to make him a direct Answer; saying, Sure, Madam, you won't refuse the Favour of a direct Answer to one whose Heart and Fortune you command with unlimited Power? He might easily see, and did without doubt, that his Suit was not relish'd, but would urge me to declare, I suppose, that he might the better take his Measures. I did, or might see the Danger of speaking the real Sentiments of my Heart; yet I was not afraid, saying, that nothing was able to shake my Fidelity to *Monsieur de Vigni*.

I have sworn, said I, my Lord, eternal Faith to my Lover; and if I had not, he is so much the Idol of my Heart, that all the Power and Grandeur of the World should not allure my Affections from him. The Perfections of his Mind and Body, added I, are enough to charm any Woman that sees him and converses with him

him as long as I have, but his Fidelity to me and his Sufferings for my sake are such as should and shall bind me to him for ever. He shall never, continued I, reproach his *Eleonora* with Inconstancy. Rather would she suffer the cruellest Tortures and Torments; nor is it but for his sake alone, that she would or wishes to live.

Here I paus'd, leaving my glowing Eyes to speak whatever more my inflam'd Heart would say. And tho' my Tongue said enough, and my Eyes more to convince the Cardinal that he must not expect to gain upon my Affections, he was not however disconcerted, but, on the contrary, seem'd to be confident, and told me so, that he did not doubt but his Sincerity and Affiduity would at last soften my Rigour.

Not to raise in the Breast of my faithful Lover a Jealousy that would break his Rest, and perhaps destroy for ever the Peace of his Mind, I kept from him the Secret of the Cardinal's Passion, hoping that the Rectitude of my Conduct towards him would at last bring him to a Sense of his Duty and induce him to desist pursuing a fruitless Passion. But alas! I knew not my new Lover. His Flame increas'd in proportion to my Resistance: And he was become so very importunate, whenever I was in his Company, that I dreaded the Consequences of his Rage, and would have avoided seeing him at all, if I did not fear injuring my dear *de Vigni's* Cause and my own, should I abruptly throw up my Protection.

Nor was I alone plagued by the Cardinal's Importunities; for he had plac'd one near me that teaz'd me as much as himself. The Woman that waited on me solicited continually in his Favour. She left me not a Moment's Quiet, her vicious Tongue was ever busy in his Eminency's Praise; and all her Oratory was employ'd to paint the Glory of my Conquest. In vain did I, on my Part, paint the Sin and Horror of his Eminency's Passion; for all I could say she would go on. So, that finding myself eternally attacked both at home and abroad, and seeing no Hopes of a Cessation, I thought it prudent to take my Lover's Advice as to the Conduct I should observe.

Alas! my dear *Eleonora*, said he to me, too well I know the Genius of the *Italians* not to dread that your Youth and Beauty made so deep an Impression on the Mind of our Protector, as will be fatal to us both. I wish I may not be mistaken, but I do and have for some time suspected the Cardinal's Sincerity. He feeds me one day with Hopes, and the next ushers in some fresh Obstacles. But I will, if possible, oblige him to be more explicit the next time I wait on him. He shall use more than native Art, if he can persuade me to longer Patience without some better Reasons than he has fed me with hitherto. But however injur'd we may be, we must conceal our Resentment, and use great Caution, and even descend to Dissimulation, if we would pay his Eminency in his own Coin.

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The dear Man waited on the Cardinal the next Day ; and, far from shewing any Indications of Jealousy, he loaded his Eminency with Encomiums, but begg'd at the same time he might know the Commissaries Names appointed by his Holiness to examine his Case, that he might wait on them from time to time, to give them such Informations as he alone was capable of giving. The artful Prelate still evading a direct Answer, *de Vigni* urged the Matter so close, tho' respectfully, that the old Man at last said: Methinks, Sir, you need not be so very importunate after I answer'd you that I had your Interest at Heart equally with my own. 'Tis because of the Sincerity of your Eminency's Professions, reply'd my Lover, that I would fain ease you of as much Trouble as I could. I have a few Friends here whom I would employ to save your Eminency the Fatigue of soliciting any but his Holiness himself. Very well, Sir, reply'd the Cardinal, a little irritated, you don't reckon my Solicitation of weight enough ; really, Sir, I hop'd you would have set a greater Value on my Friendship. But I forgive your Youth and Ignorance. Let me tell you, that I expect you will keep the Secret of your Affair from your Acquaintance, as well as my Liberality to both you and *Eleonora*. You will remember, that unless you would render yourself unworthy of my Favour, you will observe punctually what I recommend to you.

This Injunction, which seem'd to cover some Mystery, gave us both much Uneasiness ;

but we never could imagine the real View of it. Oh! what a Weight of Sorrow might I not have avoided, had I been able to have guess'd what the base Prelate's Intentions were by injoining my Lover to Secrefy? But the Guiltless are easieft deluded, being themselves Strangers to Deceit and Delufion.

For eight Days after this laft Scene between the Cardinal and my Lover, I was persecuted to Death both by his Eminency and his Deputy. In my Vifits to him, he was fo uneafily importunate, that I was oblig'd to tell him plainly, I fhould lie under a Neceffity of depriving myfelf intirely of the Honour of feeing his Eminency, unlefs he would be pleas'd to defift urging a Suit I could never grant. And to convince him the more that his Purfuit would be fruitless, I affected a Paffion for *de Vigni*, more violent than any painted in Romance. 'Tis true, I lov'd him more than Life, but there were Limits to my Love; tho' by my Portraiture of it to the Cardinal, there were none. Ah! how fatal was the Affection of fo exceffive Love to poor *de Vigni*? How many bitter Tears has it occafion'd me to fhed?

My Woman would often tell me, in preffing the Cardinal's Suit, that fhe wifh'd I did not repent of my Inattention to his Eminency's Love; and that if I would be for ever happy with my old Lover, I fhould be lefs rigorous to my new. I had not the Sagacity, or my Love for *de Vigni* permitted me not to perceive what fhe meant, tho' her Words plainly import-

imported the Tragedy which follow'd soon after.

The Cardinal, urged on by his Love, and probably by the Emissary he had placed near my Person, became insufferably jealous of *de Vigni*. The more I affected to doat on him, the more odious he was to the Cardinal. And whether or no it was design'd from the beginning to get rid of so cherish'd a Rival, I can't say; but I can't help thinking that my too great Affectation had precipitated his Death. Oh! how unhappily have I plung'd my Lover into Misfortunes by those Means by which I propos'd to extricate him! How wretched am I to have quicken'd his Fall, when I design'd his Happiness and Elevation!

The last Visit the dear Man was permitted to make me, he appear'd so sunk in Spirits, that I was in the utmost Concern, on a Supposition that he had some lurking Disease that preyed on his Vitals. But, as to tell one of the lowness of his Spirits, is a sure way to sink them lower; I would not take notice to *de Vigni* of the Change I observed. We talked as usual of the Cardinal's Passion and Insincerity; after which, he said, I rather wish than hope he will become virtuous; but what gives me comfort is, that you will be soon rid of his vicious Importunities. I am to sup to Night with those on whose Friendship I can rely; and I think, I may assure you of being able to tell you pleasing News the next time I see you. — Oh, Heavens! how little did I think that the News of his Death would be the first I should hear,

hear, or that that would be the last time I should be blessed with a sight of him!

When the dear unhappy Man took his leave of me, which proved the last, the Night was set in, a time propitious to Assassins. He had not gone many Paces from my Lodgings before he was set upon by three Ruffians, among whom was the Servant recommended by the Cardinal, who waited to attack him in a dark bye part of the Street he was to pass through. The hired Villains gave him not time to put himself in a Posture of Defence, but pierced him with their murdering Weapons in a hundred Parts of his Body almost as soon as he knew that he was attacked.

He had as yet some signs of Life, when he was found weltring in his Blood by some charitable Passengers; who carried him to the next public House, and quitted him not, before they left him in the Care of an eminent neighbouring Surgeon. Before the skilful Artist would probe his Wounds, he gave him a Cordial that restored him immediately to Strength and the use of Speech. But calling for Paper, and Pen and Ink, he told the Surgeon, that he knew himself near his End, which probing his Wounds would precipitate, and therefore must write a few Lines before he would permit the Operation. And behold here, my dear *Gertrude*, those last Lines of my faithful Lover's inditing, which were deliver'd me a few Hours after his Death.

DEAR

D E A R and lovely Mistress, know that your faithful Lover has been depriv'd of Life by the Orders of the most wicked of Men. Ah! how I dread your becoming the Victim of his Lust and Perfidy; but reflect that Dissimulation is your only Preservative, and that without it you cannot hope to preserve your Innocence, or perhaps your Life. Receive this Advice as a Testimony of my Love, which, for Truth and Warmth was never surpass'd and very seldom equall'd. I die, my dearest Eleonora, but my Love subsists intire in my Heart.

After he had seal'd this Letter, he desir'd to be alone with the Surgeon, saying to him; Now, Sir, you may go on with your Operation as soon as you will. I know I can't live, but shall die without Regret, if you promise me to deliver this Letter as directed. But, for your own sake as well as for her's for whom it is address'd, you will take care to deliver it with the utmost Secrecy. You will find some Jewels of Value in my Pockets, which you will oblige me to receive as my Gift; but be assur'd you will receive a more valuable Present from her, whom you'll preserve from the utmost Perils, by delivering her that Billet.

These were his last Words; for he expired in the Operation of probing his Wounds. And his perfidious Servant, who had been the chief of his Assassins, had the Insolence to mix with the Company, and the Dissimulation to drop Tears for a Master he had just murder'd, even
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before me, to whom he officiously brought the doleful News the moment he was dead.

Oh! my dear *Gertrude*; how shall I be able to paint to you the Wretchedness I was reduc'd to by this melancholy Intelligence? I was all Grief, all Sorrow, all Despair and Madness; unknowing what I said or did: And when the Excess of my Transports depriv'd me of Strength, I fainted away, or rather really died, in the Opinion of the Standers by. But by the Aid of Remedies, apply'd by the same skilful Surgeon who had attended my late Lover, I came a little to myself. This worthy Man was fortuitously brought me, as being the only eminent one of his Profession that liv'd in the Neighbourhood.

This faithful Man, not unmindful of his Trust, pretended he dreaded a Return of my fainting Fits, and made that the Pretext of his staying near me the best part of the Night. And as there was no Suspicion of him, he easily found the Means to deliver me my departed Lover's Letter, and tell me all he had said, while he had the Use of Speech.

The first Use I made of my Intelligence was to rush at the Murderer, my Lover's Servant, who was come into the Room; and, had I not fainted away in the Struggle, believe I should have strangled the Villain. In my Ravings, I call'd him the Murderer, the base Assassin of his Master; but unguarded as my Frenzy render'd me, I still remember'd the dear *de Vigni's* dying Advice to me of disssembling, and utter'd not a word that could indicate a Suspicion of the wicked Cardinal.

Oh,

Oh, *Gertrude*! were we to judge of Religion by some of those who ought to be its principal Ornament and Support, how mean an Opinion should we entertain of it? But was there not a *Judas* among the chosen Twelve of *Christ* himself? And shall we think ill of the Church because of its rotten Members? or shall I entertain an uncharitable Opinion of the whole sacred College, because I have experienc'd the detestable Wickedness of one of the Cardinals? As well might another harbour disadvantageous Sentiments of all religious Women, because of my too licentious Conduct, or of our Sex in general, because of the unguarded Sallies of your Youth. But alas! I perceive not that I am turn'd Moralist only when my swollen Heart is brim full of Grief and Sorrow.

Another Scene, no less tragical, succeeded to the last, which put me out of all Patience. The infamous Cardinal hearing how ill I took the Death of my Lover, order'd I should be instantly remov'd to his own House. This Order being communicated to me, I fell into the most extravagant Transports of Despair and Madness; during which, and unknown to myself, I was hurried away to an Apartment fitted up for me near the Cardinal's.

Ye Gods! how sunk was I with Sorrow and Despair at finding myself so near the hated Author of my Woe, and so much more within his Power than I should be in another House? My dear *Gertrude*, need I describe to one of your Delicacy and strict Virtue, the bitter
Anxiety

Anxiety I felt in seeing myself under a Roof, where the determin'd, impious Conspirer of my Ruin had the sole Rule and Command? I was distracted, and so abandon'd to my Despair, that my Woman, who endeavour'd to calm and assuage my Grief, might as well have address'd the dumb and brute Creation, till telling me, I might hope for the Completion of all my Wishes from the Love and Generosity of the Cardinal, I started up at that hated Name, and would have laid violent Hands on myself, if the wicked Prelate had not opportunely come in to help wrenching a Knife out of my Hand, which I had snatch'd up to put an End to Life in order to preserve my Chastity.

You may judge, my dear Companion, what I felt at the odious Sight of the Man that had robb'd me of the dear Object of my Love that he might the easier make his Way to rob me of my Honour. But remembering that my Safety depended on my Address, I compos'd myself the best I could, and seem'd to acknowledge the Favour of his timely Prevention of my impious Designs on my own Life. The Traytor, in his Turn, acted his Part to the Life. He consoled with me on my Loss, seem'd affected with my Sorrows, and pretended to sympathize with me; nay, acted so naturally as to vow Vengeance on the Assassins, whom he would seek, he said, and find, tho' it should cost him all the vast Treasure he was Master of.

Ravish'd, that he had so great an Ascendant over me, as to be able to compose my Grief
so

so soon after the Loss of my Lover, the Cardinal thought he might urge his Love without waiting the Ceremonial of Weeks or Months. And accordingly the next Morning he sent to let me know that he would do himself the Pleasure of dining in my Apartment. I dreaded the Consequence of being alone with him as I suppose I should after Dinner was over ; but alas ! I was not Mistress of either, my Room or Time, and I must conform. All I had to do was to deceive artfully, and by Deception, gain Time, which might produce some Change in my Fortune.

It happen'd just as I expected ; for as soon as the Desert was served up, the Domestics that waited quitted the Room, and the amorous Cardinal press'd his Suit with such Violence and Extravagance as made me dread some immediate Design upon my Virtue ; to avoid therefore a Peril which appear'd so little distant, I feigned myself soften'd by the Fervency and Sincerity of his Love, telling him, that as he had been so generous to fix his Attention on an Object so unworthy his Eminency as I was, he would permit me to dry my Tears that I might be the better able to own the Honour he was pleas'd to do me. A few Days, added I, my Lord, will suffice to efface, or at least so lessen my Sorrows that I shall recover my Rest and Strength ; and I flatter myself to have too great a Share in your Eminency's Esteem, to doubt you will refuse me so small a Request.—

Oh !

Oh ! my dear *Gertrude* ! have you never felt the Pain of soothing the Vanity of the Object of your Hatred ? You must ; for I remember you told me of giving your loathed Baron Hopes when you were most intent to deceive him by flying from his hated Pursuit.

Such was my Case ; I flatter'd most when I most hated, and gave most Hopes of acting dishonourably by myself that I might the sooner have it in my Power to secure my Honour. Flight was my own Refuge, but I knew not whither to fly or how. Yet uncertain as I was how to get away or where to go, I disssembled, in Hopes some Chance would procure me Relief. And I have often since blessed Heaven for inspiring and strengthening me to cover my Intention with Art. For if I had not, 'tis scarce dubious from the too free Language and Actions of the lewd Prelate, that he would soon have dropt the obsequious Lover for the bold Ravisher.

Some Days Respite I obtain'd by Dissimulation ; but it would not answer my Purpose unless I could get from the watchful Eyes about me. The Cardinal was seldom from me, and my Woman never ; and was it possible to escape from these, 'twas scarce so, that I could get out of the House unperceiv'd by thirty Domesticcs, of which his Eminency's Family was compos'd. I got out however, and which is more surprizing, by the Cardinal's own Consent.

I play'd the Hypocrite so artfully, that after three Days I could forbear my Sighs ; the
fourth

fourth, I could seem to be sorry for the trickling of a few Tears; the fifth, I could conquer a Smile; and the sixth, I could applaud a Love-Song of my Pursuers composing, which, on the seventh, procur'd me his Consent to go see the Curiosities of the City, accompany'd by his faithful Confident, my Woman. This was what I fought with Ardour; it was a Point I labour'd with all my Address. It was, in short, the only Means I could think of, after the maturest Reflection, to perpetrate my Design of giving the watchful Murderer the Slip.

Though I had laid the Scheme, and succeeded, of getting without the Cardinal's Gates with his own Consent, yet was I wholly undetermin'd how I should get away from him, or dispose of myself, when I should be from under his Roof. All this I left to Chance, hoping some Accident or other would facilitate the Escape I meditated, whilst I should be roaming about that ancient Metropolis of the World.

Chance then would have it, as my Governess, such I may call my Woman who attended me in this Ramble of seeming Curiosity, and I drove along, that our Coach was stopp'd by a Multitude who press'd eagerly into a new Church which stood in the Way. On Enquiry, we found that the Church had been consecrated that Morning, and that a very eminent Preacher was to preach there that Afternoon. The Occasion was too opportune, I thought, to be flipp'd; therefore desired to be set down, ordering

ordering the Coach to wait as near the Church-door as possible.

As my Maid must have had Orders to indulge my Curiosity on all reasonable Occasions, and could have no Suspicion of my Design, she readily agreed to our hearing the Sermon of so famous a Preacher. She and I set out for the Church-door, where the Throng was so great, that I told her she must be oblig'd to my Youth and Vigour for making her Way thro' the Crowd. I led the Way then and soon got out of her Sight. For, she being weak, was unable to force her Way; and her Air and Garb commanded no Complaisance from those in her Passage: Whereas, my Attire, my Youth and Size, and somewhat of Grand in my Air and Mien, procur'd me Respect and Room as I press'd to the upper End of the Church, where I found a private Door leading into a back Street, at which I issued from the Church, with a Resolution to seek for the Protection of the *French* Ambassador, if I should meet with any one to direct me to his House.

But after I had got a good Way from the Church, I considered the Noise my Affair would make in the World, should I apply to the public Minister, and that my own Reputation would be the Sacrifice of my Imprudence; therefore thought it wisest to secrete myself in some obscure Part of the Town till I could get away with Safety to my own Country. While I was thus perplex'd and uncertain how to act, I was sued to for Charity
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by a Pilgrim of my own Sex, aged, and seemingly of a discreet pious disposition.

To this good Creature I apply'd, to procure me a Place of Retreat; and she conducted me to her own Habitation, which was at quite the other end of the City; where she maintain'd an old bed-ridden Husband by the little she had given her abroad in Charity. As soon as I found myself in Safety, I address'd to my Conductress for an Exchange of Garments; which she refus'd with great Modesty, but comply'd on my telling her, that my Honour, and perhaps my Life, depended on her Courtesy. I told her, that a very great Man, and the wickedest in the World, had Designs on my Virtue; and that without a Disguise I could scarce hope to escape him. This Consideration, I verily believe, more than the Value of my Cloaths, wrought upon the good-natur'd Woman.

Being now attired in the same tatter'd Garment you see me wear at present, I set out by Night for the next Sea-port, which was *Civita-Vecchia*, where I was charitably taken on Board a *French* Ship bound to *Marseilles*. From thence, I travell'd, as soon as I landed, on my Journey to the *Netherlands*, where I propose to end my Days. And in my way had the good Fortune, my dearest Companion, to meet you, who have so generously succour'd me in my Wants.

After *Gertrude* had return'd her Fellow-traveller Thanks for the Narrative she had favour'd her with, and help'd to dry the Tears
which

which it had occasion'd, she ask'd the afflicted Fair what she intended to do when she came to *Flanders*? To which *Eleonora* reply'd, As soon as I get to *Ghent*, I design to throw myself at the Feet of my Aunt, who always lov'd me tenderly, and, I hope, will still compassionate me. All the Favour I shall beg of her is, that she will use her Interest with the Bishop to allow that I should return to a Cloyster, but not to that from whence I made my Escape.

I applaud, said *Gertrude*, the Piety of your Resolution, and think myself happy for having had it in my Power to aid towards the Completion of your Desires. But, my dear Companion, added she, you will think it, I hope, necessary to change your Garb, as I shall mine as soon as we come to *Lions*. You will travel with more Conveniency and Safety in Clothes more fitting your Condition. For my part, continu'd she, my little Vanity won't permit me to keep this my Youth and Beauty always in an Eclipse.

She was as good as her Word; for as soon as they arriv'd at *Lions*, she gave the Landlady Money to buy all Necessaries both for herself and *Eleonora*, whose Expences in the Stage-Coach to *Paris*, and on all other Occasions, she defray'd with the utmost Chearfulness.

In their Journey to *Paris*, in which they pass'd for Sisters, they had the Luck to captivate the Hearts of an old Admiral and a young Captain of Man of War, who travell'd up with them in the Stage in their way from *Toulon* to Court. The Flag, tho' past his grand Climacteric

materic, had the Weakness to fix his Attention on *Gertrude*; and whether it was that the youthful Seaman really liked *Eleonora* best, or would not rival his Commander out of Deference to him, he seem'd thoroughly sensible of her Charms. And, to do her Justice, tho' she was older than *Gertrude*, and had suffer'd more Hardships, she was not less desirèable in her Person, tho' much more serious and reserv'd.

Gertrude, tho' she had an utter Abhorrence to old Men ever since the Addresses of the antiquated Beau, the Baron; yet she so humour'd the old Admiral's Passion, during the Journey, that he thought himself secure of her Heart, and the happiest of Mortals; for the old Fool took it in his Head to be really in Love. But *Eleonora* behaved in a quite different Manner towards her youthful Lover, who, from a wild and lustful young Man, became a Convert to her Virtue and good Sense.

This forward young Fellow, urg'd his Suit so passionately, and with so little decent Reserve, that *Eleonora* found herself under a Necessity of exerting herself in order to take him down. Sir, said she to him, While I thought you made Love to amuse yourself, and forget the Fatigues of the Journey, I forgave your Youth and Inexperience, or rather your Education on the boisterous Element you were bred to, which would not permit you to see the Error of amusing yourself at the Expence of another. But since you assume the Air of Seriousness, allow me, Sir, in my turn to be serious likewise. If your Passion

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be real and honourable, I pity your want of Sense, who fix your Heart on a Stranger to you, who, for any thing you know, might be unworthy of the Honour you design'd her. And if your Designs be not strictly virtuous, what Epithet shall I find for your Baseness, who would ensnare one whose Behaviour has betray'd no Levity or Immodesty. For shame, Sir, added she, give not a Loose to your vicious Passions, but rather restrain them before they get the Better of your Virtue and good Sense. Could you delude me from my Virtue, what could you propose by the Conquest? Would the undoing a virtuous young Woman add to your Glory? Should you be the happier for being the Author of my Unhappiness? or do you think that your own Fame would rise by sinking mine? Why shall Chastity and Modesty in our Sex be so estimable in the Eyes of your's, and yet be so industrious to sully those Gems you so much admire? Believe me, Sir, continued she, there are no such Charms in Vice as should induce a reasonable Being to prefer it to Virtue, which has as surely Honour and Wisdom for its Companions, as the former is ever accompanied by Dishonour and Folly, and by gnawing Remorse.

In fine, her Reprimand had so good Effect on the young Seaman, that he became thoroughly her Convert. He not only desisted from his distastful Importunities during the rest of the Journey, but own'd that her Discourse had made such an Impression on his Mind as he

he was sure would be of infinite Use to him in the future Conduct of his Life. Such is the Divine Force of Virtue, that she often triumphs most when she seems most in Danger, and conquers surest when she seems most liable to be subdued. Virtue is ever accompany'd with Charms and Power; but she is irresistible when she directs a female Breast. Advice from the Fair sinks deep into the Mind of Man; even Correction from them displeases not; whereas it oftener sours and stiffens than sweetens and bends when it comes from the more robust Sex. Woman, in her Youth, bears despotic Sway: Even in her Decline she borrows from Tears and Sighs what Power she might have been stript of by Age. So that in any State of her Life, Woman might reform the World would she turn her Attention to the Amendment of Man and her own Happiness.—But wishing that the most beautiful Part of the Creation may always direct their Power to virtuous Purposes, we will return to our fair Adventurers.

Eleonora, impatient to be at her Convent, where she purpos'd to spend her Life in Austerity as an Atonement for her criminal Evasion from it, could not be persuaded by *Gertrude* to make any Stay at *Paris*. She would see neither Company nor Diversions the few Days she staid for the *Brussels* Coach, so bent was she to quit all the Vanities of the World. All her Actions were accompany'd with a Spirit of Piety and Edification; all her Thoughts were bent upon inculcating Notions of Virtue;

insomuch, that in taking Leave of her Benefactress and Companion *Gertrude*, she could not refrain lamenting, the being oblig'd to leave behind her one of her Youth and Innocence in so vicious a Town as *Paris*. She set before *Gertrude* in the most pathetic manner, the Danger incident to Beauty and Youth, even when under the Eyes of Parents and Relations, and the far more imminent Perils that attend a Life unincumbred and unrestrain'd by paternal Authority. She therefore would advise her to quit that Metropolis, and chuse a less perilous and more retired Abode.

But her Arguments had not Weight with *Gertrude*, who, tho' strictly virtuous, was by Nature too mercurial and gay, to lay any Restraint on what she call'd her innocent Passions; not considering that few or none are strictly so, and that if they are soothed in the least, they are not easily quell'd. 'Tis with the Passions as with Lovers, they grow upon Licence and become at last too obstinate to be repell'd; whereas if kept under an easy Subjection, they continue subservient to the End of Life. How often have the youthful Fair been seduc'd and dishonour'd under the Guise of Love? but have they ever been so but when they have permitted early, tho' perhaps trivial and innocent, Liberties to their Lovers? Would young Ladies reflect more maturely on their own Power and the dire Consequences that daily attend the non-exertion of it in the first Dawn of Courtship, they would have less

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to fear from the Arts and Wiles of their Temp-
ters and Undoers.

Eleonora retired to the *Ursuline* Nuns at *Ghent*, with Leave of the Bishop, who left her the Choice of the Monastery she would retire to. And there she led a most austere and exemplary Life, while *Gertrude* bent her Thoughts wholly on the Enjoyment of such Pleasures as became her new Transformation.

Gertrude was, for some Days after the Departure of her Companion, undetermin'd how to dispose of herself. She would sometimes have squeamish Thoughts of retiring to a Convent till the Return of her Lover from *Maltha*. But her natural Vivacity was such as would not permit her to dwell long on so disagreeable a Subject as that of Confinement of any kind, to which she had an insurmountable Aversion. And yet she was convinc'd of the Danger of continuing in the great World for one of her Sex and Youth. Besides, she was apprehensive of being known by some Chance for what she was, and so be obliged to return to her Father.

These different Thoughts ingross'd her Mind for some Days. She could not resolve to retire from the World, and yet dreaded the Perils that attended the remaining in it. But her heart inclining rather to stay in than quit the Public, she embrac'd a Scheme dictated by her Inclination, which she judg'd would secure her Virtue at the same time that she might indulge her natural Fancy to Gaiety and Pleasures. This

was to disguise herself in Man's Cloaths. Happy to have hit on so hopeful a Project, it was no sooner form'd than executed. A Taylor was immediately sent for, to whom she spoke thus : Sir, I have a Brother in the Country so resembling me in Size and Shape, that he insists I shall have three Suits of Cloaths made for him by my Measure. I leave you the Choice of the Stuffs and Trimmings, but desire the whole may be of the newest and most elegant Taste. But the particular Favour I expect is, that you will dispatch, because a Conveniency offers just now of sending them by a secure Hand. Madam, reply'd the Taylor, you shall be served to the Time, and in the Tip of the Mode. For I am too well acquainted with the effeminate Taste of our young Generation of Men not to gratify it. It would be hard, if I, who work for Fops more than any Man in *Paris*, should not know how to tickle the Vanity of a young Provincial Beau.

The Tradesman, who was one of Humour and Penetration, saw into her Design, and was very arch in his taking measure of her, but with so great Modesty and Deference, that she could not be offended at his impertinent Mirth. But what confirmed her that he suspected she had bespoke Cloaths for herself, was, that on her pressing him warmly to be careful in the Choice of Lace ; he reply'd, Madam, since I am to fit your Brother by your Measure, be assured that you yourself shall not be more elegantly or compleatly clothed.

Gertrude,

Gertrude, intending to quit that Quarter of the Town as soon as she should be equipt, little heeded what the Taylor thought. She bespoke Linnen and every other Part of Man's Dress under the same Pretence of having a Brother in the Country, which pass'd well enough, and was unnotic'd in the Family: But when she came to bespeak Shoes, she found it necessary to alter her Tone, it being very improbable that Shoes made by her Measure would fit a Brother older than herself. Every Day's Experience added to her Assurance; and having no Measures to keep with those she laid out her Money with, she at last made very little Mystery of her Intention to see the World in Breeches.

To her Landlady indeed, she thought it proper to colour the Matter, fearing she might be traced to those first Lodgings by the Assiduity of her Father or rather of her old Lover, the Baron. Therefore as soon as she was dress'd in her new Apparel, she sent for the Landlady, who was of the gayer Sort, saying, Madam, you seem surpriz'd at the Change of my Dress, but when you know that I am but return'd to my proper Garb, your Wonder will cease to make Way for your Pity. It has been my Misfortune, from my earliest Youth, to be oblig'd to wear a Disguise. Family Reasons laid me under that fatal Necessity. But, thank Heaven, the Case is chang'd, and I am soon to return to my Relations in my natural Dress.

After this little Tale, she affected to make Love to the Hostess, thinking with herself that

she should soon have Occasion to practise the Trade of Love-making, and that she could not do it more privately or innocently. But the Landlady, who probably took her for what she appear'd to be, seem'd so sensible of the Honour she did her, that the Sham-Lover had enough to do to disentangle herself. The Confusion which this little diverting Scene gave to *Gertrude* at her first setting out, made her ever after more reserv'd to her own Sex, tho' we shall see that few were better qualify'd for Intrigue.

After she left these first Lodgings, she shifted three or four times, and fix'd at last at the Hotel of *Picardy* near the Opera, where we shall see her embark'd in many new Adventures, and always behaving with Skill and Address. Her first Care was to seek out for an honest and sensible Fellow to serve her in the Quality of a Valet de Chambre; but determin'd not to trust him with the Secret of her Disguise. And such a one was recommended to her by an *English* Nobleman, who lodg'd in the same Hotel, and was then just setting out for his own Country.

It was happy for *Gertrude* that that young expensive Foreigner was call'd away soon after their Acquaintance. For in the little Time he stay'd, which did not exceed a Month, he had so harass'd *Gertrude* with Pleasures, and so exhausted her Purse, by keeping equal Pace with him in his Profuseness, that, had he stay'd much longer, she must be doubly undone.

By the excessive Profuseness of the *English*, out of their own Country, one would think
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that they take a Pride in being more ridiculous than any other Nation in *Europe*. I don't know whether they are better Oeconomists at home than abroad ; but certain I am, that most of them fling away their Money abroad without either Relish or Meaning. We will suppose the *English* to be a rich Nation ; but is it because a Man is richer than his Neighbour, that he shall have the Privilege of making a worse Figure in Life, or enjoying it with less Satisfaction ? Do the Individuals of other Nations go into a large Expence in their Travels, who enjoy the Satisfaction of being taken Notice of and distinguish'd by the Gay and Polite wherever they go ? But the Expence of an *Englishman* is chiefly confin'd to his Palate, which endears him, not even to those who may participate of his Profusion.

We are not to forget that *Gertrude* came away from home with only the three hundred *Louis d'ors* which her Lover had receiv'd from her Father, and such few Jewels as his Avarice would permit him to allow her for the Adornment of her Person. What with the Expence of her Journey, her Apparel, and the Profusion of her *English* Acquaintance, he was not gone above ten Days, when she was forced to have Recourse to her Jewels, all her Stock of Money being gone. She would have kept her Necessity a Secret from her Servant, but *Grosbois* (so was her Valet call'd) had liv'd with too many young Spendthrifts not to guess at the Emptiness of her Exchequer.

Sir, said this discerning Domestic to her one Day as he was dressing her Hair, you young Gentlemen that come out of the Country, think it will never be Day. But, Sir, this little *Paris*, this Gulf of Pleasure and Vice, soon brings them to the Bottom of their Pockets. I am afraid, continued he, you begin to experience this Truth. My late Master set you the Example, and you follow'd the expensive Pattern. Now, Sir, if you won't take it amiss, let me intreat you'll follow his Example, in quitting this expensive Town before you are expos'd in it. You are young, and did not perceive the Error of your Conduct ; nor don't see, perhaps, the fatal Consequences of attempting to support an Expence when your Money is gone. But I have had a long Experience of these Matters, and 'tis therefore that I conjure you, in Compassion to your Youth and Innocence, to get away as fast as you can. You are not as yet much in Debt, wherefore your Evasion will make no great Noise. But should you stay much longer, you may find it difficult to take Leave of your Creditors.

Gertrude, who had her private Reasons to remain where there was least Chance of her being known or found out by her Father, thank'd *Grosbois* for his Friendship, but let him know she could not determine to quit *Paris*. Well, Sir, reply'd the Servant, since you won't leave this City, it must be consider'd how you can remain in it with Honour and Ease. With Honour, said *Gertrude*, I am
resolv'd

resolv'd to live here and every where else ; but am afraid shall want your Assistance to live here with Ease. You need not, Sir, reply'd *Grosbois*, you have it every Hour in your own Power to mend your Fortune, and live with Comfort and Satisfaction. How, said *Gertrude*, I know nothing of the Arts of Gamesters, much less of the Intrigues of Ministers and Courts, therefore can't conceive how it is in my Power to mend my Fortune, unless it be by the Fair, whom I shall have as little to do with as I can.

But, Sir, said *Grosbois*, your Youth prevents your seeing that such a young *Adonis* as you are may alter your Condition for the better without having much to say to the Ladies. I guess you are not much in Love with Shackles any more than most of your young Beaux are ; but, Sir, need a Man proclaim all his Aversions ? Provided, said *Gertrude*, whom we shall call *Granville* for the future, the Name she assum'd when she chang'd Apparel, there be no Matrimony in the Case, I don't care if I follow your Advice. How am I to proceed ; or where am I to attack. But in the very next Apartment, Sir, said *Grosbois* ; and your Approaches must be by the Sap ; a far surer Way of becoming Master of the Fortress than by Storm.

The amiable *Granville* was but too sensible of the Truth of his Servant's Advice ; for a young rich Widow Lady, about Twenty-three, who occupied the next Apartment to his, had made him large Advances in vain ever since

he was her Neighbour. But the Case was now chang'd; his Treasure was exhausted, and he could neither gain upon himself to lessen his Expence or quit the Town. Therefore some Way must be found to support his Profusion; and none so feasible as by means of the fair *Dormina*, the wealthy Widow.

Resolved then to try his Fortune in the Lottery of Love, he made the Widow a Visit, at which he acted the Lover to the utmost Perfection. How charm'd was *Dormina*; how attentive to the Professions of one that seem'd hitherto insensible to her Charms; how yielding to an Object she had set her Heart upon ever since she had the first View of him? In fine, he found no Resistance in this first Visit, had Leave to come when he wou'd, and a Prospect of succeeding in the Point in View, which was the Recruit of his Exchequer.

After a few Visits, *Granville's* Passion seem'd to grow, but then a certain Pensiveness grew up also with it, which gave the innocent Widow great Uneasiness. She watch'd all her Lover's Looks and Motions to anticipate his Desires if possible; and urg'd him so earnestly to impart to her the Cause of his Disquiet, that he could no longer keep the Secret of his Disappointments, occasion'd by a late Strife among his Relations.

Why, Sir, said *Dormina* to *Granville*, wou'd you stoop to an Uneasiness of Mind on account of the Dissension of your Family, which deprives you of the Support you expected from them, since you command a Fortune that sets you

you above all Necessity. Ah! Monsieur *Granville*, was you so unjust to suspect I would not put you in Possession of my Fortune when you had made a Conquest of my Heart? Cruel Man! to think I set greater Value on my Wealth than Love! At these Words she quitted him abruptly, leaving him in doubt whether or no she forgave him the having no greater Confidence in her Generosity. But, soon returning with a large Casket, containing Gold, Jewels, Actions in the *India* Company's Stock, and Banker's Notes, to the Amount of an hundred thousand Crowns, which she threw into his Lap; he was soon convinc'd that she was in full Charity with him.

After she had oblig'd him to examine the Casket, she took him by the Hand, saying, Monsieur *Granville*, this is but part of a Fortune which I wish to commit to your Management. I beseech you to take it into your Care. But, *Granville*, who guess'd what taking a Lady's Fortune into a Man's Care meant, refused to charge himself with the Casket, saying, it was in safer Hands; and that had he such a Treasure, he would intreat her to take it into her Care. He commanded however as much of it as he pleas'd; and continued so to do for some Months.

But the Widow at last, anxious that her Lover, though passionately amorous, neither propos'd Marriage to her, nor seem'd to have more dishonourable Views, resolv'd to press him to a Conclusion of what he must have intended by making her his Addressee. In this
View,

View, she told him one Afternoon, that she was soon to be persecuted by a provincial Lover, whom she could not love, though he was rich, noble, amiable in Person, and bright in his Parts. Before I left the Country, said she, I had a Heart to dispose of, yet could not resolve to bestow it on Monsieur *de Coulan*, who seem'd every way worthy of it. But since I am come hither, I am fallen so low as to have resign'd it even before it was sought. If you mean me, Madam, said *Granville*, you do me an Injustice. I have sought your Heart with Ardour; and glory in having received it in exchange of mine. That Exchange, said *Dormina*, means an Union, which ill becomes my Sex to be the first to mention.

At these Words, which were too plain to be misunderstood, *Granville* thought it necessary to explain himself in the following Manner. That sacred Union, Madam, said he, was always my Intention; but the unhappy Divisions in my Family prevented my making you the Proposal in form. I thought it would be ungenerous to bring you into a distracted Family, believing it more consistent with Prudence, and even with Love, to postpone the Completion of my Happiness till I could dispose of myself with the Consent of all my Kindred. My last Letters, continued he, give me hopes that a general Calm among my Relation is at hand; and then, my dearest Widow, said he, embracing *Dormina*, thou shalt be a Wife again.

Though

Though these Words were spoke too freely and ludicrously to come from the Heart, yet so blinded was the Widow by her Passion, that she either could nor, or would not see into the Evasions of her Lover. She still fed his Extravagance with unmeasur'd Liberality, not doubting of the Performance of his Promise. But several Months elapsing, and no Likelihood that the Diffension of *Granville's* Family would cease, the Cause that seem'd to obstruct the Nuptials, *Dormina* grew impatient and peevish, as disappointed Lovers usually do. In one of these unequal Fits she quarrel'd with *Granville*; and even forbad him her Presence. A melancholy Sentence for one that stood in constant Want of his Mistress's Liberality, because his Generosity would not permit him to misuse the Power she gave him over his Fortune.

He took his Leave in great Form, imagining that Indifference would work his Reconciliation sooner than Submission; but for once the Pride of the Sex got the better of Love; for the Widow stood it out like a Heroine; and for a Month would receive neither Message nor Letter from her Lover.

In this Interval, *Granville's* last Supply of Money being exhausted, and being press'd by some urgent Creditors, his Servant *Grosbois*, took the Liberty to expostulate with him on this present Situation. Sir, said he, you would not believe me till 'tis too late. I told you you would push the Widow's Patience too far; and that slighted Love, turns to Malice and Rage.

But

But *Grosbois*, said *Granville*, why should the Widow suppose herself slighted by one who constantly entertain'd her on the Subject of his Passion? A Fiddle of your Passion, reply'd *Grosbois*. Do you think that all Ladies love whipt Cream? Simple Words may go down for a while with your green-fruit Girls; but to sob off a Widow so.—In short, Sir, continued *Grosbois*, if you would replenish your Treasury, if you would be easy and happy, reconcile yourself to *Dormina*, and make her your Wife; for I don't suppose she intends any thing else.

If she did, said *Granville*, I have too many Obligations to her to harbour a dishonourable Thought of her. *Grosbois*, continued he, I have so strong an Antipathy to Confinement, that I can't for my Soul gain on myself to marry, though my Circumstances require it. And, Sir, said *Grosbois*, are you in good earnest? Won't you marry the Widow? I won't, reply'd *Granville*; and which is worse, I can't. Then, Sir, said *Grosbois*, I hope you won't take it amiss if I tell you in my Turn that I will live no longer with you, because if I should, I must starve with you; therefore, Sir, continued he, I insist that you give me a Discharge this Instant; as for my Wages, I will trust to your Generosity till you are in an Humour to correspond more with the Advances made you by the Goddess Fortune.

On *Grandville's* finding his Servant determin'd to quit him unless he married the Widow, he thought proper to make him a Confident, sooner than part from him. By confiding

ing to him the Secret of his Disguise, he might aid towards disingaging him with Honour, and still filling his Purse; and without his Art and Address he could not hope to support the Figure he made. These Considerations induced *Granville* to acquaint his Valet with the History of his Life.

But how astonish'd was *Grosbois* to hear that he had been above nine Months in the Service of a young Lady; how concern'd, that all his Views on *Javotte*, the Widow's favourite Maid, were now vanish'd? Sir, said he, or Madam, which suits you best, as you have honour'd me with your Secrets, 'tis but just that I let you into mine. You love out of Policy, but I love in downright earnest. In fact, *Javotte* has found the Way to my Heart, and I shall be miserable if I have her not. The Gipsy is virtuous, and won't be mine but on honourable Terms; and withal she is Mistress of five hundred Crowns, besides being a Favourite with her Lady. Judge, Sir, how melancholy a Prospect I have before me.

But why, said *Granville*, should you despair of marrying *Javotte*, though I am incapable of marrying her Mistress? Could you contrive reconciling me to the Widow, I'll take upon me to procure her Consent to your Nuptials. *Grosbois* elated with the Prospect in view, promised to attempt bringing about, by means of *Javotte*, a Reconciliation of such absolute Necessity for his Master in his present Circumstances; and succeeded so well, that *Javotte*
deli-

deliver'd him the following Letter for his Master the next Morning :

I blush to think that I am fate down to make one of your Sex the first Advances of a Reconciliation. But alas ! I suffer too much by your Absence, not to invite you to come and justify yourself. You'll easily be able to convince a Heart already prejudic'd in your Favour ; for if I am contented to be deciev'd, you may believe it won't cost you much Pains to prove you innocent of the Inconstancy I charg'd you with. Ah ! Granville, if you love, you know that Jealousy and Love are inseparable Companions ; nor will your Love abate by having your Truth doubted by her you love.

Already, Sir, said *Grosbois*, you see that Fortune designs to smile once more upon you ; and there are but two things requir'd of you, in order to keep her in good Humour. The first is, that you artfully counterfeit the Lover, which I should think won't be difficult for a Daughter of *Eve*, though she may find it extremely so to keep her own Secret, which is the second Injunction exacted by Dame Fortune. Should the Widow know of your Sex, be assured, that neither *Javotte*, nor the Pope himself, would be able to keep her within the Bounds of Moderation. Therefore if at any time you find the Woman getting the better of you, remember the Cries of your Creditors, and the Emptiness of your Treasury.

Granville,

Granville, thoroughly instructed by his more experienc'd Valet, went to wait of the passionate Widow, whom he found laid along upon a Couch, with one Hand supporting her Head, and the other wiping the Tears which trickled from her bright Eyes. Tho' she saw him approach, she was unable to rise to meet him as she wished to do, nor was she more Mistress of her Tongue than of her Strength. In this motionless Condition *Dormina* saw her Lover at her Feet, unable to raise him up, or chide him for his Inconstancy, as she intended, to atone for the Unreservedness of her Letter.

Though *Granville* must be sensible of his Conquest, he thought it necessary to beg Forgiveness in form, and therefore taking hold of one of *Dormina's* Hands, he said, Madam, behold the wretchedest of Men and the unhappiest of Lovers, who comes to submit to whatever Punishment you shall think proper to inflict upon him for such Crimes as you may have thought him guilty of. Inconstancy is the Crime you alledge against me; but was I guilty of it, I myself wou'd be my own Judge as well as you; and more, I would be my own Executioner too. Was I inconstant by Nature as I am not, your Beauty would fix me, or if that would not, your Generosity certainly would. Ingratitude is a Vice my Soul abhors, and I could not be inconstant without being ingrateful; therefore, Madam, as I shou'd desire to die if I had been guilty, and wish to die if you think me so, I conjure you to pierce
this

this Heart, if you still think it false ; or if the natural Timidity of your Sex should obstruct your shedding Blood, point but where you would have this Sword enter, and I will be the Priest and Victim too, for any desire of yours shall ever be a Law to me. Ah ! how happy should I think myself to expire at your Feet !

The Widow, who was in Rapture probably, and wish'd to continue her Extacy though she should be deceiv'd, looking at her Lover with Eyes brim full of Tears, said, Wou'd to Heaven that your Tongue and Heart did correspond ; for *Granville*, you know it but too surely, you are dear to your *Dormina*. But can I, without exposing an unpardonable Weakness, believe Professions that mean nothing ? How many Months are pass'd since you promis'd an eternal Union of Persons, as well as Hearts ? How many more would you take before you accomplish your Vow ? How wretched is my Station, to be thus obliged to sue to your Sex ; but let me not conceal that I die if you don't take Pity of my Sufferings. Cruel Love ! how partial to subject the Innocent to your Laws, and allow the Guilty to escape ; at least be just, and either free me from your Yoke, or let my *Granville* feel the Weight of it as I do.

Here was poor *Granville*, or rather *Gertrude's* Fortitude put to the Test ; he saw the Widow's Passion rising to a Flame, which might drive her to some dangerous Excess ; and therefore to prevent the Consequences of slight-
ed,

ed, inrag'd Love, he judg'd it necessary to temporize for the present, hoping some lucky Accident would help to disintangle him from the Perplexity he had brought upon himself. He said to her then, Madam, since you are pleas'd no longer to leave me in doubt concerning your generous Intentions for me, permit me to assure you that I shall promote our mutual Happiness with such Expedition as the warmest Love can invent. Instead of Months I shall take but Days to settle my Affairs. And though they are in some Disorder at present, I hope to be able to set them right in the Course of next Week.

And is it nothing else but the Settlement of your Affairs, said *Dormina* in a Transport, that prevents our mutual Happiness? Take, my dear *Granville*, as much of my Fortune as will make you easy; take it all; 'tis yours; you can't suppose me incapable of detaining my Fortune from you, who am so impatient to put you in Possession of myself? Ah! how happy should I think myself, if I were sure that there was no other Impediment to our Nuptials? Here again, on *Granville* assuring her that in eight days he would answer all her Hopes and his own, she cry'd out in a Transport, thou delight of my Soul! take all the Gold in this Casket; 'tis little short of ten thousand Crowns. Take it, my *Granville*, and discharge those Incumbrances which the Unkindness of your Family might have oblig'd you to contract. I have an Aunt will be in Town to Night, who brings me a far greater Sum from my Tenants,

it shall be all at your Service. And even my Bills, Jewels, and Actions you may command. And may I, said she in a doleful Tone, depend upon your Honour? Reflect on the Baseness of deceiving a Woman of Fashion, one that doats on you, and one whom Love had oblig'd to own her Weakness. And reflect on the Danger of Misbehaving to a Woman of Spirit; for *Granville*, as much as I love you, I can see the Injury of being abused and deceived. I have inform'd all my Relations of your Professions, and was I willing to forgive your Perjury, was I Idiot enough to put up with such Perfidy, be assured they would not. My Aunt in particular, who comes purposely to give me away, would move Heaven and Earth to revenge my Wrongs.—But, my dear *Granville*, I won't doubt your Honour, I won't doubt your Love. Nature would never be at so great Pain to adorn your Outside, if it had not before-hand stamp'd Virtue upon your Heart.

Poor *Granville* found the Play grow more serious than he design'd, but being still of Opinion that gaining time was gaining the Game, he made the Widow fresh and warm Professions of Love, vowing eternal Faith, and repeating his Determination of celebrating the Nuptials within the Week. As he took leave, *Dormina* pressed him to accept of the Gold, of which, by much Persuasion, he took a hundred Louisdors.

And though he stood in much need of this Sum of Money to silence the Clamour of his Creditors, he was as yet unresolv'd whether

to apply it to that Use, or employ it to seek his, or rather her, dear *de Lunel* at *Maltha*. She had meditated this Voyage some time before, being in Pain for her Lover from whom she heard not, though she wrote to him as soon as she arrived at *Paris*. This Journey was now become the more necessary, that there was no other apparent Method of avoiding the Pursuit of the Widow and her Family, without divulging the Secret of his Disguise.

Distracted in his Mind, and divided in his Thoughts what step to take, he retires from *Dormina* to advise with his Valet *Grosbois*, who had a prolific Brain, and had sworn never to abandon him. In going to *Maltha*, he was afraid he might disgust *de Lunel*, should he be living; few Men liking to be pursued, and most of them abating in their Love, as Women advanc'd with too undecent Eagerness. But as of two Evils the least is to be chosen, he thought it less hazardous to attempt the Voyage than remain exposed to the Fury of an enraged, disappointed Woman, or be oblig'd to discover his Sex.

Thus partly determin'd, he hopes to be fortified in his Resolution by the Approbation of *Grosbois*, who meets him in the Way with a Letter in his Hand, and Joy in his Looks. Sir, said he, as none of your Friends or Relations know of your Disguise, or of the Name you assumed, I must suppose this Packet to come from your Lover, whom you desired to direct to you under cover to Monsieur *Granville*, whom you mention'd as your particular Friend.

Granville,

Granville broke open the Seal with Impatience, and seeing *de Lunel's* Name swoon'd away with Excess of Joy. But soon recovering, he read to his faithful *Grosbois* the two following Letters, one to *Granville*, the other for *Gertrude*.

To Monsieur GRANVILLE.

S I R,

I scarce know whether my Impatience to throw myself at the Feet of my adorable Gertrude be greater than that of assuring you of my Gratitude for your generous Care of her. She mentions you to me with the highest Esteem; and though a Stranger, permit me to intreat you will believe that none of your Acquaintance will go greater Lengths to cultivate and continue your Friendship and Esteem. You will double the Obligation I lie under to you already, in delivering the inclos'd to the lovely Object, whose Captive I am proud to proclaim myself to all the World, and particularly to you who have been no less warm and sincere in Friendship than I in Love.

To GERTRUDE.

Whether I consider, my lovely Gertrude, your heroic Fortitude, or Sufferings for my Sake, I am equally charm'd and affected. Charm'd, my dear Wanderer, with the Generosity of your Resolution in your Adversity, and affected with the Thoughts of the Hardship you must have undergone. Oh! my Gertrude! you have been more acquainted than I with bodily Pain, but not more with that of the Mind, though I knew not till I receiv'd

receiv'd your Letter of your being forced from your cruel Father's House. I could form no Idea of your being driven to such a Height of Despair by the Author of your Being; but dreaded he would lead you a less easy Life than I wish'd the sole Object of my Wishes. This Thought produced Racks and Pangs unfelt but by Lovers, and unfelt by me till I saw you. But, oh, Gods! how much more would my Anxiety be, had I known of yours? I don't think I could outlive the Reflection of your Sufferings, had you not at the same time inform'd me of the useful Friendship of Monsieur Granville, who, you say, stands you in the Room of a Parent and Guardian. I have flown on the swift Wings of Love, my Gertrude, to oblige him to resign his Trust; and should be with you as early as my Letter, if I was not oblig'd to keep your Father Company, who brings you a Heart as kind and relenting, as it has been heretofore obdurate and unnatural.

Granville now being at the Eve of a Release from his Engagements with *Dormina*, who was no longer so frightful and dangerous as she appear'd to him some few Moments before, he return'd back to her with glad Tidings of a general Peace and Harmony among his Relations, and with having their Consents to indulge his Love. And while he was still lock'd in the Widow's Arms, who caught him up in a Transport of Joy, the Aunt, *Olimpia*, was shown into the Apartment where this amorous Scene was acting. Ah! Madam,

N

said

said *Dormina* on seeing her Aunt, your Virtue may censure the Conduct of a Niece you brought up and love, but am sure your Affection, and let me add your good Sense, will plead in her Behalf. If you have seen me clasping, rather than clasp'd in my Lover's Arms, condemn me not before you hear the Cause. It was but that Instant that my faithful *Granville* fill'd my Soul with the joyous News of his Father's consenting to our Nuptials, and being upon the Road to be a Witness of our Bliss.

Ollimpia, who 'tis to be presumed had been no Stranger in her Time to the Power of Love, smil'd at the Excuse, and embrac'd her Niece with great Tendernefs, who presented her *Granville*; saying, My dear Aunt, this is the Lover I wrote you of; this is he of whose Slowness I complain'd; but receive him now as a Man of Honour, whose Prudence kept pace with his Love, to make it the more durable and lasting. *Granville* was receiv'd by *Ollimpia* with great Politeness, but with a certain Reserve, which shew'd she was not altogether as much taken with him as her Niece; which he observing, he doubled his Assiduity and Professions to *Dormina* all Supper-time, that he might wear off the Prejudice he suppos'd the Aunt had entertain'd of him for being less expeditious than became a passionate Lover, as he profess'd himself to be.

As soon as he was retir'd to his own Apartment, *Ollimpia* ask'd her Niece, If she knew any thing of the Family, whose consent to her
 Lover's

Lover's Marriage, had given her so uncommon Joy; and on her answering in the Negative, she said, My dear Niece, I came away as soon as you inform'd me that you doubted not of the Faith of your Lover, and that the Day for the Celebration of your Nuptials would be fixt as soon as I appear'd. But, *Dormina*, I little thought that one of your Experience would proceed such Lengths, without knowing the Man you rely'd upon, and the Family you ally'd with. One might forgive a Girl entering into her Teens, to throw away herself upon a smooth face and beardless Chin, but really, my dear, one would expect a more prudent Conduct from a Woman of your Knowledge and Years. I can't for my Life see what this Youth has in him to render him so extremely charming in the Eyes of a Woman of Sense. I own he is fair and handsome, but so is a Baby whom he resembles more than Man. He is sprightly, and wants no Wit; but 'tis easily perceiv'd that he has seen but little of the World, and knows as little of Books.

If you would, continued *Ollimpia*, please only the Eye, this green Stripling may be to your Taste; but would you gratify your Ear and Understanding, Monsieur *de Coulan*'s Address should give you greater Pleasure, as that administer'd by Reason is more refin'd than any other. But what are your Objections to your first Admirer? Monsieur *de Coulan* lov'd you before your Marriage, was contented to take you with the small Fortune you then had, and

would have had you if your Friends had not a Proposal made to them by your late Husband, who was far richer. You know Monsieur *de Coulan* to be as worthy a Man as lives; he is in good Circumstances, is of an ancient and honourable Stock, and is no older than a Man should be, whom a prudent Woman should chuse for a Guardian and Companion.

I know all you say, reply'd *Dormina*, to be true. Monsieur *de Coulan* answers your Description of him. He is never here, but I am charm'd with his Conversation. But, dear Aunt, spight of my Reason, I find myself more inclin'd to please the Eye than the Ear, tho' I should break my Heart. I own my Weakness, but can't help myself. Besides, 'tis now too late, my Word is past; and, which is more, my Heart is irrecoverably engag'd. Therefore, if you would oblige me, oppose not my Happiness, but promote it all in your Power.

The Aunt seeing it vain to attempt obstructing the Resolution of her Niece, propos'd the sending for Monsieur *de Coulan*, who she doubted not would have the good Nature to see that the Contract of Marriage was drawn up properly. The old Lady had a double View in making this Proposal. *De Coulan*, by his Address, might find some Means to break off, or at least protract the Marriage: Or, if it must be, he would inspect the Articles, and settle them for the Security of her Niece. It was, it is true, urging a Lover too far, and trespassing too much on his good Nature, but we are to suppose that *Olimpia* look'd upon that
that

that Gentleman to be one of your staid reasonable Lovers, who could bear the Slights of a Mistress that had never openly declared for him.

Dormina, willing to gratify her Aunt, who held *de Coulan* in the highest Esteem, readily agreed that he should be sent for, not in the least solicitous whether he would be pleas'd or displeas'd with the Commission which *Ollimpia* was inclin'd to give him. He came accordingly at the Hour appointed, little satisfy'd with the Errand he came about, or the uncommon Liberties which he saw *Granville* take with *Dormina*.

Granville, who hourly expected *de Lunel* to come to his Relief, push'd on his Suit more ardently than ever, and urg'd the Celebration of the Nuptials with so great Eagerness, that the Aunt could not help telling him, that his Slowness for the Time past, and his Eagerness at present had something too mysterious to be over look'd. To which he answer'd partly ; Madam, 'tis so long since you were of an Age to love, that you forget the Impatience of Lovers. As few of either Sex care to be tax'd with old Age, *Ollimpia* reddend at this Sarcasm, and would have vented her Spleen in a Language *Granville* would have no Reason to like, if *de Coulan* had not interposed with his usual Candour and good Sense.

While Monsieur *de Coulan* was yet employing all his Oratory to pacify *Ollimpia* on one hand, and *Granville* on the other, who affected being greatly out of Temper on account of

some slighting Expressions dropt from the Aunt, young *de Lunel* was introduc'd by *Grosbeis*, of whom he inquir'd for *Granville*, who was to shew him to his beloved *Gertrude*. *De Lunel*, who knew his Mistress under her Disguise, was just going to clasp her in his Arms, when she made him a Sign, invisible to the rest of the Company, not to make so early a Discovery of her Sex. He presently obey'd, believing there was some Mystery she was willing to unriddle her own Way. But in turning his Eyes from *Gertrude*, how confus'd was he to find his Uncle of the Company? for such was *de Coulan*. He ran to throw himself at his Feet, which *de Coulan* prevented, saying, Nephew, you are come from *Maltha*, 'tis true, without my Knowledge; but as you never gave me the least Room to suspect your Probity and good Sense, I will suppose you had weighty Reasons for your late Conduct, till I am convinc'd to the contrary.

How few Parents, for *de Coulan* stood in the Room of one *de Lunel*, would not consult the first Emotions of their Rage and Passion, on seeing a Youth return'd from a Place, where his Honour and Duty call'd him to stay? But that Gentleman kept his Passions in too great Subordination, to be hurry'd into any such extreme as most Men rush into. How happy would the World be, if Men would study more the Government of their Passions! How happy would Man himself be in subduing himself? And yet how easy would
he

he find the Task, difficult as it seems, did he but once begin in earnest? Let a Man or Woman but resolve to lay some Restraint upon their Passions every Day; and, my Life! the whole will be subdued by little and little.

While the Uncle and Nephew were engag'd in Discourse, *Granville* took the Opportunity of retiring to his own Apartment, telling the Widow in her Ear, he would fetch that which should explain the Mystery her Aunt seem'd to see in his present Eagerness and late Dilatoriness. At going by *de Lunel* he beckon'd to him to follow, which he did as soon as he could disengage himself from the Uncle

Monfieur de Coulan, now alone with the Ladies, apply'd himself first to *Ollimpia*, seemingly disapproving of her Treatment to *Granville*; and next to *Dormina* affectedly approving of her Choice. To the first he said, Madam, I see no Mystery in the young Gentleman's present Eagerness, any more than in his late Slowness to solemnize the Nuptials. He might be no less in Love or Sincere when he deferr'd his Happiness, than now when he seeks it with Ardour. His Affairs might require that cautionary Delay; nay his Constitution might require it; for though the young Gentleman be sprightly, he is but of a delicate Texture. But, Madam, said he to *Dormina*, your Lover is young, and will probably grow up to Size and Strength. I congratulate you, continued he, Madam, on your

Choice. It so far proves the Delicacy of your Taste and Solidity, that I can't but applaud it, though I myself am become the Victim of my happier Rival's Conquest.

This sneering Compliment, which stung *Dormina* to the Heart, was scarce over when old Monsieur *de Belac* enter'd the Room. He travell'd up from *Marseilles* with *de Lunel*, who left him at a neighbouring Coffee-house while he came to seek *Granville*, but sent *Grosbois* to fetch him, as he pass'd from *Dormina's* Apartment to *Granville's*. Ladies, said the old Gentleman to *Ollimpia* and *Dormina*, you will, I hope, pardon the involuntary Intrusion of a Stranger. I am brought here by I know not whom, and as little know for what purpose: I thought I should find here a young Gentleman, whose Business it was to make my Excuse, but since he is not here, the best I can make for myself is to withdraw betimes.

As he was retiring, *de Coulan*, who by this time recollected the Memory of his Voice and Person, took him by the Arm, saying, My worthy Friend, behold an Advocate, who undertakes your Cause with Joy, and doubts not of Success. Ladies, continued he, let me plead the Excuse of Monsieur *de Belac*, the oldest and worthiest of my Friends and Acquaintance. He then presented him to *Ollimpia* and *Dormina*; and after the usual Compliments, he asked the old Gentleman what brought him to *Paris*, why he would not take an Apartment at his House, and why he would set out without acquainting him with his Intention.

tention. To which *de Belac* answer'd, Ah ! my dear Friend ! had you been a Father, a wretched Father as I am, you would have avoided putting me to the Confusion of making you direct Answers.

At these Words the Tears flow'd from the old Man's Eyes, which so soften'd *Dormina's* Heart, that she could not forbear keeping him Company. Ah ! Sir, said she to him as soon as she could speak, what are the Sorrows that Cause such overwhelming Grief ? You complain of your Fate as a Father, by which we may suppose you bewail the Loss of some Child, the dear Object of your Love. Her Heart misgave her, that he might be the Father of *Granville*. But while she was thus indulging her Jealousy, *de Lunel* comes into the Room leading in *Granville*, now *Gertrude*, in the Apparel of her Sex.

Ah ! my Father, said *Gertrude* throwing herself at *de Belac's* Feet, let me implore your Pardon. I own my Crime, and without endeavouring to extenuate my Guilt, by mentioning any Severity of your Usage, I throw myself wholly on your Bounty and paternal Love. Oh ! how forcible is the Oratory, said *de Belac*, raising up and embracing *Gertrude*, of a Child tenderly loved ? You throw, my dear Child, an obliging Veil over my Severities, but I myself recall them to my Mind, and wish to live only to repent me of my Cruelty to you, and to make you amends. Heaven has been more propitious to me, in the finding you after so long an Absence, than I de-

serve; and let my first Offering, for the Recovery of one so dear to me, be to assure you, my dearest *Gertrude*, that I shall never more thwart your Inclinations.

While this affecting Scene was acting between the Father and Daughter, *de Lunel* inform'd his Uncle of his Engagements with *Gertrude*. But *Dormina*, who perceived *Gertrude* to be her beloved *Granville*, was in Agonies. She trembled, her Eyes sparkled, and as soon as she could speak, she address'd herself to *Gertrude*, saying, perfidious Wretch! was you not contented to triumph over me, but must insult me in the Presence of so many Witnesses? But, added she, you shall not live to sport with a Conquest, which reflects so much Infamy on my Conduct. Here, she would have strangled *Gertrude*, if the Company had not interposed. But, after a little Pause, *Dormina* chang'd her Tone, saying, Ah, Madam! forgive a Transport you yourself have been Author of. You taught me to love, and can't in justice find fault with the Excess of that Love. But who could resist so many Charms as you borrow'd from your Metamorphosis? You supported the Character of a Lover too naturally, or rather too artfully to be resisted; and I flatter myself that I stand excus'd for having yielded to one who had the Advantage of being acquainted with the little Weaknesses of our Sex. Let me now, added she, fair *Gertrude*, convert to a sincere Friendship that Love which you caus'd to kindle in my Breast.

As soon as *Gertrude* was releas'd from the Embraces of *Dormina*, she said; You see, Madam, in me an unhappy Instance of immoderate Love; or, let me recall the Expression, rather of immoderate Aversion. Behold in me a wretched Maiden, who has been now near two Years wandering from her Father's House, and forced for Security to assume another Sex, to avoid becoming Wife to the Man I hated. At these Words *de Lunel* took her by the Hand, saying, Let not, my charming Mistress, the Company imagine that Aversion alone had oblig'd you to quit your Father's; let Love come in for its Share of the Glory. Here he led her to *de Belac*, and both kneeling to him, *Gertrude* said, You see, Sir, that my Guilt is of a complicated Nature. I not only left your House unknown to you, but disposed of my Heart without your Consent. And, Sir, said *de Lunel*, I participate more than half her Guilt, being Author of her Disobedience. The old Baron might have taught your Daughter how to hate, but it was I who taught her to love, a Passion more despotic than the other, as it is more smooth and insinuating.

The old Man's Heart was soften'd; he yielded to the Impulses of paternal Affection; in short, his Reason told him, that though his Daughter had made a Choice without his Consent, she made one he could not disapprove of; yet, I say, though he was convinc'd of the Rectitude of her Choice, and even pleas'd with it, as it would be the Cement of a last-

ing Friendship between him and *de Coulan*, his Avarice had so much the Ascendant in his narrow Heart, that he could not gain upon himself to shew an Approbation, which must be attended with the Payment of a Sum of Money as a Portion with his Daughter, which it was Death to him to part with.

De Coulan, who knew his Humour, stept in to his Aid, when he was lost between his Affection and Covetousness. My worthy old Acquaintance, at the same time that I congratulate you on the Recovery of your Child, I would condole with you on her Disobedience if my own Nephew was not the chief, rather the only Cause of her Undutifulness. He alone should be the Object of your Resentment; and 'tis fit that he should be made sensible of the wrong he has done you. The Punishment, Sir, is in your own Power, and if you would oblige me, you will inflict it. Though he loved your Daughter, 'tis not improbable but he had an Eye to the great Fortune he might suppose her intitled to. Therefore let him feed simply on his Love, and part not with a Penny of your Child's Fortune while you live.

This Proposal was so much to the old Man's Taste, and so opportune, that it brought him presently out of his Doubt and Revery. He embrac'd his Daughter, gave her Hand to *de Lunel*, and gave them both his Blessing, saying, He would see them married the next Day. *De Coulan*, who judged what he meant by so sudden a Celebration of his Daughter's Nuptials, said, I approve,
Sir,

Sir, of your Celerity; for I could never see why the grave and wise would be at the Expence of that Pomp which attends the Solemnity of public Weddings.

So soothing and seasonable was all *de Coulan* said, that *de Belac* was in an Extacy for awhile, but recovering himself, he relapsed again into his old Humour. The Jaundice of Covetousness coming upon him more impetuously than before, he was not satisfied at the parting with his Daughter without a Portion, but he must put *de Lunel* in mind of the three hundred Louisdors lent him before he went to *Maltha*.

This so odd and unseasonable a Demand, put poor *Gertrude* to great Confusion, but administer'd to the Diversion of the rest of the Company; who were by that time call'd in to an elegant Dinner, order'd by *de Lunel* in *Gertrude's* Apartment. Here the whole History of the fair Wanderer was related by herself; and *Dormina* supplied that of her Amour with the vanquishing *Granville*.

All was Mirth and Joy, except *de Coulan*, whose Love for *Dormina* made him more pensive than usual. *Dormina* perceiving it, generously came to his Relief, saying, Monsieur *de Coulan* you are grave, and I wonder at it where there is so general a Scene of Mirth. Madam, reply'd he, with a Sigh, your Wonder will cease if you call to mind what you may have suffer'd while you thought Monsieur *Granville* insensible to your Love. *Dormina's* Blood flush'd in her Cheeks, as if
she

she had been ashamed of her Weakness, but composing herself, she told *de Coulan* with a Smile, that if he could forgive her the Pain which her Indifference had caused in his Breast for the Time past, she would endeavour to acquire the good Liking of her Aunt, who was always his Advocate. The whole Company applauded *Dormina's* Generosity, and the next Day the Nuptials of the Uncle to her, and the Nephew to *Gertrude*, were celebrated together.

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 GENEROUS LOVER:
 OR

Fatal EFFECTS of JEALOUSY ;

A N

AMUSING and INSTRUCTIVE HISTORY
 of a Fact happening at *Rome*, not
 many Years ago.

SCARCE any Man of Fashion, who re-
 sided for any time at *Rome* towards the
 End of the last Century, that had not seen
 or heard at least, of the Count *Palaisiano*.
 The Rank of his Family in the Church
 and Ecclesiastical State was too eminent to
 be overlook'd by Foreigners of Curiosity.
 But what render'd him still more conspi-
 cuous, were the Beauties of his Person,
 the Endowments of his Mind, and a certain
 uncommon Affability and Grandeur at the
 same time, accompanying all he did or said.
 He was of those extraordinary finish'd Works

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of Nature, which not only strike at first View, but which grow upon the Fancy by Familiarity. The exact Symetry of his Shape and Features, and the mix'd Grandeur and Sweetness of his Air, captivated the Eye; but his Learning and Knowledge and his sprightly and obliging Manner of conversing no less subdu'd the Heart.

This amiable, finish'd Nobleman was in the seven and twentieth Year of his Age, when he enter'd upon the affecting Scene, which is the Subject of the present little History. He was immensely rich, having had several Cardinals of his Family, whose Fortunes center'd with him; and he was no less elegant in his Taste, and open-hearted and generous than he was rich and powerful.

'Tis easily imagin'd how caress'd such a young Nobleman must be by all who knew him. He was the Delight of his own Sex and Charm of the other. He had a refin'd Taste for Pleasure, and courted it at any Expence; insomuch that he not only entertain'd the most elegantly of any Man at *Rome* himself, but presid'd at all the politest and refin'd Diversions of the Place. There was no Pleasure complete without him, and his Company was equally sought by the Men and Women. Thus charming or rather conquering wherever he came, he was universally allow'd to be the happiest of Men. But alas! Happiness here below is but of short Duration, and few have experienc'd this Truth more severely than Count *Rabian*.

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This Nobleman, like the God of Love, could inspire the Passion, without being affected himself. He subdued all the Hearts he attempted, and even vanquish'd many he had no Designs upon, without feeling the Anguish of Love. But the fatal Hour was now come that he must submit, like all those he had conquer'd, to the Power of the little wayward Deity. He had not as yet seen the Object which was to enslave him; but as soon as she appear'd, we shall find him fall before the awful Shrine of Love like the rest of his Sex.

He had the first Glance of this fair Inchantress at the Church call'd the *Minerva*, from a Temple dedicated to that venerable Goddess of the ancient Heathens, which stood where this beautiful Edifice now stands. Thither the Count repair'd on one of the *Romish* high Festivals to hear a Composition of Music, which he understood was to be perform'd there that Day, by the ablest Masters of *Rome*. Happening to come late, and the Crowd being excessive great, he was oblig'd to seat himself on the first Bench he could, where a Gentleman, who knew him, and was pleas'd with an Opportunity of obliging him, made room for him.

This Situation happen'd convenient enough for one of the Count's Curiosity, being just in the Way from the upper Part of the Church, where all the Ladies of any Distinction placed themselves. As they necessarily must pass by him, he staid after the Concert was over, to gratify a Curiosity natural enough to the youthful

ful and amorous. But, for a long time, seeing no Object that struck his Fancy, he stood up to take leave of the Gentleman that had made room for him, when he was detained by the Appearance of a young Lady, whose Size and Air attracted his Eye and Attention. As she was veil'd, and more carefully so than the handsom generally are, he was willing to suppose that her Face did not answer the Appearance she made: For he found his Heart more inclin'd to yield than he had ever felt before. But a Woman of the common Rank thrusting rudely between the young Lady and the Seat where the Count sat, carried away part of her Veil, so that he had a full View of all those Beauties in the Sex which charm the most, which are those of the Visage, the Neck and Breast.

This little Accident added to her Beauty, by causing a modest Blush to mix with the fairest Complexion, and exactest Symmetry of Features the Count had ever seen. He had already seen enough to give him more Delight and Pain than he had ever experienc'd before; but at meeting a Glance of her Eyes, as she was oblig'd to turn towards him, to draw over her Veil again, he lost all Motion and all Reflexion. Lost to himself, and to every thing but the Object that fill'd his Mind, he let the Lady and her Woman pass, and even go towards the Church-door before he could recollect that it was his Business to learn who she was that had so suddenly ingross'd his Heart. But recovering himself, as if from a Trance,

Trance, he follow'd but too late; for they were mixt with the Crowd where all were veil'd.

It was now that the Count felt the first of the anxious Pains of Love. His Heart was conquer'd; he was become the Captive of an unknown Beauty, whom his own Negligence had render'd it improbable for him ever to find out. But while he was thus lamenting his Fate, he saw a Lady stepping into a Chair, exactly answering in Size and Air, she whom he already adored. Transported to have found one answering the Description of her he so passionately loved, he order'd one of his Footmen to follow her Chair, and bring him word where she should be sat down, and to learn, if possible, her Name, and who she was.

Having given these Orders, he return'd home to his House to wait the News he so impatiently expected; where, and all the Way thither, his Mind was taken up with the Contemplation of the amiable Object of his Desire. He had so lively an Idea of her Charms, that he fancy'd he could paint her Face to the Life. He call'd to one of his Pages for Colours and a Pencil; but when he came to use them, he found it out of the Power of Art to imitate Nature in its highest Perfection. He could remember the Symmetry and exact Regularity of her Features; and perhaps might be able to delineate them, as he was an Artist; but he soon saw that it was impossible to paint the Mixture of Grandeur and Sweetness, which ore-spread her Countenance, and ravish'd

wish'd the Beholders. He might paint the Size, Shape, and Colour of her Eyes, but must fail to produce that Fund of Modesty and Affability, mixt with Chearfulness and good Humour, which every Glance from them denoted. In fine, he dwelt so long on the Idea of her Beauties and Charms, that, persuading himself in good Earnest she was the most finish'd of her Sex, he suffer'd himself to go such Lengths in Love, as made his Retreat almost impracticable.

Each Moment was an Age, till the Return of his Servant. But at length he came with an Errand, that convinc'd the Count he was not mistaken in the Lady he took for her, that had charm'd him in the Church. My Lord, said the Footman, I pursued the Chairs to the very House she lives in. Her Husband is Colonel of his Holiness's Guards. And should your Lordship have any further Commands, I can easily execute them, having an intimate Acquaintance of mine, who is one of her Ladyship's Footmen.

The Count was so taken up with Thoughts of the Obstacles which stood in his Way, as the Lady was married, that he heeded not the Encouragement given him by his Servant, nor for the present gave any Orders, or took any Resolution concerning the Prosecution of his Love. He had never seen the Colonel's Wife, but heard much of her Beauty. Nor was she less famed for the exquisite Charms of her Person than for a Haughtiness of Carriage, which, whether resulting from either Pride or Virtue,

is of no little use to fine Women in the Conduct of their Lives. But the Count, in reflecting on this Character of his Mistress, despair'd of advancing his Suit further perhaps than obtaining some trifling Favours, which are thought of Consequence even by the *Roman* Princes, but which help only to feed the Lover's Flame.

He was acquainted with a Nobleman, that had been caught in her Chains before, but who was no further advanc'd, after two Years pursuit, than when he set out. The Reflection of this ill Success of his Friend inspired him in the Beginning with Despair. But the fierce Flame that prey'd upon his Heart soon vanquish'd his Timidity, and substituted Hope in its Room.

He supposed that all Women were sensible of the Power of Love, and that it must be the Lover's Fault, if they did not always own the Force of that mighty Power. All the Sex, thought he, have the Weakness of Loving in common with Man, and often more suddenly and violently; and have likewise the additional Imbecillity of Wishing, and even expecting to have real, or at least seeming returns made to their Love. This little Vanity, so natural to all the Sex, and from which few could divest themselves, gave him hopes, that if this haughty Lady could not be brought to love, she would not at least be sorry to be adored by one of his Fashion and Consequence.

He was too well acquainted with the Fair, and had had too great Success among them to Despair.

despair. And therefore, as soon as the Hour was come in which the *Roman* Youth commence their silent Addresses to the fair Objects of their Desires, he set out from his House finely mounted, and attended by a long Train of Domesticks richly dress'd, according to the Custom of the Country. But though he had paraded all the Evening in the Street the Lady lived in, he had not the Happiness of a Glympe of her. He was however happier the second Night; for her Curiosity, and no less perhaps her Vanity, prompted her not only to appear in a Balcony that look'd into the Street, but to lift up a little the Lattice, which, according to the Custom of *Italy* and most hot Countries, all Windows and Balconies are secured with.

This Appearance, whether fortuitous or designed, gave the Count infinite Pleasure, as it confirm'd him in an Opinion that she was the Person he had seen at the *Minerva*, and fed his Hopes of not being indifferent to her. But midst his Transports, he reflected that the Fair he had fallen in Love with, had not the Appearance of being above seventeen or eighteen at most, whereas this Lady had been five or six Years married, and therefore could not be so young. Yet even this Objection his Love soon got over, on a Supposition that there were some Women, as well as Men, that brook'd Age better than others, and appear'd many Years younger than they were: He was afraid to be undeceiv'd, in an Apprehension of being forced to the Necessity of further, and probably

probably a fruitless Search; and therefore chose rather to continue in Error, than increase his Trouble and Anxiety by a too nice Scrutiny.

Thus pleasing himself, with the Thoughts of having found her that had wounded him, he dropp'd all his Doubts, and apply'd all his Thoughts to ingratiate himself to her, who only had the Power to cure him. He was assiduous in his Night Courtship; and never fail'd to speak the dumb Language of Lovers, a Language spoke by Signs in that Country, as often as he could perceive she came into the Balcony. And though she made him no Answers in the same Dialect, as he might expect from his Quality and Distinction, he still continued his Solicitation, hoping sooner or later to conquer her Haughtiness, and even her Virtue, if she had any.

Under all these Discouragements he ventured to write to her by means of her Servant, who was intimate with one of his own. But though his Letter was sent back unopen'd, and the Footman threaten'd to be severely punish'd if ever he committed the like Crime, the Count went on still in his old Career, of traversing before her House by Night, and putting himself in her Way at every Church she went to. The Obstacles he met with gave a keener Edge to his Love: And that he might prove the Force of Address in all its Shapes, he contriv'd that she should see at least, if she would not receive some rich and magnificent Presents he sent her. He thought
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those more powerful than either Words; Signs, or Letters; and though they have often succeeded where the others fail'd, yet were these of the Count's equally rejected.

Our Lover was not a little disconcerted at this Refusal; but was more so when he saw that the Object of his Wishes constantly quitted the Balcony as soon as he appear'd, and chang'd her Dress, and the Place of her Devotions every Day she went to hear Mass, the better to escape the Vigilance of his Spies, who she knew watch'd all her Motions. Yet for all these seeming Indications of a rooted Pride or Virtue, we shall find that this reserv'd haughty Lady was not insensible of Love; and that she behaved thus only, the better to secure the Heart of one so famed as the Count was of vanquishing wherever he address'd.

The Count's Passion still increasing with the Difficulties he met with, he sought every means the Art of Man could devise, to soften the Heart of this seeming Insensible; and finding in his Research, that a Lady, whom he had formerly known intimately, was her Relation, and visited her frequently, he hoped by her Means to succeed.

This female Friend, though pass'd the green Years of Love, was no Enemy to Intrigue, and had not had a few on her Hands in her younger Days. Besides her Relish for Intrigue, in which the Goer-between often tastes more Pleasure than the Parties themselves, the Count's Wealth and known Generosity were
Motives

Motives which weigh'd not with her a little. She engages, without Difficulty, promises to use every Means, and went that very Day to keep her Word with her magnificent Employer.

As Love is a general Topic among the Fair, this artful Lady found it easy to turn the Discourse on Intrigue; and even to introduce the Count's Passion for her Kinswoman. But *Calenda*, so was the Colonel's Wife call'd, seeming intirely heedless of what she said of that amiable Nobleman, she was piqued: And that she might sound her yet farther, she own'd that the Count had made her the Confident of his Love. Here she dwelt upon his Character; painted all the Beauties of his Mind and Person in the most flattering Colours, and left, in short, no Stone unturn'd to give an Edge to her Cousin's Love, if she had any for him, or to awaken the Passion in her Soul, if as yet she had none.

Calenda, finding her Cousin so well instructed, judg'd it needless to make a Mystery of what the Count himself had reveal'd; and therefore own'd his Pursuit of her. But, said she, though the Count be an agreeable Man, and the most assiduous of Lovers, yet, as I found no Inclination in my virtuous Heart to wrong my Husband, I did not think myself oblig'd to make any Returns to his Love. You know, my dear *Alania*, continued she, how bless'd I am in a Husband, and how happily we live together; therefore for me to intrigue would be doubly criminal. I should

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stand without Excuse, should I harbour even a Thought of transgressing the Duties I owe to Heaven, my Husband, and myself. If you love me, speak no more to me of Intrigue, or the Count; but advise him, if he loves as he pretends, to pursue no longer one who has neither the Power nor Will to commit a Breach of her matrimonial Vow. And, added she, with some Warmth, if he should persist, after so cool and friendly Advice, I shan't think myself oblig'd to keep my Measures with a Man that shall not scruple, in order to gratify his own vicious Passion, to disturb the Quiet of a whole Family.

Victoria,

Marcia, thinking it impolitic for the present to press the Affair farther, took her Leave to see the Count, who waited impatiently at her House for her Return. Far from telling him the naked Truth, she raised his Hopes, bidding him continue his Pursuit, and flatter himself with Success. He was too deeply in Love not to be pleas'd with an Advice that soothed his Fancy. He follow'd it; and rather exceeded than slacken'd in his Assiduity. He convey'd the choicest Fruits and Flowers of the Season to his Mistress every Day, in the Name of *Marcia*: And though *Golanda* knew her real Benefactor, she did not give herself any Trouble on the Occasion, as the Presents were of little Value. And even when among the Fruit she found some Toys of Value, she received them, still overlooking whence they came.

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These daily Presents, and the frequent Visits of her Kinswoman, soften'd the proud Heart of *Colinda* so far that she could hear the Count's Name without falling in a Passion, and even was brought by Degrees to hear mention made of his Love. When the artful Cousin had led her insensibly thus far, she thought she might go a Step farther. And therefore taking her Opportunity, when she saw *Colinda* most unguarded, she said to her, I am thinking, Cousin, if your Aversion to the Count be unconquerable, of the only way in Nature, to get rid of his Importunities with some Satisfaction to him, and Ease and Honour to yourself. You shall meet him once more at my House, or elsewhere, and, assuring him that he pursues you in vain, you will intreat for his own Sake and yours, that he will desist. A simple Desire from the Object of a Man's Love is an absolute Command, therefore he won't dare disobey you.

At first, *Colinda* was shock'd at the Proposal; but reflecting that it was the most likely means of avoiding the Pursuit of a Man, who was no otherwise to be restrained, she comply'd; and the rather, as she said, that her Character must suffer in the End, be her Virtue never so severe, by being follow'd by one of the Count's Figure and Fashion.

Colinda was certainly in the Right to endeavour getting rid of a Lover whom she could not entertain, without injuring her Husband and herself; but 'tis doubted whether Love had not inclin'd her more to an Interview

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with the Count than Virtue. At least we may conjecture so from her future Conduct. A Meeting being agreed to, the Question was where to meet, without giving umbrage to the Colonel, or Scandal to others. The Count might be seen going to *Marcia's* House, therefore improper for *Colenda* to be there. But *Marcia*, who had been instructed by the Count, soon settled the Point, by fixing on Cardinal *Raphaelli's* Gardens, which adjoin'd that of the Colonel's, where he usually spent the Evening in that Season of the Year.

The Party being settled for the next Day, *Colenda* engag'd the Colonel to invite *Marcia* and her Husband to spend the next Evening with them at their Banqueting House, where she had order'd an elegant Collation. The Company met at the Hour appointed, and as the Men went to Chess, the Ladies might take a Walk round the Garden without any Suspicion. They did so; and by means of a Key which the Colonel had to the Cardinal's Gardens, as a special Favour, they soon got to the Rendezvous. *Colenda* would wear her Veil, saying, that, as she went not to make a Conquest, but to get rid of a Lover, she thought a Veil became her best. But *Marcia*, who had observ'd her Cousin longer at the Toilet than usual, imagining she had not taken so great Pains to be hid, gave her her Way, not doubting but the Count would soon persuade her to uncover.

As *Colenda* approach'd the Bower where the Count waited, she was seiz'd, she said, with a trembling

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trembling she had never felt before ; to which the more experienc'd ~~Maria~~ reply'd, laughing, Cousin, you are in Love, and don't know it ; but he is at hand who will convince you. At these Words the Count appear'd more richly and advantagiously dress'd than ever ; which so disorder'd ~~Calinda~~ that she was forced to hold ~~Maria~~ under the Arm till they reach'd the Seats at the other End of the Bower, which looked towards a curious Water-work.

Victoria

The Count, with a Respect and Timidity becoming a passionate Lover, as he certainly was at that Instant, made his Addresses with so amiable and moving an Air, that, had not ~~Calinda~~ the Advantage of her Veil, she could not avoid betraying some Part of the vast Fund of Love which was stored up in her Heart. But her Blushes being hid from view, she recover'd from her Confusion, and without seeming to heed all the fine Things he had been saying, she spoke to him in the following Manner: My Lord, you are at Liberty to think as you please of this Interview, which has the Appearance of a Forwardness on my Side, that might give you an ill Impression of my Virtue. But I will suppose that my Cousin here inform'd you of my Intention, which was to intreat you will desist from a Pursuit, which will prove as fruitless to yourself as it may be dishonourable to me, and fatal in its Consequences. No Woman can set a greater Value on your Lordship's Merit than I do ; but, my Lord, I must set a higher on myself. I am happy in a Husband, whom it would be a double

Isabella

double Injustice to wrong, because he is the most affectionate and indulgent in the World. But though there be much due to him, I owe still more to my own Conscience, which shudders at the bare Appearance of the Breach of the conjugal Vow. Your Lordship may see, by my Frankness in expostulating with you thus, How much I count upon your good Sense and Generosity. Let me not be mistaken. Cease appearing so often in the Street where I live; my Lord, if you would convince me of your Regard, you will cease all farther Pursuit of one, who, I am afraid, exceeds the Bounds of her Duty, in telling you, that, had she a Heart to dispose of, you should have the first Offer of it.

These last Words were too comforting not to console the Count for the Severity of *Celenda's* Injunction not to pursue her more. But that he might rather seem to despond than hope, as the surer Means he thought of softening the Rigour of his Mistress, haughty and arrogant by Nature, he lamented his Unhappiness in being decreed to love where there was so vast a Store of Cruelty. But, Madam, says he, as a Proof of the Truth of my Love, you shall be obey'd, though I know it will be at the Expence of the external Quiet of one, who would die your Martyr, rather than once give you room for calling his Obedience in Question. The only Favour then I dare ask you, and I hope your Severity won't extend so far as to refuse me, is, that you will permit me to love you for ever, tho' it should be in vain.

Celenda,

Colinda, who was not a little ruffled at the Ease with which the Count seem'd resolv'd to obey her, was not less elated at his last Request, to which she answer'd; Your Lordship's Condescension exacts all the Complaisance on my Side, which my Duty can admit of; therefore as it is not in my Power to prevent your Loving, I am satisfy'd to permit it, on Condition you always consult my Reputation and Character. And as that is more likely to suffer by all outward Professions of Love than by Letter, you have my Leave to write, so it be on indifferent Subjects, and that you deliver your Letters open to my Cousin *Marcia*.

*Isabella**Victoria*

Here was too great Encouragement for a passionate Lover, not to fall prostrate before a Mistress, whose Severity he never hoped to conquer. The Count therefore threw himself at *Colinda's* Feet, to assure her he should ever be grateful and observant of her Commands. But she, trembling at a Posture that spoke a Passion to which she found her Heart but too inclin'd to indulge, got up to take her Leave, which the Count, aided by *Marcia*, prevail'd upon her to retard for some Moments longer. And, soon after, the same powerful Interest prevail'd upon her to unveil, as the last and greatest Favour her Lover was to expect.

*Isabella**Victoria*

Colinda, was by Nature a finish'd Beauty, but that Instant her Charms were irresistible. The Place, the Conversation, the Heat of her Veil, every thing contributed to cause a quicker Circulation of the Blood than usual, which so

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enliven'd all the native Charms of her Face, that she appear'd a Cherub more than Woman. Yet all those Charms were lost upon the Count, who the Moment he saw her Face, became senseless and immoveable, as the Statue he leant to. His Insensibility being too perceptible not to be observed by *Calenda*, she doubted not that her Beauty had caused it; and therefore thought herself oblig'd to rouse him from a Revery she had occasion'd. She did so in the most obliging Manner possible, and with such a Fund of Wit and Humour, as would have added to the Flame of any other Lover, less disconcerted than the Count was.

But he still inattentive to the Charms of both her Tongue and Eyes, *Calenda* turns to *Marcia*, saying, Cousin, are we not here in an enchanted Bower? Let us quit it in Compassion to the Count, who may recover the Use of Speech and Motion when he is alone to pray the Incantment away. By this time the Count recover'd the Use of his Tongue; but he employ'd it so ill, that *Calenda* rose to be gone, which he not seeming to obstruct, she said to *Marcia*, Cousin, I don't think you'll plume yourself much on persuading me to an Interview which gives so little general Satisfaction. I have done more than became me, but the Count's Obligation is to you alone. At these Words she left the Bower, telling *Marcia* to hasten after her. But as she turn'd to the Door, leading from this Garden to her's, she could not help turning back to see if the Count look'd after her, and was not a little piqued

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Victoria

piqued to see that he was hastening to the other End of the Avenue.

We may suppose, that a fine Woman of ~~Colinda's~~ Temper was enrag'd at the Count's *Isabella's* Conduct; but she kept her Anguish a Secret from ~~Marcia~~, who would persuade her that *Victoria*, her Lover's sudden Insensibility proceeded from the Force of her own Charms, and Excess of his Love: 'Tis probable that for the present ~~Colinda~~ seem'd satisfy'd with this Reason, but we shall find hereafter that she was of another Opinion.

The Reader will naturally suppose that ~~Colinda's~~ *Isabella's* Charms had not caus'd the Count's late Revery so much, as his finding she was not the Beauty he had seen at the *Minerva*. ~~Colinda~~ *Isabella*, was tall, well shaped, majestic, exactly featur'd, and of a fine Complexion; but she was not that soft, unaffected, youthful Beauty who had made an Impression the Count was unable to remove from his Mind. ~~Colinda's~~ *Isabella's* Eyes were Bright and Sparkling, but they were more haughty and imperious. The unknown Fair, on the contrary, had Eyes no less bright and lively, but her Looks were far more languishing, and accompanied with great Sweetness. In short, the ~~Colinda~~ was really a fine *Isabella* Woman, but not being the Person whom the Count wish'd to seek, he so far forgot she was handsome, that he condemn'd himself for having spent two tedious Months in the Pursuit of her.

But in Proportion to the Decrease of his Passion for ~~Colinda~~, it increased for the Fair *Isabella* unknown.

unknown. In the first, he could now see no Charms; but in the other, he remember'd to have seen all the Beauties of the whole Sex collected. Yet as his Passion for his fair Incognita rose, so did his Anxiety. I love, said he, but am doom'd to love a Fantom. What hopes can I form in so great a Town as this, to find the Object of my Love? Thus perplex'd in Mind, he went into all public Places, and visited all the Churches of *Rome*, in hopes to meet the Beauty he sought, but not succeeding, he gave himself up to Solitude and Melancholy. He shun'd all Pleasure, all Conversation, and all his Friends, spending all his Days after the Hounds; and his Nights in Reading and Watching. He was no more the same gay, sprightly, gallant Count *Patricio*; but a pensive, reserved Creature, shuning all Company, and unfit for any.

This sudden Change in one of the Count's Fashion made too great a Noise for *Gerunda* not to hear. She hear'd the Life he led with no less surprize than *Marcia*, who was as little able as she to assign a Reason for so extraordinary a Conduct. The Count's Life was the Subject of most Conversations at *Rome*; but there was never any other when *Gerunda* and her Cousin were together. Dear *Marcia*, she would say, what can one think of the Conduct of a Man, who is become so insensible as not to make use of the Liberty I gave him of writing to me, though he was passionate to Distraction before he saw my Face? Don't you flatter me when you say that I never look'd so handsome

Isabella

Victoria

Isabella

Victoria

handsome as that Evening? Sure I could not be chang'd since the first time he saw me at Church? And yet you can't forget how visibly he was chang'd, how cool and reserv'd he grew as soon as I let fall my Veil. Tho' I never allow'd myself to have any more than an Esteem for the Count, methinks I should be glad to know the Cause of his Change; since if it was a fresh Passion, he would not be so solitary and retired as he is, nor spend as he does all his Time in Hunting.

~~Marcella~~ would persuade her Cousin that it was her own too great Severity had wrought the Change she mention'd; and that, would she give him a second Meeting and alter her Conduct, she should find him as warm a Lover as ever. No, ~~Marcella~~, said ~~Colinda~~, *Victoria* who was not displeas'd that her Cousin thought her the Author of the Count's Change, supposing your Conjecture well founded, I should never give a Man a second Meeting who so misbehaved at the first, though I lov'd him, much less since I don't. I would beg however, for my Curiosity, that you would see and try if you could oblige him to explain himself with Regard to me. Not but that I am exceedingly pleas'd that he has dropt his Pursuit, because I might suffer in my Character, tho' determin'd to be scrupulously faithful to my Husband and myself.

The Cousin saw plain enough the Contradiction between her Tongue and Heart, but would not seem to see it. Therefore still insisting that her Rigour had wrought the Change
in

the Count, she assur'd her she would send to speak with him the next Day, and sift him, without giving him the least Reason to imagine that she was privy to her Design. Accordingly *Victoria* ~~Marcia~~ sent the next Morning to let the Count know she had Business of Moment with him. But he suspecting what she wanted him about; and dreading the Reproaches of a Woman of *Colanda's* high Spirit, he excused himself by a Message, that he would wait of her some other Time, but that for the present he was just sitting out for his Country Seat, where he had appointed to meet Company. And in effect, he took Horse in Presence of *Victoria's* ~~Marcia's~~ Servant, that his Excuse might seem the more plausible.

Isabella The Sequel will shew how *Colanda* relish'd this Message, and how prudent it was for the Count to avoid all Eclaircissements with a Woman of her haughty Temper. She was now become indifferent to him; but he had reason to think he was not so to her; therefore he was of Opinion to retire from *Rome* for some time; in hopes Absence would lessen a rising Flame, or at least furnish *Marcia* with an Opportunity of doing it. Perhaps too, he had a View, by Absence, to lessen his own Flame for one he saw no Chance of ever seeing a second Time.

Victoria In this thoughtful Mood the Count rode along the Streets, he usually pass'd to the Bridge over the *Tyber*. And, as if Fate had so decreed it, he was oblig'd to stand up to make way for a Procession that was advancing towards

wards him. But be it Chance, Fate, or whatever else we Mortals call it, he no sooner stood up to let the Procession pass, but he beheld the lovely Object whom he had sought so long in vain. Her Curiosity to see the Procession brought her to a Balcony, opposite to where the Count stood; so that he had a full View of her. But she no sooner perceiv'd he took notice of her, than she retir'd, covered with such another Blush as she wore when the Count saw her at the *Minerva*, in the Confusion of losing her Veil.

To have any adequate Idea of the Count's Transport on seeing the Object that had made so deep an Impression in his Heart, it must be remember'd what infinite Pains he took to find her, and how infinitely anxious he was that he could not find her. In short, he was all Joy, all Extacy; but in his Transport he forgot not to bid one of his Servants to stay behind, and inquire who lived in the House, and who the young Lady was. He had now no Thoughts of Hunting in the Country, but return'd directly to his House to wait the Return of his Servant. And though he had no doubt of having found the amiable Object of his Desires, yet was he afraid he should hear she was married, or was of such a baughty Temper as *Calenda*. *Isabella* While he was thus anxious and pensive concerning the Fair unknown, he saw his Servant return'd from making the necessary Inquiry, but fear'd to hear what he had to say. At length, summoning up his Manhood, he bid him say what he had learnt. I have heard,
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my Lord, said the Servant, that the young Lady is about seventeen, and the most celebrated Beauty in *Rome*; that she has abundance of Admirers, but that her Conduct is unexceptionable; that her Father is a Man of Family, but not rich; and that she has an only Brother, who generally accompanies her to the *Minerva*, where she goes to Church when she is oblig'd to go to her public Devotions.

One would think this Description was such as should please the Count, or any other Man in his Condition. But he form'd too many desponding Ideas in his Mind to taste real Joy. Tho' he had a full View of the Lady, he was afraid his Eyes had deceiv'd him, as they did in regard to *Calanda*. Then he was afraid of the Watchfulness of the Father and Brother, and not a little perplex'd at her own Character of Prudence and Virtue. From all which, we must suppose his first Intentions concerning this young Beauty, were not as honourable as they became afterwards.

To feast his Eyes, and perhaps to confirm his Opinion, he rode out in the Evening, finely mounted and equip'd, to see if she appear'd in her Balcony, as most other Ladies did at that Time of Day. And he no sooner came to the End of the Street where she lived, but he perceiv'd her with the Lattice up. Now again was he happy, and convinc'd that his Eyes had not deceiv'd his Heart, whose Language he spoke to her in Signs as he rode by her. But she, either taken up with the

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Isabella

the Comeliness of the Count's Person or the Richness and Elegance of his Dress and Equipage, or supposing his Actions resulting more from Gallantry than Love, seem'd to give no sort of Attention to the Signs he made to her of his Passion.

The Count, fearful he should offend, did he return and repeat the dumb Language of his Fingers, retired home contented to have satisfy'd his Doubts, and to have convinced his Mistress she was not indifferent to him. He spent the first part of the Night in the most pleasing Contemplation, and the latter in the most joyous Dreams; and doubting not but the Idol of his Heart would be at the *Minerva* the next Day, being a Festival, he resolved to be there early, and for once to hear all the Masses that should be said, for fear he should miss that which she heard. He rose with the Dawn, and was busy dressing out his Person, as necessary to captivate the Fair, when he receiv'd the following facetious Letter from *Mamma Victoria* the Cousin and Confident of the haughty *Countess Isabella* *Londre*.

Your Example, my Lord, has had such an Effect on me, as to induce me to follow it. I have resolved to quit the frail World as you have lately done; but, before I leave it, I would be eas'd of some scrupulous Qualms which pry upon my Mind. And as I don't think I can apply myself to so zealous a Director as your Lordship, I would beg the Favour of seeing you at my House, or if your Spirit of Solitude should forbid
your

your seeing your Penitents any where but at your own, I shall wait on you, in an Opinion, that a Lady may be safe every where, with one of your Piety and Devotion.

In the good Humour, which the Count's late Success had inspired, he was easily pleas'd. For as his Heart was at rest, his Mind was at Liberty to indulge itself. He was pleas'd with the Humour of *Marcia's* Billet, and let her know by one wrote in the same ludicrous Style, that he would wait on her that Evening to solve her Scruples. After he had dispatch'd away *Marcia's* Messenger, he went to the *Minerva* to see his lovely *Eleanora*, so was this new Beauty call'd. He was blest'd with the Sight as soon as he had placed himself in the Church where she must pass towards the Altar. He saw the same Size, Air, and Gait he had observ'd before, which added to his Quiet; but there was no Croud to strip off her Veil, as when he was first touch'd with her Charms. He fail'd not, however, cover'd as she was by her Veil, to put all the genteel Arts of Lovers in practice as she pass'd by him, to convince her of his Passion. She saw, and was, alas! but too soon convinc'd for her own Happiness and her Lover's.

As soon as the Night drew on, the Count waited on *Marcia*, pursuant to his Appointment; and he was so gay, mirthful, and every way different from what he had been represented of late, that she could not directly tax him, as she propos'd, with his Coolness in regard

gard to *Colinda*. He was all Wit and Humour, *Isabella*
 and so richly and elegantly dress'd, that neither
 she nor *Colinda*, who saw him, and heard *Isabella*,
 all he said from an adjoining Closet, doubted
 not but that his Gaiety sprung from a View of
 his Conquest of *Colinda's* Heart. And they *Isabella*
 were the more confirm'd in this Opinion, that
 they could not trace any other Amour he had
 upon his Hands.

But tho' *Marcia* was satisfied of the Conti-*Victoria*
 nuance of the Count's Passion for her Cousin,
 yet as *Colinda* might not be pleas'd without a *Isabella*
 thorough Ecclaircissment, she ask'd him in a
 rallying Strain, how his Heart would permit
 him to be so many Days without attempting to
 see an Object which so thoroughly ingross'd
 it? And, says she, My Lord, I don't know
 what my Cousin may have thought of your
 Conduct, but assure you, if you had been a
 Lover of mine, I would punish you for your
 Neglect. To which the Count answered,
 Had you been of the beauteous *Colinda's* *Isabella's*
 Mould, I should expect rather to be prais'd
 than punish'd for endeavouring to lay a Re-
 straint on my Love, in obedience to her own
 Commands. *Colinda's* Virtue has conquered *Isabella's*
 a Passion she did not think consistent with her
 Honour; and before I could get the better of
 it, I was compell'd to use some Rigour to-
 wards myself. Absence was the only Remedy;
 and to hide from my Acquaintance the Anxiety
 which that Absence caus'd, I sequester'd my-
 self from all Company but that of Savages and
 my Hounds. The Conflict was sharp and
 doubt-

doubtful for a Time, but my Veneration for such uncommon Virtue, aided me, at last, to an entire Conquest; and I have now brought my Heart to feel only that Hope and Pleasure which result from pure Friendship, without any sensual Views whatever. This will be pleasing News to ~~Colenda~~, whose Virtue will always guard her against the Effect of her Charms, and as such you will oblige me to let her know it.

Isabella,

Isabella,

At these alarming Words, ~~Colenda~~, no longer able to contain herself for being slighted by him who had lately taken so great Pains to win her Heart, quitted her Cover to make her Appearance; and taking up the Count where he talk'd of Friendship, Yes, my Lord, said she, your Friendship was all I had in view; and if I am secur'd of that, I have reach'd the utmost of my Ambition.

If her Concealment in the Room had not been a full Proof that she felt more the Power of Love than Friendship, the visible Anxiety of her Mind gave too evidently the Lie to her Tongue, for the Count not to perceive, that he was a greater Favourite with ~~Colenda~~ than he wish'd to be: However, he was determin'd to stick to his Text, and not exceed the Bounds prescrib'd by Friendship. He retired, contented that he had, as he thought, put an end to a Passion on ~~Colenda's~~ side, which otherwise would be an Incumbrance to him; and she, no less pleas'd, in hopes that her Charms had renew'd and deepen'd the Wounds he strove to heal. With such soothing Ideas, she
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Isabella

Isabella's

and *Marcia* went to her House, in hopes, as the Hour of Love came on, the Count would pay her his Devoirs on horse-back, as was the Custom for Men of Gallantry. She was not mistaken, for the Count pass'd under her Balcony; but it was after he had displayed all the Oratory of his Love before the more beloved *Eleonora's* Window; and with no view to raise *Lucia's* or sooth *Colinda's* Passion. *Isabella's*

The Count being now sure he had found the Fair One, whom he had sought so long, thought how he might indulge his Love. *Eleonora*, as all the *Roman* young Ladies of *Lucia's* Fashion, had a Governess, who had attended her from her Infancy; and this old Woman the Count endeavoured to gain by means of two artful Females, whom he usually employed on the like occasion: For, who have such Opportunity, or who so artfully insinuate themselves to Woman as Women? For one seduced by Man, without the Interposition of their own Sex, thousands fall by their own Arts and Wiles, to the Scandal of Human Nature, and of the Fair particularly.

But spite of the Cunning of these Seducers, the old Woman preserv'd her Integrity. She was neither to be cajoled nor corrupted to undertake any thing to the particular Disadvantage of the young Lady under her Care, or dishonour of her Family. The Count therefore, hoping he himself could do more with her than his Emissaries, desired they would procure him an Interview: And so far they gain'd; but when she saw it was the Count, whom she

she knew by passing so often before *Eleonora's* Window, she trembled and was speechless. But on the Count's assuring her, that all the Favour he desir'd of her, was to deliver a Letter from him to her young Lady, she was compos'd ; but refused accepting a Purse of two hundred Gold Ducats which the Count put into her Hand, saying, that, whatever she might do to engage her Lady to receive the Letter, she was sure she could never persuade her to accept of the Gold. I know it, said the Count ; and therefore intended the Gold for you, and not her ; and should you bring me an Answer, I have another Purse of equal Value at your Service. I can't, Sir, reply'd the old Woman, promise you an Answer, but assure you it will not be my Fault if you have not one, because I take you to be a Man of Honour.

The old Woman was as good as her Word ; for as soon as she came home she shew'd her young Lady the Letter and the Gold, and told her nakedly all that was said or done ; adding, you can't but know who the Letter comes from, nor doubt but he loves you after such Pains as he has lately taken to convince you of his Love. Ah ! says *Eleonora*, What do you tell me of the Love of a Man that conquers and ruins wherever he addresses. I fear you have undone me ; for should Count *Rubiano* pursue me, as there is but too much Reason to think he will, what can attend me but Infamy and loss of Character ? which, perhaps, he intends, the better to accomplish his ungenerous Designs.

Lucia,

*Mirand
ourt*

Designs. Return immediately, and give him his Letter and Gold; and let me hear no more of such Messages, if you would not have my Father made acquainted with your Folly. She obey'd with Regret, in an Opinion, that the Count would take back the Purse, as the Letter was return'd unopen'd. But she was soon convinced, as was the whole Family, that the Count's Wealth and Passion for ~~Eleonora~~ *Lucia*, exceeded not his Generosity. He wou'd not receive back the Gold, saying, that she deserv'd it for the Risk she ran of losing her Place.

The old Woman, still faithful to her Trust, related all that happen'd to her young Lady, which gave ~~Eleonora~~ *Lucia* unspeakable Grief. She could perceive the Continuance of the Count's Designs by his not taking back the Gold, and could not suppose that a Nobleman of his vast Riches and exalted Merit, would have any other but base Designs on the Daughter of a private Gentleman, so indebted and incumber'd as her Father was. 'Tis not unlikely but her Fears were too well founded; but whether they were or no, the Sequel will show that whatever the Count might have thought in the Beginning, he became truly sincere and honourable in his Professions of Love to ~~Eleonora~~, tho' it must be confessed he took a Circuit which would puzzle one to judge with Exactness of his Intentions.

The untainted Mind of ~~Eleonora~~ *Lucia* being thus agitated by her just and prudent Fears, she consulted with her old Governess what Conduct to observe, in order to wean the Count from

from his Pursuit, and secure her own Reputation. And after the maturest Reflection, it was resolv'd she should not appear at the Window, nor go to Church, 'till it was seen that the Count's Passion took some new Bias. This was a prudent, and so far a necessary Precaution, in the Opinion generally conceiv'd of Count *Palmiano's* Gallantry; but it cost *Eleanora* no small Uneasiness. The Count's Passion for her, whether honourable or vicious, was evident; and he was too lovely and insinuating not to wound every Heart he attack'd. She pass'd her Nights without Sleep, and her Days without Ease; but still was she willing to suffer the most poignant Pains of the Mind, rather than risk her Virtue and Fame in the Indulgence of a new growing Passion.

The Count, on the other hand, was in the utmost Perplexity and Despair, when he found she appear'd no more, either at the Window or at Church. He fear'd his Mistress had taken Offence at his Letter and Attempts upon her Governess, but dreaded more her being seiz'd with some severe Fit of Sickness. Floating thus in a Sea of Uncertainty and Anxiety, he was inconsolable for some Days, till at last he heard that a young Gentleman of his Acquaintance was intimate with *Eleanora's* Brother. By this Means he hop'd not only to learn the true Cause of his Mistress's late Solitude, but pave his Way to her good Opinion.

The passionate *Palmiano* made this young Gentleman an early Visit the next Morning; and

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Lucia

Lucia's

Lucia

and upbraiding him for not doing him the Pleasure of late, as usual, of dining with him, the Youth excus'd himself on account of the Hunting Season, which employ'd all his Time. And who, said the Count, are your constant Companions at these rural Sports? The most constant of them, reply'd *Gynthia*, this Youth's Name, is a young Gentleman called *Katerio*, who was my Chum at College. I should think, said the Count, your Friend must be a Lover of Music because you are so; and could be angry with you for never doing me the Honour of introducing him to my Concerts. Yes, my Lord, said *Gynthia*, he has an exquisite Taste, plays finely on the Harpsichord and Base-Viol, and, except a Sister he has, touches the Lute the sweetest and softest of any I ever heard. As much as to say, reply'd the Count, smiling, that Music is the obvious Band of your Friendship for *Katerio*, but the fair Sister the secret Chain of your Union. *Claudio, Angelo,*

No, I protest, my Lord, reply'd *Gynthia*, I never harbour'd a Thought of my Friend's Sister, tho' she be the finest Woman and the most witty and agreeable young Lady I ever knew. I am too well acquainted with the sordid Temper of my Family to think they would consent to my marrying without a large Fortune, and I know her to be too severe and virtuous to admit of the Addresses of a Monarch on dishonourable Terms. Therefore, tho' I have the warmest Friendship for the Brother, I never would suffer my Fancy to dwell long on the Sister, for the Reasons I have told your Lord.

Angelo

Lordship. In the two Years that *Kalorio* and I have been from College, I have seen his Sister but twice, tho' I have been, at least, once a Week at her Father's during that Space of Time. At those Times she play'd on the Lute in concert with her Brother and myself, and so extremely delicate, that, except her own Voice, I never heard any thing so sweet and melodious.

Claudio
Lucia

Angelo

The Count, tho' most sensibly affected and charm'd with *Cynthia's* Portrait of *Elonora*, yet seemingly took no other notice of it but so far as related to *Kalorio* her Brother, whom, he said, he would be glad to know, as he lov'd Music and Hunting, the chiefest Diversions he himself took a Pleasure in. And, added the Count, since you say he is so keen a Sportsman, engage him to be of a Party with us to-morrow. You'll find me as early as the Sun in the Field, for I design to lie at my Country Seat to-night.

Angelo,

Claudio

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Kalorio, who had often heard great Commendations of the Count, was highly pleas'd with the View of his Acquaintance. And as *Cynthia* and he were preparing to set out, and had sent to hire Horses, Word was brought that one of Count *Palorino's* Servants attended at the Door with two fine Nags. *Cynthia* and his Friend made use of them to wait of the Count, as they were intended; but, maugre his strongest Efforts, he could never after gain on that generous Nobleman to receive them back.

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They met the Count at the Entrance of the Forest leading to his Castle, where he receiv'd them, and ~~Katerio~~ particularly, with the utmost Courtesy and Openness. In the Chace the Company seem'd to be led insensibly to a delicious Fountain, where an elegant Hunting Breakfast was serv'd by Persons posted there by the Count's Directions. As the Heat of the Sun increas'd they drew towards home, where they found a sumptuous Entertainment already on the Table. After Dinner the Count would obligingly shew them all the Curiosities of his House and Gardens, which had cost an Uncle of his, a Cardinal, an immense Sum of Money; and towards the Evening, the Count and his two Guests made a Concert, in which he himself play'd on the Harpsichord. And as he was a much better Musician than Noblemen are or need be, ~~Katerio~~, who was a perfect Master, could not help speaking of his Excellency with Surprise. *Angelo*

It being now time to return to the City, the Count desired he might have their Leave to send them home the Game they themselves had taken so much Pains to kill. And tho' his View was to have an Opportunity of presenting ~~Eleonora~~ with some choice Fruits and Flowers which he designed to have made up in Baskets along with the Game; yet, to prevent all Suspicion of his Love, he ordered the Baskets for ~~Cynthia~~ and ~~Katerio~~ to be equal in every thing. After a Supper no less elegant than the Dinner, the Company set out for Rome, where they arriv'd, so concerted by the Count, *Lucia*
Claudio Lucia
 P just

Angelo's
Angelo

just as the *Roman* Gallants set out to make dumb Love to their Mistresses. As they rode by *Katerio's* House, the Count stopt to see him alight, and wish him a good Night. But *Katerio* who knew what was due to his Quality, would wait on his Lordship home. This little polite Contest made some noise in the Street, which brought most of the Sex to their Windows, and among the rest *Eleanora*, who was not a little surpriz'd to find the Contest between her Brother and Count *Putorio*, with whom she had never heard he had been acquainted.

Lucia,

Miracant,

Claudio

As soon as she appeared, *Gynthis* saluted her, and her Brother spoke to her, which prevented her drawing back as soon as she saw the Count. This chance Force upon her, put her into a Confusion, which added to her native Beauty, gave the noble Lover an Opportunity of seeing more of her than ever he had seen before, and made him Amends for ten or twelve Days she had secreted herself from him, on account of his Attempts upon her old Governess.

Angelo

The Count's Authority obliging *Katerio* to obey, he took leave of the Company to give his Father and Sister an Account of the Count's Reception, and the Magnificence of his living. The Father recommended to his Son the cultivating the Friendship of so powerful a Nobleman, as necessary in the Situation of their Affairs; and *Eleanora*, who found her Heart yielding at every Encomium on the Count, would press her Brother to relate over again the Frankness, Politeness, and Elegance of his Entertainment. Thus the Father and Son pass'd most

Lucia

most of the Night in praise of the Count's Generosity and other good Qualities, without the least Suspicion of his Love for ~~Eleanora~~, *Lucia*; nor even the next Day, when a Basket of the choicest Fruits and Flowers, together with the Wild-Fowl, came for ~~Kalorio~~. *Angelo*

But ~~Eleanora~~ was no Stranger to the Count's *Lucia* Motive for cultivating Acquaintance with her Brother, and for treating him so elegantly. She saw the Design, and was pleas'd, tho' she could not help being in a Pannic for the Consequences she apprehended from the Addresses of one so amiable and insinuating as the Count. She found her Heart too susceptible of Love, and dreaded engaging too far with one so famed for Gallantry. But then she would console herself with the Thoughts of his being a Man of Honour as well as Pleasure.

~~Kalorio's~~ Intimacy with the Count, which *Angelo* daily increas'd by the peculiar Politeness and Generosity of the latter, made it almost a Necessity for ~~Eleanora~~, if she had not been willing, *Lucia*, to be often seen by, and see her noble Lover. He was eternally engaging the Brother in Parties of Pleasure, and afterwards seeing him home, where he never fail'd of having a View of the amiable Sister. In short, the Count used a thousand Devices to see the lovely Idol he ador'd, and to oblige her Family; but yet all his Courtesies and Stratagems had so much the Air of being natural and undesigned, that it was impossible for any, except ~~Eleanora~~ herself, *Lucia* to suspect his Views, or guess at his Intentions.

This soothing Scene, which lasted many Days, was infinitely pleasing to the Count, and no less so to *Eleanora* and her Family, and to *Synthia*, who was of all their Parties of Diversion. But the beautiful and haughty *Calanda*, all this Time, tasted neither Pleasure nor Content. She engaged her Cousin *Marion* to write to the Count, and even wrote to him herself; but tho' he answer'd the Confident, he thought it not proper to keep up a Correspondence with *Calanda*, whose growing Passion he was far more willing should abate than augment. He had no Thoughts of her as soon as he discovered she was not the Beauty he sought, and much less since he found her: But in Proportion to the Decrease of the Count's Passion, poor *Calanda's* increas'd for him. She would tease *Marcia* to write, to send, and to expostulate; and because she succeeded not, she would upbraid her with Neglect and want of Friendship.

But failing of all Hopes of retrieving the Count by the Means of *Marcia*, she set about the pleasing Task herself; and her first Care was to know if he had ever a new Amour on his Hands. For she flatter'd herself, that if he had none, he might the easier be recovered. She had her station'd and faithful Spies, who gave Information of all the Count's Actions; where, and how he spent his Time, and in what Company. But from these Advices she could only find, that he spent all his Time with two young Gentlemen in the Diversions of Hunting and Music; that he secluded himself from
all

Lucia
Claudia
Isabella
Victoria

Isabella

Isabella's
Victoria

Victoria

all other Company, and that he visited none of the Fair Sex. Yet tho' ~~Colinda~~ knew she might depend on the Information of her Spies, she was still jealous that one of his Gallantry must have an Intrigue upon his Hands which escap'd their Vigilance; and the rather, that the Count had lately made new Liveries, and had never been known to have dress'd so gaily and elegantly. She could not reconcile the Variety and Delicacy of the Count's Dress, and the Sumptuousness of his Liveries and Equipage, to his Appearance of giving up himself wholly to Music and rural Sports. Here was, she thought, a Contradiction, which denoted some Amour, which she was, as yet, unable to discover.

While ~~Colinda~~ was thus her own Tormentor, the Count, whose Care she was now no more, had an Opportunity of indulging his Passion for ~~Eleonora~~, by obliging her Family. Her Father had been at Law for fifteen Years before, to recover a fine Estate which had been unjustly torn from him by the artful Chicane of his Antagonist, and the Influence of his Friends and Wealth. This Suit being to be determined in a few Days, it became necessary to find Money to defray the Expence of the Hearing, and to sollicit the Judges Things next to impossible for ~~Eleonora's~~ Father, who had exhausted himself already, and had no such powerful Friends as could ballance those of his Antagonist. Whatever Shift he might make for Money, he had no Chance of a powerful Sollicitation in his Behalf. Thus

*Isabella**Isabella**Lucia**Lucia*

plexed about the future Fortune of the Welfare of his Son and Daughter, whom he loved tenderly, the good old Gentleman was inconsolable. He had deeply mortgag'd the Estate he had in Possession to recover that he had lost, which if he fail'd in, his Children were utterly undone. *Eleanora* perceiving the Disquietude of the only Parent she had living, propos'd to him to request the Friendship of the Count, who was powerful in Friends and Interest. She urg'd his Civilities to her Brother as a Reason for hoping he would not refuse his Friendship at so critical an Occasion, tho' she well knew there was a far more powerful Motive. But she was no less cautious in keeping the Secret of her own Flame from her Family, than the Count was in preserving his from all the World.

The Daughter's Advice being seconded by *Kalorio*, the old Gentleman was persuaded to let *Cynthia* mention the Thing first, as from himself, in order to know how the Count would relish the Application. He did so; and the generous Count made answer, I am sorry not to be better known to *Kalorio*. After I had once made him an Offer of my Friendship, he needed no Advocate. You will let him know, that if he gets me the State of his Father's Case, I will render him what Service I can. *Kalorio* wait'd on him next Day with the Case, and to thank him for his Generosity: But the Count, who hated nothing more than ceremonious Compliment, beseech'd him never to use him with Ceremony, if he would
continue

Lucia

*Angelo,
Claudio,*

Angelo.

Claudio

continue his Friendship. In fine, he undertook the Sollicitation, and manag'd so well by Means of his Gold, the best Advocate in Nature, that *Kalorio's* Father had an ample and final Decree in his Favour, with Costs of Suit, at the End of the Week. *Claudio's*

How joyful the News, how seasonable the Relief to *Eleonora's* Family, who had been almost ruin'd by the Law Suit! The Father and the Son waited on the Count next Morning to return him Thanks for so important a Favour as he had done them: But the Count would, by no means, impute the Success of the Cause, but to the Justice of it, and the Skill and Virtue of the Judges. But the old Gentleman knew too much of the Corruption of the Courts of Justice, to doubt that he was oblig'd to the Count's Liberality for the Success he had. *Lucia's*

The following Day the Count, accompanied by *Cynthia*, went to return old *Kalorio's* Visit, who receiv'd him with the Candidness of one sensible of his Favours, and with the Politeness of one well-born, and us'd to the best Company. The Count was charm'd with the courtly Behaviour of the old Gentleman; and this last no less charm'd with the sprightly Conversation of his noble Visitor. But we shall soon see the Count's Wit and Humour chang'd to Silence and Thoughtfulness. *Claudio, Angelo's*

Old *Kalorio* thought his Family so highly oblig'd to his noble Benefactor, that he thought it proper his Daughter should join in returning Thanks, as one benefiting by his Friendship *Angelo*

Lucia and Generosity. Therefore, after the Count had been there about half an Hour, ~~Elonora~~ made her Appearance.

Lucia What Pen can express the Charms of a Beauty form'd to conquer, when her lovely Person is set off with all the little additional Embellishments of Art? ~~Elonora~~ was one of those Beauties who endear themselves, at the same Time that they command Awe and Respect. She was, in short, all that the most difficult Taste must have approv'd of, and that which must attract every Eye in View. She enter'd the Room where the Company sat, with the Ease and Air of a Woman of the first Rank; and addressing herself to the Count, said, without the least Concern; My Lord, I have not been insensible for some time past, of the daily Honours you did our Family, and the Favours you conferr'd; but your Lordship's late Generosity seems to exact the particular Thanks of each of the Family you so essentially oblig'd. Let me then, my Lord, be allow'd to pay you mine. But I hope your Lordship will remember, that the Importance of the Obligation, and the Desire of a Father, are Pleas to justify a Conduct, which otherwise might ill become the Modesty of one of my Sex and Youth.

The Count's Answer to her was short and confus'd; nor was he able, with all his Art, to make any Figure in the Conversation all the Time he staid. Every thing contributed to disconcert him. He was all Attention when she spake, and no less so when she took up a Lute

Lute to play. In fine, dreading to betray his Passion to the Company, he took his Leave sooner than he would otherwise. But how shall we describe the Transport of his Soul? What Language can paint a Joy so exquisite and refin'd? He convers'd with the dear Object of his Wishes; he saw her near, and found she exceeded by far the most flattering Ideas he had had of her. Now was he pleas'd with all the Pains he had taken for her Sake, resolving to take more, and never to cease his Pursuit, till Heaven should decree him Success.

But was the lovely ~~Eleonora~~ *Lucia* less affected than her Lover, and the Benefactor of her Family? Not at all. Tho' she was less used to Love, yet did she not feel less the Effects of its Power. She was pleas'd beyond Measure at a Conquest she now was sure to have made: But her Pleasure was attended with Doubts which gave her Pain. She felt all the Sweets of Love, but it was with a Mixture of the Bitters which often accompany that Passion. She had no doubt that the Count lov'd, but could not wave her Scruples concerning the Virtue of his Intentions. Yet, at length, Love wore off this Jealousy, and she no longer tasted of the Gall of Doubt and Suspicion.

It being necessary that ~~Eleonora's~~ *Lucia's* Family should re-enter upon the Estate lately decreed for them, her Father and Brother went to take Possession; but found the Lands so impoverish'd, the Improvements so neglected, and the House, which had been very beautiful, so ruin'd and decay'd, that it may be truly

said, they recovered the Skin and Bone only of the Estate. The old Gentleman was inconsolable at a Sight so shocking, being in no Condition to defray the Expence necessary for putting the Estate and House in Repair; and, if he would sell it, that it was in no Plight to fetch any reasonable Price. But while he was in this so great Perplexity, he was generously made easy by him to whom he was obliged for the Recovery of his Estate.

The Count hearing of the Waste committed by the late Occupier of the Estate, and the wretched Condition he left it in, generously offer'd to find one who would undertake to repair and set every thing right again, on being allow'd one Year's Income to defray the Expence. Young *Valerio*, to whom he made the generous Proposal, thank'd his Lordship, but refus'd incumbering him with so troublesome an Affair. The Count repeated the Proposal to the Father, who made the like Excuse, and was more determin'd than the Son, not to yield to the Persuasion of one who had already so signally oblig'd his Family. But there was no resisting the Eloquence of so powerful and generous Benefactor. The Father yielded, but it was with Reluctancy. Tho' his Fortune was much impair'd, his Spirit and Delicacy in Points of Honour was not lessen'd in the least. He could not conceive why the Count would heap so many costly Obligations upon him; nor did he ever suppose that he had the least Design upon his Daughter, because he could command her on honourable

Terms

Terms at any Time, and he was sure the Count was too much the Man of Honour to harbour any Designs injurious to a Family he had so generously taken under his Protection. But ~~Elonora~~ was not so much at a Loss as her *Lucia* Father concerning the true Motive of the Count's Generosity; yet not being thoroughly satisfied of the Rectitude of her Lover's Intentions, she chose to keep his Addresses a Secret from her Family. Thus, by the Silence of the Daughter, and the uncommon Address and Caution of the Benefactor, the old Gentleman was never able to perceive the real Motive of so many Acts of Generosity.

The Count having obtain'd Leave to dispose of ~~Kalanio's~~ late recovered Estate as he *Angel's* would, immediately employ'd a vast number of the ablest Workmen of all kinds; some to till and manure the Ground, some to repair the Fish-ponds and Canals, some to increase and embellish the Gardens, Fountains, Cascades, Avenues and Bowers; and most to repair and beautify the House, and particularly that Part of it which seem'd fittest for ~~Elonora~~ *Lucia*. The Embellishments every where were grand and expensive; but in this part of the House, every Thing was exquisitely costly, delicate, and refin'd. The Cielings and the Pannels of the Wainscot were painted by the ablest Masters. And in all the Portraits of the Goddess of Beauty, which were many, she was drawn with ~~Elonora's~~ Face. *Lucia's*

It may be wonder'd how so many Painters that had never seen that young Beauty, should

all of them hit on the same Features, Air, and Complexion. But they all copied from an Original of the Count's own-drawing, who took a perfect Likeness of her from the lively Idea he had of her. The Count was no less excellent in the Art of Painting than that of Music; and it was his peculiar Happiness to love all Arts and Sciences, and to be a Master in all. His Skill in Painting, Architecture, and Gardening was equally display'd on this Occasion. His Taste and Designs appear'd every where equally delicate and exact; nor was his Generosity less conspicuous than his Skill, it being certain that he laid out more in a few Months on *Valerio's* Estate, than the Purchase would come to before he undertook the Improvement of it. But there were no Limits to that Nobleman's generous Profusion, wherever he profess'd a Friendship.

We may suppose, that, during all this Time, the Count did not slacken in his Pursuit of her for whom he took so great Pains, and expended so vast a Treasure. The divine *Eleanora* was still the Idol he ador'd; and tho' he might hope that he was not indifferent to her, yet as he had no actual Proof of having made any Impression, he was still anxious and uneasy. He had the old Governess brought to him privately, whom he instructed to deliver a second Billet to her Lady. By this Means he hoped, however cautious and reserv'd, to be able to draw an Avowal of Love from *Eleanora*, which would set his Heart at rest. He made

Lucia

made the old Woman a Present of a valuable Ring, and she undertook to deliver his Letter.

'Tis true ~~Elonora~~ had formerly injoin'd her Governess never to bring her any Letters or Presents from the Count; but that was, she thought, before he confer'd so many and signal Obligations on the Family. The old Woman then undertook the Lover's Commission, and discharg'd herself of it with great Fidelity, and, I may say, Success, tho' she could not gain on her young Lady to return an Answer. She return'd not the Letter however, which was as much as the Count did or could reasonably expect from one of ~~Elonora's~~ uncommon Delicacy in Matters relating to the Modesty and Honour of her Sex.

The Count, encourag'd by the Detention of his Biller, ventur'd to send a Second, adding to the old Governess, that he would gratify her abundantly, if she could engage ~~Elonora~~ to make him an Answer, or at least to send him some Toy as an Instance that she receiv'd his Letter without Displeasure. ~~Elonora~~, alas! was easily persuaded to yield to the Intreaty of her Governess, whom the Count's Presents had made eloquent in his Cause. She sent him a Rose, which, dumb as it was, spoke more feelingly within ~~Patriciano's~~ Breast, than the amplest and warmest Epistle from any other Hand. He felt a Transport not to be express'd, or even felt but by Lovers, and those of the first Class. Thus encourag'd, the Count continu'd his Correspondence by Means of the old Woman. He miss'd not a Day but he

Lucia

Lucia's

Lucia

Lucia

Miranda Countess

Lucia

he wrote, and never wrote but he had some Toy or such other Favour in return. But as yet, ~~Eleonora~~ could not gain upon herself to paint her Love on Paper. She wish'd he might know she was not insensible, but trembled to tell him so, as he must believe she did, if she should answer his Letters. But an Occasion soon happen'd which laid her under a Necessity of exceeding the too delicate and narrow Bounds she had set herself. It was thus.—

Miriam
over Lucia

Claudio

Angelo

Claudio

Angelo

The generous *Patriciano*, who sought all Occasions of obliging *Eleonora's* Family, whom he was willing to raise to the Level of a Rank above them, waited on his Uncle, a Cardinal, and beg'd and obtain'd an eminent Post in his Holiness's Household, just then vacant, and in the Gift of his Relation. As soon as he had the Grant he insinuated to *Cynthia*, that there was such a Vacancy; and if he thought young *Katharine* had a Mind to it, he would endeavour to procure it for him. *Cynthia* flew to inform his Friend of the joyful News, and to intreat that he would immediately wait on the Count to thank him for having the Advancement of his Family so constantly in View. But his Father, who knew the great Value and Dignity of the Post, would by no means permit *Katharine* to aim so high, saying, that his Family was already too much oblig'd to the Count, to solicit him for an Employment, which he would find a Difficulty to obtain for one more distinguished and better known than his Son was. But while this little civil Contest sub-

fisted between ~~Gynsbia~~ and old ~~Kalerio~~ con-
 cerning this valuable Post, ~~Kalentina~~, the
 Count's favourite Steward, came to deliver the
 Patent of it to young ~~Kalerio~~, and to desire he
 would immediately go and take Possession
 of it. Claudio
Angelo
Marco
Angelo

The Joy and Surprize of the Father and
 Son on this Occasion, are easier conceiv'd than
 express'd. The old Man saw his Son greatly
 and happily established for Life, and the Son's
 highest Vanity was soothed by being thus rais'd
 up on a sudden to the Level of the best Fami-
 lies in Rome. The Truth is, ~~Polviano~~ loved
 the Sister, and probably designed to make her
 his Wife; and we are to suppose he was willing
 to render the Alliance every way worthy of
 himself, by advancing the Brother to a Post
 that set him far above his Equals, and on a
 Par with his Superiors. ~~Eleanora~~ was born a
 Gentlewoman, 'tis true; but not of a Rank to
 aspire to an Alliance with the Count, who was
 of one of the most eminent and opulent Fa-
 milies of the Ecclesiastic State. But as she
 was descended from a good Stock, he might
 think it would be no Derogation to him to ally
 with old ~~Kalerio~~ as soon as he should be enabled
 to make a Figure in his Neighbourhood, and
 his Son in the Vatican: And it is not unlikely,
 but he would have been less caution'd and con-
 cealed in his Addresses to ~~Eleanora~~, if he had
 not this View. Eleanora
Lucia
Angelo
Lucia
Lucia

But however that be, tho' ~~Eleanora~~ had not
 the least Mixture of Self-interest in her whole
 Composition, she now thought herself indis-
 pensably

penſably oblig'd to alter her Conduct in regard to a Man whoſe Generoſity for her Family was without Meaſure. She was afraid to paſs for an Ingrate when her Heart was full of Gratitude. And tho' ſhe was conſcious of what was due to her Sex and Youth, ſhe could not think that ſhe exceeded in acknowledging under her Hand the Obligations her Family lay under. Her Modeſty, perhaps more delicate on this Occaſion than it need be, form'd many Obſtacles to her writing to the Count; but Love being too eloquent and perſuaſive to be oppos'd, ſhe yielded, and wrote him the following Letter.

While your Lordſhip ſo generously takes Pleaſure to accumulate my Family with Favours of Importance, I can't reſuſe my Heart the Delight of diſſolving itſelf into Gratitude. Would it be ſufficient to aſſure your Lordſhip of an Eſteem flowing from the ſincereſt Friendſhip and the higheſt Opinion of your perſonal Merit, I might hope to diſcharge the Taſk I have undertaken to your Content. But am afraid you require ſome-what more, and fear no leſs that I myſelf ſhall exceed the Limits preſcribed to my Sex. Ah! my Lord! how difficult is it for one of my Youth to keep within bounds, when ſhe has to do with one who ſtudies, as you do, to oblige, and obliges without Meaſure. My Lord, I feel an Eſteem for you, which I ſhould think exceſſive, and therefore unpardonable, if your Generoſity had not been more ſo. But, Count, ſhould ever my Eſteem for you turn to Love, I ſhould be extremely wretched.

"ed. Consider then to what Purpose all your Pains
 "do tend. I am sensible you take them in order to
 "my Happiness; but alas! they would have a
 "quite different Effect, if ever I should suffer
 "Esteem to be displaced by Love.

"I know who your Lordship is, and know no
 "less what I am myself; and easily see that we
 "were not born for each other. To raise me up to
 "your Level, or bring you down to mine, would
 "be a Task too difficult to be undertaken. I have
 "wish'd sometimes that you had been an humble
 "Shepherd; and probably you may have wished me
 "to be of high Rank and Quality: But, my Lord,
 "the Condition of Mortals is not to be changed by
 "Wishes. Let us then be satisfied with our diffe-
 "rent Lots. To wish to be other than what Fate
 "made us, would be no less an Argument of our
 "Impiety than Weakness. Let us then smoothly
 "proceed in the different Tracts traced out for each
 "of us by Nature. There is a Pleasure in swim-
 "ing down her Tide, but a poignant Anxiety attends
 "the attempting to stem the Current. I hope your
 "Lordship will see and avoid the Difficulty; and as
 "for my Part, I intend to keep myself religiously
 "within the less painful Limits of Friendship and
 "Esteem."

The Receipt of this Letter gave the Count
 a Pleasure infinitely more exquisite, than any
 Man less in Love than he was, is capable of
 imagining. And tho' he was a great Master in
 the Art of concealing the Emotions of his
 Heart, yet was he not able to contain him-
 self on this Occasion. His Joy was visible to
 all

all his Family, and particularly so to old *Valerio* and his Son, who went to thank him for the Employment he had procured for the latter. His Transport was so excessive, that he would not hear of the Obligations, which the old Gentleman own'd to have been conferr'd by his Lordship's Generosity; but would throw the whole Weight into his own Scale. He was one of those, rarely to be found, generous Souls who are ever intent to better, as far as they can, the Condition of Mankind, and particularly of their Acquaintance, but can't bear the Thoughts of even a verbal Recompence.

Angelot

While the Father and Son were at the Count's House, the Overseer of the Works at old ~~Kalerio's~~ Estate, came to let him know that all was now finish'd according to his Directions. But telling the Workman that he should not discharge the Artificers till he saw the Place himself, the old Gentleman beg'd he might have his Lordship's Leave to save that Trouble. To which the Count consenting, the Father and Son set out next Morning. But Heavens! how amazed were they both to see such Wonders done in so short a Time? For the Work had not been in Hand above two Months and a half. The old Man particularly was lost in Wonder and Admiration. He would cross and bless himself every Step he went, and could not be persuaded but the Work was the pure Effect of Magic and Incantment. Sometimes he fancy'd himself in a Dream; and again he could not be persuaded that the Place was the same. He said he could
see

see no Marks of the Estate he had recovered. From being the most desolate and forlorn Place in all *Italy*, it was become on a sudden the beautifullest and compleatest Seat in the whole Country. The Thing indeed had the Air of Miracle; but it would appear supernatural only to such as know not, nor consider the vast Power of Money. The Count had a certain Nobleness and Elevation of Soul that would not allow him to do any thing in the common Way. He had a Mind to expedite the Work, and knew that three hundred Artificers could do as much in a Day, as thirty in ten. Thus by the Power of his Wealth he was able to get that done in two Months and a half, which might take up another some Years.

The Count laugh'd very heartily at old ~~Vincenzo~~ *Vincenzo's* Whim of Magic in the expeditious Repair of his House, saying, He was glad to find him a better Christian than to impute it to Miracle, the constant Refuge of weak Minds. But while he and young *Vincenzo* and *Cynthia*, *Angelo* *Claudio* with whom he was making thus merry at the old Gentleman's Cost, were sat to a Concert of Music, one of his Pages came to tell him, that two young Gentlemen desired to be admitted to hear the Concert. Shew them in, said the Count, if they want nothing but Music. But, my Lord, reply'd the Page, they are mask'd. No matter, said the Count, we will endeavour to give them Satisfaction. In fine, the Youths appear, whom the Count knew for ~~Celeste~~ *Isabella* and her Cousin, as soon as he saw them.

Isabella's them. The Count still continued his Part of the Concert; but observing *Calanda's* seeming Uneasiness, he rose up and walk'd with them into the Garden.

Isabella As the Count was now quite easy in Mind, in regard to the real Object of his Wishes, he was in a Mood of entertaining his fair Visitors with all the Wit and Humour imaginable. He so thoroughly possessed himself, that the unhappy *Calanda* was more charm'd than ever; and tho' she came to upbraid him for his Neglect of her, yet had she not the Power to say one disobliging Word to him. He saw the true Cause of her present Composure and Content, and fail'd not to improve the Opportunity to his own Advantage. After he had treated them with an elegant Collation, he sent them away as seemingly happy and contented, as if he had been to see *Calanda* every Day since her first avowal of Love. But we shall soon see that that haughty Lady's Rage was only lull'd for a while, but not abated.

Lucia To gratify *Eleanora*, who was impatient to see the Wonders her Father said were wrought by the Power of Magic at his Country Seat, it was resolved to set out thither the following Day; and the Brother was desired to invite his Friend *Cymbrio* to be of the Party. But the Count hearing of the Resolution, prepared to surprize them all there; and old *Kalorio*, who mistrusted such a sudden Visit, prepared against it; so that when the Count arrived, he found the small Company sat down to an elegant but not costly Dinner. Whoever has been as
deeply

deeply in Love as ~~Patriciano~~ and ~~Eleanora~~ may *miraculous*
 conceive some Idea of the Transport of these *Lucia*
 Lovers at meeting thus fortunately, and in the
 Country, where People usually unbend the
 Mind, and drop all the Formalities of the
 Town. But, except *Cynthia*, the rest of the *Claudio*,
 Company did not see, or did not seem to see
 the rising Joy in the Lovers Eyes. Nor per-
 haps had *Cynthia* perceiv'd it, so adroit was the *Claudio*
 Count in hiding his Passion, if in coming to
 see that Part of the House which was embel-
 lished for *Eleanora's* Residence, he had not *Lucia's*
 observed her beauteous Face to all the Nymphs
 and Goddesses that adorn'd the Wainscot and
 Cielings. This gave him the first Notion of
 the Count's Regard for *Eleanora*; and when *Lucia*
 one is once appris'd of the equal Passion of
 two Lovers, he can easily trace the Effects of
 it in their Air and Motions, let them be never
 so cautious and guarded. In short, from this
 Time, *Cynthia* doubted no longer of the Count's *Claudio*
 Passion, nor of the true Motive of all his ge-
 nerous Actions in regard to *Eleanora's* Family. *Lucia's*
 But yet, as the Count made him not his Con-
 fident, he did not think it proper to impart
 his Suspicions even to his Friend young *Kalorio*. *Claudio*.

After seeing the House and Gardens, through-
 out which Taste and Magnificence appear'd,
 the Company repos'd themselves in a Banquet-
 ting House adorn'd with exquisite Paintings,
 expressing the Triumphs of Beauty. Here
 again was *Eleanora* drawn to a perfect Simili-
 tude, and the Count in the Figures of *Mars*,
Adonis, and the other Conquests of the loveliest
 Deity *Lucia*

Deity of the ancient Heathens. As the Freedoms of this Day increas'd not a little the Count's Assurance, he was exceeding good Company, enlarg'd on every Subject but Love; and tho' there were more Opportunities of treating this rather than any other, yet so careful was he not to reveal his Passion, that he grew silent the Moment he saw any Emblem of Love. But, spight of his Caution, he fell insensibly into the Subject he would have avoided, when he heard ~~Eleanora~~ sing a new Song of her own composing, wherein the Pleasure of sincere and honourable Love were expressed with great Delicacy. The Wit and Elegance of the Couplets, the Delicacy of the Music, and the Sweetness of her Voice, so charm'd and transported him, that he quite forgot himself for a while.

We may suppose the Hours pass'd smoothly on, when there was so much Love on one hand, and so much Gratitude on the other; and where there was so general a Disposition to Gaiety and Mirth. It was quite dark before the Count thought of retiring to his Seat at ~~Pakiano~~, distant but a few Miles from this Estate of ~~Kalorio's~~. In taking leave of the Company, he invited the old Gentleman, who was a great Lover of the Diversion of Fishing, to come early the next Morning to the drawing a large Pond that had not been fish'd in for some Years before. The Invitation was directly to the old Man, but it being understood by the beautiful ~~Eleanora~~ to be general, she would be of the Party.

The

Lucia

Miran
court
Angelo's

Lucia

The Count's Coach and Equipage was with them by break of Day; and by that time the Sun appeared above the Horizon, they all met at the Rendezvous. The Count, ravished that the Father's too great Delicacy had not detain'd ~~Eltomora~~ at home, handed her from the *Lucia* Coach to a floating Edifice, which moved imperceptibly to meet the Company, as they approached the Banks of the Canal. As soon as they were enter'd, the Building, which was embellish'd with all the Art and Cost imaginable, moved off again to its usual Situation, in the Middle of the artificial Lake. From hence ~~Eltomora~~ and her Father saw the Diversion of *Lucia* drawing the Canal, and the arch, rural Waggeries of about thirty Country Fellows, whom the Count, *Cynthia*, and young *Kalerio*, accompany'd *Claudio Angelo* in Boats to draw the Nets. As some Fish of monstrous Size was caught, it was presented to ~~Eltomora~~, who was highly delighted with a *Lucia* Diversion she had never seen before.

From these Sports, the Company retired, as the Sun rose to the Meridian, to a sumptuous Dinner, served up in a Pavillion on the Banks of the Lake; and from thence in the Afternoon to the Castle of *Paluiano*, which was but a short Mile from this Fishery. As this had been a Place which the Count's Ancestors delighted to embellish, we must not wonder if ~~Eltomora~~ had a longing to see all the Beauties of it, nor that the Count was ravish'd to see her so intent on gratifying her Curiosity. She would see every thing; and as the Count was leading her to a Bower that fac'd a beautiful

tiful Cascade, two Women mask'd rush'd upon them from an adjoining Grove of Laurel. The Company was alarm'd at a Sight so unusual; but the Count, who guess'd it could be none but ~~Colenda~~ and ~~Marcia~~, would have avoided them by turning off another Way; which so enrag'd ~~Colenda~~, who suppos'd ~~Eleanora~~ to be the Author of this sudden Motion, that she came up to the innocent Beauty, all that ~~Marcia~~ could do to stop her, and struck her a Blow with her Elbow on the Stomach with all her Force.

~~Eleanora~~, who judg'd the keenest Revenge would be to turn this Fury into Ridicule, laugh'd immoderately, as soon as she recover'd herself. But the Count, who thought himself so highly affronted in the Violence offer'd to a Lady he had by the Hand, could not refrain, saying, Madam, this is carrying things to an Extreme; 'tis too much. 'Tis so, reply'd ~~Colenda~~, looking at ~~Eleanora~~ with an Air of Contempt; the Honour you do is abundantly too great for the Daughter of a mean pitiful Cit. Though the Epithet was not at all applicable to ~~Eleanora~~, who was descended from an ancient and worthy Gentleman's Family, yet could she not forbear replying, that they only were the mean and pitiful Citizens, who infamously exposed themselves to seek the Men even at their Country Houses.

But whether ~~Colenda~~ thought she had already exceeded, or found ~~Eleanora~~ smarter than she expected, she retired without replying; leaving the Company to judge of her as they pleas'd.

This

This Affair, giving the Count the utmost Concern, he made the best Apology he could to ~~Eleonora~~ for the Affront put upon her; to which she reply'd with a Smile, My Lord, the Affront is no more than what one Woman ought to bear from another; though I should not care to be the Aggressor on the like Occasion. No, Madam, said the Count, charm'd that she was not discomposed at what happen'd, you are not capable of the Excesses and Follies of your Sex. But, added he, 'tis happy for the World and themselves, that, as there are weak and vicious Women, there are also wise and virtuous, whom we Men adore, while we despise the former.

The Evening coming on the Company parted highly contented with each other; ~~Eleonora~~, her Father, and Brother went back to their Seat, and the Count and ~~Cynthia~~ to Rome, where the Count was extremely impatient to be, that he might know from ~~Marcia~~ the true Cause of ~~Eleonora's~~ late Extravagancy. He was no Stranger to her impetuous Temper, and fearing she might in her Rage attempt to sully the Character of ~~Eleonora~~, who was now dearer than ever to him, and much dearer than Life, he resolv'd to temporize for a while, and soften by Tenderness and Politeness the Violence of a Woman he no longer could see, but with forced Indulgence.

~~Marcia~~ strove to exculpate herself, alledging that she used all her Art and Power, but in vain, to dissuade her Cousin from going to his Country Seat. I doubt it not, said the Count; but how came she to know that I would be

Lucia

Lucia,
Claudio

Isabella's

Lucia,

Victoria

there? From the Indiscretion, reply'd *Marcia*, of some of your Family. But we knew not that you had Company, nor who, till we saw ~~Eleanora~~, of whom ~~Colinda~~ had often heard vast Encomiums from *Camillo*, Lieutenant of the Pope's Guards, who was one of her Admirers, and greatly in Love. The Count being in no concern for the Power of such a Rival as *Camillo*, pray'd *Marcia* to see her Cousin from him, and to know from her on what footing she desired to live with him. If, says he, on that of Friendship, she shall ever find me the sincerest of her Acquaintance; but if she intends we shall live like those who delight in Mischiefe, let her take care that she suffers not by the Experiment.

Camillo was of those base minded Bullies, who had much rather take his Revenge of a Man, by stabbing or shooting him in the Dark, than facing him in open Day, like the courageous and honourable. He was rich, and had purchased the Post he had; but was so haughty and insolent that few cared to keep him Company. He had seen ~~Eleanora~~ about two Years before, and fell so desperately in Love with her, that she had not a Moment's quiet for his Impertinencies. He followed her wherever she went, and when she ceas'd to go abroad, or to be seen at her Window, to avoid her Pursuer, he would lie whole Nights under her Balcony. And he took care to frighten away all those who made their Addresses to her. ~~Eleanora~~, and her Family, no longer able to bear such Outrage and Insults, the Father threw

threw himself at the Feet of a Cardinal of his Acquaintance, intreating his Protection.

~~His~~ Eminency readily promised his Friendship against a Man become a public Nuisance; and went so far as to procure an Order from his Holiness to strip *Camille* of his Employment, and banish him the Ecclesiastic State, if ever he pursued *Eleanora* without her Family's Consent, or so much as ever to salute her, or pass under her Window. This Sentence had some Effect on this impetuous Lover; for he now no longer durst appear to disturb the Family. But he would still spend most of his Hours at the Apartment of one of his Officers, who lodg'd in a Court that faced the back of *Kalerie's* House. His first Views on *Eleanora* were vicious and dishonourable, as she had no Fortune; but finding it impracticable to seduce her Virtue, he grew more passionately in Love, and would have propos'd a Match to the Father, had he not been conscious that his Conduct merited not the Attention of any of the Family.

This was his Situation, ⁿwhere he heard that old *Kalerie* had gain'd his Law-suit, and that the Son had an eminent Post in the Vatican. He now saw that *Eleanora* would be a considerable Fortune, as she was a celebrated Beauty; and though his Estate was still superior to any Fortune she could be intitled to, yet was he sure to be refused, unless he would change his Conduct. With this View he became a new Man, insomuch that all his Acquaintance saw and were pleas'd with the Change. And

Angelo even old *Isabella* saw it and was pleas'd, but not to such a Degree to chuse him for a Son-in-law. *Antonio's*

Isabella *Calenda* therefore, who knew of *Gamillo's* Passion for *Eleanora*, found it not difficult to alarm him concerning Count *Roderigo's* Designs on his Mistress. As he was Lieutenant to her Husband, she had a Sort of Authority over this impetuous Lover. She sent for him the Morning after her Extravagancies at *Palacio*, and setting before him, with all the Asperity in her Power, the Magnificence of the Count's Reception of *Eleanora*, she left him to judge why that Nobleman had put himself to so great an Expence, and had lately secluded himself from all Company but that of *Eleanora* and her Family.

Antonio *Gamillo*, naturally impetuous, became now more furious than ever. He storm'd, curs'd, and swore, as he left the Room, that neither the Count nor his Mistress should live to the setting of the next Day's Sun. This was what *Calenda* desired. She now hated the Count as much as she loved him before, and, without doubt, she was no less pleas'd to think she should get rid of her Rival. She knew *Gamillo* to be base enough to execute any Villany; so that she hoped he would be as good as his Word.

Victoria While she was thus indulging her tainted Fancy with Hopes of Revenge, *Alonso* came to deliver her the Count's Message; and to reason her into a more prudent Conduct with Regard to him, whom, she told her, she might

might keep her Friend, but might prove a dangerous and powerful Enemy. Lord! said ~~Calenda~~ seemingly composed, what Pains you take about a Man, who is now as indifferent to me as my Brother? Before I knew him as well as I do, I confess he was not so; but I am taught by Experience: I shall never more think of him; nor shall you ever hear me name him more.

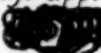
~~Alonso~~, highly pleas'd with the Change in ~~Calenda's~~ Temper, left her to inform the Count of what had pass'd. And he, well contented to drop an Amour to which he had no Relish, thought not but of pacifying ~~Elisavinda~~ and atoning all in his Power for the late Injury done to her by ~~Calenda~~. He wrote to her on this Subject, and added, that if she would permit him to entertain her for half an Hour with a Relation of his Acquaintance, with the Lady that had affronted her, he doubted not to give her such Satisfaction as would for ever set her Heart at quiet; and concluded with saying, that she herself was the innocent Cause of what had happen'd. ~~Alonso~~ and the Count, who ought to know ~~Calenda~~ better than to suppose that the Change of her Passion would not be to Jealousy and Revenge, were more incautious and indolent on this Occasion than in prudence they ought. Whereas, had they been alarm'd at the sudden seeming Change in one of ~~Calenda's~~ arrogant and haughty Disposition, they might be more on their Guard, and have prevented the fatal Consequences of their Inattention.

Lucia

But to return to ~~Eleanora~~, who spent a tedious Night in recalling to her Mind the Affront offer'd her by the unknown Lady, we shall find her now feel in earnest all the Pain which waits upon the warmest Lover. She loved the Count, but knew not till now to how great a Degree she loved. She was now rack'd with Jealousy, and therefore was too sure she loved in earnest. She would call to mind the Size, Air, and Shape of the Fair unknown, and fancy they could not fail making an Impression on the Count's Heart. But hearing from her Brother, who had his Intelligence from ~~Cynthia~~, that the mask'd Lady was ~~Colinda~~, a Beauty of the first Class, she was almost push'd beyond her Patience. Various were her Conjectures concerning the Count's Honour and Sincerity, when she receiv'd the Billet we mention'd, to which she wrote the following Answer.

11 *I F the Addresses of a Man of Honour, could*
 11 *be imputed as criminal to a Maiden of my Con-*
 11 *dition, I should have thought so myself, without*
 11 *waiting to be put in Mind of it by the Public.*
 11 *For, my Lord, however exquisite the Pleasure,*
 11 *and great Advantage might seem, I am sure I*
 11 *should have Virtue enough to renounce both, could*
 11 *I perceive them tinetur'd in the least with Im-*
 11 *prudence or Immodesty. But Love in itself is*
 11 *not criminal. We have not always a controlling*
 11 *Poiwer over our Passions. We love sometimes in*
 11 *spight of us; nor are we less able to prevent the*
 11 *being beloved. Should all the World know how*
tenderly

' tenderly you profess to love me, and should they
 ' suppose me not insensible of so great Merit as
 ' your Lordship's, it would be known likewise how
 ' far I permitted my Heart to roam; nor would it
 ' be ever doubted that I would not stop short where
 ' others of my Sex might be apt to forget them-
 ' selves.

My Lord, let that arrogant Beauty babble,
 ' who so publicly exposed herself in misbehaving
 ' towards me. Let her talk and proclaim her own
 ' Infamy. Take no Pains to mollify the Haughti-
 ' nefs of her extravagant Temper. Let her ridicule
 ' and despise me, and even go so far as to pity me.
 ' I shall find my Account much more in her being
 ' weak and vicious, than if she were discreet and
 ' virtuous. I should dread a smooth silent Jeal-
 ' ousy, more than a loud and ruffled Passion.
 ' But, my Lord, I cannot comprehend your Mean-
 ' ing, where you mention me as the Cause of that
 ' Lady's Love. I confess myself wholly at a Loss
 ' concerning what appears to me so great a My-
 ' stery; and therefore find my Curiosity inclin'd to
 ' permit what perhaps my Judgment might refuse
 ' you; which is that I will allow you personally
 ' to clear up this Point. I am sensible there is no
 ' more harm in speaking to you in private, than in
 ' Writing to you; and that, if in this Country
 ' we are allow'd to write but not to speak, in
 ' others, speaking is more tolerated than writing.
 ' I look upon this Ceremonial therefore to be go-
 ' verned more by Custom than Virtue. As for my
 ' Part, whether I speak or write to you, I am
 ' not in the least apprehensive of failing in my Duty
 ' to myself. , my old Governess, will tell

11 you how far I condescend to converse with you.
 11 Be satisfy'd with what I grant, it being all I
 11 ought or can do to oblige you.

Lucia

The Count had often press'd *Eleonora* by Letter, and at her Father's Country Seat, to permit him to converse with her by Night, after the Manner of the *Italians*, from her Balcony, or at some lower Window; but she constantly

Isabella
her maid

excused herself: Yet the Curiosity of hearing what he had to say about *Colombo* wrought upon her at last, though she seem'd to *Isabella* to yield to her frequent Intreaties in favour of the Count. The old Woman ravish'd, to be able

Lucia

to acquaint her Benefactor of her Success, flew to the Count with the glad News; and to tell him that in a retired Court, or a short Lane behind the House, he should find a low barr'd Window, Man-high, through which he might converse with *Eleonora*, as long as he would.

Lucia

How transported was this ardent Lover when he heard the pleasing News! Every Hour was an Age to him till Eleven, being that which is propitious to Lovers in that Country; nor perhaps did they appear less tedious to *Eleonora*, who was punctually at the Window, and quickly open'd it, as the Count gave three gentle Taps, the Signal agreed upon. What Tongue is able to speak the joyous Extacies of these faithful Lovers, on being thus at Liberty to open to each other the whole Stores of their reciprocal Loves? The Count related all

Isabella

Lucia

the History of his Acquaintance with *Colombo*; and *Eleonora* was charm'd, that mistaking so celebrated

celebrated a Beauty for herself, he abandon'd her when he found his Mistake. In short, the Count would have staid and forget himself till Day should call his Prudence to his Aid; but that towards two o'Clock, ~~Elonora~~ ^{Lucia} was forced to lay her Commands upon him to retire. He obey'd; but it was not till he was bribed to it by being allowed to kiss the fairest Hand in *Rome*.

As the Count was dressing himself the next Morning, ~~Camillo~~ came to make him a Visit, ^{Antonio} as he had often done before; but not so early, or with a Consternation so visibly painted in his Face. The Count was no Stranger to his Extravagancies concerning ~~Elonora~~; but heard ^{Lucia} he was become more prudent and discreet, since the late rigorous Sentence pronounced against him by his Holiness. He thought therefore the Visit was more of Form as usual than Business. But on ~~Camillo's~~ ^{Antonio} telling him, that he came to ask a Favour which touch'd his Repose, and even his Life, he began to suspect the Craft and Resentment of the flighted ~~Calenda~~, ^{Lucia} and calling to a Page for his Sword, desired ~~Camillo~~ ^{Antonio} to walk to the Garden. Here the latter, in broken Accents, and a disconcerted Voice, said; I am inform'd your Lordship has of late fix'd your Attention on one whom I have loved and pursued for above two Years. The whole World knows how my Love for ~~Elonora~~ ^{Lucia} caus'd me to commit a thousand Extravagancies. I would have ask'd her of her Father before now, but that I waited till the Amendment of my Conduct should

should wear off his Prejudice to me. As she has no Title either from Birth or Fortune to your Lordship's Alliance, I can see well enough what you pursue her for. But, my Lord, as my Designs, are honourable, and yours can't possibly be so, let me hope that you won't render me for ever wretched, by a momentary Gratification of your Desires.

The Count heard him without Interruption, and finding that he laid the Stress of his Request on his, the Count's, dishonourable Designs on *Eleanora*, he told him in few Words: *Camillo*, you know me for a Man that is an Enemy to these Sorts of Explications; but out of my Regard to you, and the Family you mention, I pass you my Honour, that the Moment you have either the Father or Daughter's Consent, I shall never pursue that fair One, nor so much as pass thro' the Street she lives in, but in case of absolute Necessity.

But whether *Camillo* believed the Count sincere, or did not care to venture further with one of *Palisano's* great Quality, and try'd Valour, he seem'd extremely satisfied; and was so elated, that he waited immediately on *Constance* to inform her of his Success. And said she to him in a deriding Tone, Are all the mighty Feats you so boasted of Yesterday, reduc'd to the bare praying the Count to desist pursuing the Woman you design to wed? Are the Achievements of the valourous *Camillo* reduc'd to cringing and begging? Where is the Blood you vow'd to spill? Where is that cruel Beauty, whose Face you swore to disfigure?

In

In short, she so rais'd his Spleen and Envy, that he flew from her in a Rage, swearing he would send to demand ~~Eleanora~~ that very ~~Lucia~~ Day; and should he be refused, he would turn all his Fury on the Object of his Hatred. In effect, *Camillo* waited on a Relation of his, a ~~Antonio~~ discreet Gentleman, and well acquainted with old ~~Kateris~~, so desire he would demand ~~Eles-Angelo~~ *nora* in form. The Kinsman, who knew the ~~Lucia~~ general Prejudice to *Camillo*, would have ex-~~Antonio~~ cus'd himself; but he must go or forfeit his Friendship for ever. In fine, he made the Proposal in the politest Manner possible, to which ~~Eleanora's~~ Father reply'd; Sir, I willingly ~~Lucia's~~ forget *Camillo's* former Excesses, and am ~~Antonio's~~ pleas'd with his late Reformation. I know his Merit, his Birth, and Fortune, and own the Honour he does me in seeking my Alliance. But as I have promised my Daughter, who is now of an Age to distinguish with Judgment, never to dispose of her but by her own Choice; you will give me leave to defer giving you my Answer till I shall have spoke with her, whose Misery or Happiness, more than mine, depends on her own resolve. The Kinsman easily comprehended the meaning of this civil delaying Answer; but ~~Camillo-Antonio~~ still flatter'd himself, that he should be prefer'd to all others, in regard that his Fortune was far more considerable than that of any of ~~Eleanora's~~ Suitors, except the Count, whose ~~Lucia's~~ pursuit of her he look'd upon to be owing solely to his known Taste for Intrigue.

Indiscreetly, Patriciana, who now had got a Habit of
Lucia, Writing often in the Day to ~~Eleanora~~, wrote
Antonio, to her of ~~Camille's~~ Visit, as soon as he was
 gone, desiring he might have her Leave to
 see her at the old Place at Night, in order to
 acquaint her with the Purport of an odd Re-
Lucia quest he came to make to him. As soon as
 the Evening was set in, ~~Eleanora~~ sent away
Isabella with the following Answer to the
 Count's Letter, which unhappily fell into ma-
 licious Hands, and was soon after made public
 to all the Inhabitants of Rome.

Antonio I partly guess at the Purport of ~~Camille's~~ Re-
 quest to your Lordship. For my Father acquaint-
 ed me at Dinner of a Proposal made to him some
 Hours before, in favour of that Officer; con-
 cerning which he desired my Opinion. My An-
 swer was short, and was this; that I was ex-
 tremely contented with my present State; and that
 when I thought of altering it, ~~Camille~~ should
 not be my Choice. The Sacrifice, as your Lord-
 ship may easily see, was not very important. You
 know the Man; and though I had not thought
 of your Lordship as favourably as I do, I should
 not think more favourably of him. Had all
 Men been like that ~~Camille~~, I should little dread
 the Power of Love. I should not so much as
 know what Love was; and perhaps I should not
 be the less happy for being ignorant. Ah! how
 wide is the Difference between the Individuals
 of your Sex! When once you are seen and known,
 all Desire of knowing or seeing other Men ceases.
 But,

" But, Count, if we be born for each other, as
 " you often say we are, why is such an Union of
 " Hearts so weakly seconded by Fortune? Why has
 " not that Deity been as propitious as the God of
 " Love? I know not how it happen'd, but am sure
 " the Surrender I made of my Heart was not spon-
 " taneous, but an Act of Necessity. Therefore
 " must suppose myself influenc'd by some secret
 " Power; perhaps by our governing Planets or Stars.
 " How happy should one be could those influencing
 " Luminaries be fixt? Ah, my Lord! how super-
 " latively happy should I think myself, could I fix
 " those that Influence your Heart, the Loss of
 " which would cost me dear? --- Come to Night to
 " the old Place, to tell me what pass'd between you
 " and Camille, and to hear what more I have to
 " say.

ELEONORA.

Lucia

Ever since ~~Colinda~~ had discover'd that ~~Elen~~
~~more~~ triumph'd over her, she had Spies to watch
 all that should pass between the Count and
 her. And having Information that ~~Eleanora's~~
 old Governess went frequently to the Count's
 House, she doubted not that there was an epis-
 tolarly Correspondence carried on between
 these reserved Lovers. As Jealousy is ex-
 tremely inventive, ~~Colinda~~ immediately form'd
 a Scheme for intercepting some of those fond
 Letters which pass between a Rival and a
 Lover, whom she now hated, as much as she
 once loved him. She bribes a favourite Ser-
 vant of her own, who ventures to serve her at
 the Risk of his Life. He disguises himself,
 meets

Isabella

Lucia

Lucia's

Isabella

meets the old Governess as she was carrying the foregoing Letter to the Count, forces it from her, and carries it to his Lady.

Isabella, *Colanda*, no sooner had this Proof of the Count's Perfidy, as she thought his Neglect of herself to be, but she shews it to *Camille*, the better to egg him on to take immediately Vengeance of *Eleanora* and the Count, who was now visibly become his Rival. The furious Lover, so disadvantageously painted in *Eleanora's* Letter, would have kept this Proof of his Mistress's secret Intrigue with the Count; but *Colanda*, who had other uses to make of it, oblig'd him to be contented with a Copy of it only. And with this Test of his Dishonour, he flew from *Colanda* to meditate Revenge.

Eleanora trembled when she heard the Accident which befel her Governess, and wrote to the Count, that he should avoid coming that Night, on a Supposition that *Camille* was privy to the Assault on the old Woman, and might be base enough to have him assassinated should he come to the Appointment. The Count, enrag'd that the Secret of his Love should be discover'd, and that *Eleanora's* Letter should be made public, went immediately in quest of *Camille*, not doubting he was Author of all the Mischiefs. But a Letter from *Mancia* soon convinc'd him of *Camille's* Innocence, and of *Colanda's* Guilt. *Colanda*, like most of her Sex, could not thoroughly relish the Satisfaction of having her Rival in her Power, unless she should communicate her Joy to *Mancia*, who thought herself oblig'd in Friendship, perhaps

in

in Honour and Conscience, to prevent, as far as she was able, the Mischief meditated by her Kinswoman and ~~Gamillor~~ *Antonio*

Any other but one of Count ~~Paluano's~~ distinguished Delicacy in what concerned the Fair, would have reveng'd himself on ~~Colanda~~ *Isabella* by discovering her Misconduct to her Husband. But chusing to reduce her to a Sense of herself, without exposing her, he sent his favorite Domestic, ~~Valentin~~, to expostulate with her, and persuade her, if possible, to part with ~~Eleonora's~~ Letter: And that she might have no Excuse, he sent by him the following Letter, which she wrote to ~~Gamillo~~ that Morning, and was found upon her Servant, who was taken up at the Count's Desire, for his Assault upon ~~Eleonora's~~ Governess. *Lucia's*

" My Spies inform me, that the Count is in the utmost Consternation concerning his Beloved's Letter; and as it is possible he will suspect you, I would advise you to be upon your Guard. Should he mention the Affair to you, I beg you will be particularly cautious concerning me. For should he believe me guilty, he would undo me with my Husband for ever. For this Reason, and for Fear of Accident, return me the Copy I gave you of ~~Eleonora's~~ Letter, as it is of my Handwriting, which ~~Paluano~~ is acquainted with. *Lucia's*

" ~~CELENDRA~~ " *Isabella*

The Precaution was not unnecessary; for ~~Colanda~~ would own nothing, ~~to Valentin~~ not *Isabella* suspecting that ~~Marcia~~ had made a Discovery, *Victoria* till

Lucia till he produced her Letter to *Camilla*. Then, and not before, she deliver'd up *Eleonora's* Letter, and wrote the Count one, wherein she avow'd her Guilt, and intreated he would not expose, but spare her for the Love which he knew she bore him. Poor unhappy Fair! her Precaution was needless; for her own Indiscretion soon after betray'd her to her Husband, who shut her up in a Cloyster for Life. The Count, highly pleased that he had *Eleonora's* Letter, sent it her immediately, and desired she would permit him to see her that Night as usual. He came, but so well attended, that *Camillo*, who saw him from the old Lieutenant's Lodgings, where he watch'd Night and Day, durst not attempt shooting him, as he intended, if ever he found him paying private Night Visits to *Eleonora*. Thus escaped the Count, through the Cowardice of his Rival, who despairing of an Opportunity to be reveng'd of *Pulviano*, meditated the Ruin of the unhappy *Eleonora*.

Antonio After meditating many Hours, on the Revenge he should take of a Mistress that had slighted him for another, *Camillo* resolves to disfigure *Eleonora's* Face, as the most rigorous Punishment he could inflict on one of her Sex. To this End he provided himself with a long double edg'd Knife exceeding sharp, hoping for an Opportunity of using it by deceiving *Eleonora* to the Window, where she entertain'd her Loyer, some Moments before the usual Time of the Count's Coming. Just before the Clock struck Eleven, the constant Hour

Hour of these ill-fated Lover's Meeting, ~~Ga-~~^{Antonio}
~~milla~~ gave three Taps at ~~Eleanora's~~^{Lucia} Window,
 as the Count was wont to do; and she, to
 give her Lover Proof of her Affection; or
 perhaps more eager than became her Sex, flew
 to the Window at the Signal, and put out her
 Hand for the Count to kiss. At that Instant,
~~Camilla~~^{Antonio} who found it impracticable to come
 at the Face, seiz'd the Hand, and out it off
 the Wrist.

The maimed Lady gave so frightful a Skriek,
 as she fell, after being wounded, that the old
 Governess hearing her from the other Side of
 the House, came running to see what the
 Matter was; and seeing the Condition of her
 Lady, instead of calling Assistance, or assist-
 ing herself, fainted away at the Sight of so
 much Blood, and fell upon ~~Eleanora~~^{Lucia}. The Fa-
 ther, who lay over this Room, and the Bro-
 ther, who was not as yet in Bed, hearing the
 Gries, came to see what the Matter could be
 so late in the Night, and meeting in the Room
 wherein was such a Scene of Blood and Horror,
 gazed at each other, unable to move or speak.
 But young ~~Kateris~~^{Antonio} first recovering the Use of
 Speech, desired the Father to help the wound-
 ed all he could, while he himself went for a
 neighbouring Surgeon. In his Way he met
 the Count, who was coming to the Appoint-
 ment with ~~Eleanora~~^{Lucia}, to whom he imparted
 the tragical Accident that beset her, saying;
 But, my Lord, the Scene is not more tragical
 than extraordinary. For what can be more
 mysterious than for a Woman to lose her
 Hand

Hand within her Father's House, and Nobody there but the Family!

The Accident might well be a Mystery to *Angelo*, *Kalorio*, who knew not of the Count's Familiarity with his Sister; but it was none to *Paula*, who immediately guess'd how it happened, and by whom committed. Therefore, without communicating his Suspicions to young *Angelo*, *Kalorio*, he retired home to send the ablest Physicians and Surgeons to tend the maimed Innocent, and to consider how to get *Gamilla* into his Power, not doubting but his violent Jealousy had prompted him to the Commission of so horrid a Fact. And he was the more convinc'd of the Rectitude of his Suspicion of *Gamilla*, when he heard, what *Eleonora* related of the Manner in which the Fact was committed.

The Count having sought *Gamilla* that Night and next Morning in vain, resolv'd to defer his further Pursuit of him till *Eleonora* should be out of Danger. And not doubting but this Accident would make a great Noise in the City, and probably to the Disadvantage of *Eleonora's* Character, he determin'd to espouse her immediately, as an Atonement for her Misfortune, and to silence Scandal and Detraction. In this View he repair'd to her Father's, where, after hearing that the Hand was found in the Street, supposed to be dropt by the Assassin in the vast Hurry he was in to make his Escape, he took old *Kalorio* aside, and spoke to him to this Purpose. Sir, I am come to make you a Request, which I intended

to

to make for some Time past; and would so Heaven, I had.—Here he stopt unable to proceed; and after a Pause and shedding a Flood of Tears, which gave him Ease, he went on. I am, Sir, said he, the unhappy Cause of the Cruelty perpetrated on the fair *Elinora; Lucia;* and 'tis but just that I make her immediate Reparation. Therefore, the Favour I beg of you is, that you will honour me with your Consent to wed her ~~inoffensively~~. For whether she lives or dies, she has the best Title to my Heart and Hand, and no other shall ever have either.

The Father, surprized at a Proposal, which he so little expected from one of the Count's high Quality and vast Wealth, and in the Condition his Daughter was in too, lost the Use of Speech for some few Minutes; which the Count observing, generously said; Imagine not, Sir, that I make you this Request because of the Uncertainty of her living. No, I determined she should be my Wife from the first Moment I knew her; and should she die, I shall for ever quit the World and all its Pomp. My Lord, said the Father, being recovered, I am lost in Admiration of your Generosity. You have already done for me and my Family more than we could possibly merit. Therefore, my noble Benefactor, let it not be said, That I should be so ungrateful as to agree to your Proposal, which, however glorious and honourable for me and mine, would be quite otherwise to you. My Daughter, either by Blood or Fortune, can have no Title to your Alliance.

Lucia! Alliance.——Ah! What say you, reply'd the Count hastily? *Eleanora's* Beauty and Virtue give her a Title to the most illustrious Alliance. Adding, Would you make me happy, defer not, I conjure you, to permit that I may make your Daughter mine this very Day; for until I can call her so, I can taste neither Content nor Rest.

Angelo, Old *Kaleria*, seeing it in vain to give any further Opposition to the Count's urgent Desire, agreed the Nuptials should be celebrated that Evening, or whenever his Daughter's Condition would permit them; and in the mean time, shew'd the Count into her Apartment, by Consent of the Physicians, who began to have Hopes of her Recovery. Ah! my Lord, said *Eleanora* to the Count who was on his Knees at the Side of her Bed, why would you take Advantage of my unhappy Condition, to come thus into my Bedchamber, which was ever forbid even my Brother? Divine *Eleanora*, reply'd the Count, you know not that I come to intreat you will give me a Title to a Freedom I would not have taken without the Consent of your Father, who approves of our eternal Union, if it pleases you. Ah! my Lord, said she, What have you done? The big Joy has journey'd so swiftly through my Blood, that I can no more, and fear I never shall. At these last Words, she fainted away, which obliged the Lover to call in the Physicians, who refused admitting the Count to see their Patient till she should be better.

Though

Though the agreeable Surprize of what the Count told her concerning an eternal Union or Marriage, had alter'd ~~Eleanora's~~ present Condition seemingly for the worse, yet it had a good Effect in the main. For the rapid Motion of her Blood and Humours on that Occasion, brought on a Sweat which so abated her Fever, that it was thought the next Day she was quite out of Danger. And probably she would have recovered, had not the Count's vast Impatience to call her Wife occasioned a Relapse. 'Tis probable also, that she herself was no less impatient than the Count, and for that Reason might encourage the Celebration of the Nuptials, sooner than she would, if she had consulted her Health more, and her Love less.

On the fourth Day ~~after~~ the Accident happen'd, these sincere Lovers were join'd in Wedlock, in the Presence of a few Friends, and a Notary who drew up the Contract of Marriage. The Count presented his Bride with Jewels of infinite Value, and particularly with Diamond Bracelets; which he tied round the wounded Arm; saying, at the same Time; My Dear, behold in this Case of purest Gold, the Hand by which we should have been join'd had not the base Villain deprived you of it. Let me flatter myself that I have a Right to it, though sever'd from the Arm; and allow me to keep it, as the choicest Treasure you can bestow. My dearest Lord, said she, Why would you ask one a Favour that has none to grant? I am now no more at my own Disposal;

pos'd; and was I or any Part of me, could I refuse giving a poor sever'd Hand where I gave my Heart so long ago? All my Desire was to be your's; and now that I am what I so ardently wished to be, I die contented. Ah!

Lucia, *Eleonora*, reply'd the Count, talk not of Death unless of his who put your Life in such Hazard. Live, my adorable Bride, to bless your faithful Husband, and enjoy all the Happiness he can bestow. Live, my *Eleonora*, and compose your Mind, while I go to procure you the Justice due to the cruel Outrage committed upon you.

Lucia, *Eleonora* would have persuaded the Count to desist pursuing *Camillo*, as there was no Proof against him; and that, since he could not be convicted without Proof, it was more eligible to drop the Prosecution than expose themselves in vain. But on the Count's assuring her that he would have the fullest Evidence before he would punish the Assassin, she agreed to let him go to give Orders for the Prosecution. The Count's Intention from the Beginning being not to deal with *Camillo* according to the usual Forms of Law, but to be Prosecutor and Judge himself, ordered most of his Domestics to one of his Country Seats, whither he gave out he was going himself, when he retired to *Eleonora's* Father's, which he did as soon as he had his Consent to marry his Daughter. His View in so doing was to induce *Camillo*, who had absconded ever since the Commission of the horrid Fact, to appear again; and his Policy had the Effect he propos'd. For *Camillo*,

Antonio,

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~~millo~~, hearing by his Spies that the Count was gone to the Country, and no Noise was made at ~~Eleonora's~~ Father's of what had happened, he thought he might safely venture into the Public, and the rather, that there was no Proof, nor could be any against him. *Lucia's*

The wretched ~~Camillo~~ then made his Appearance the sixth Day after he had committed the savage Barbarity; and he no sooner appear'd but the Count had notice of it. This last had already hired a number of those Bravoes or Ruffians that are Assassines by Trade, and murder any Man if they have their Price; and with the Chief of these he went to the *Vatican*, to shew him the Villain, not doubting but ~~Camillo~~ would be there to see the Guard exercis'd, as was his Custom every Morning at a *small* Hour. Nor was he mistaken, for ~~Camillo~~ had just ended the Exercise, and was returning home when he met the Count, whom he saluted with great Civility, inquiring where his Lordship had been for so many Days as he had not been seen in Town. The Count answered, that he had been hunting, but was now resolved to repose himself for some Days, and give himself up wholly to the Charms of his Lute; adding, Colonel, as you are no less a Lover of Music than myself, if you will dine with me, you shall hear a Concert by this Gentleman (pointing to the Bravo) and one or two more of his Acquaintance, who touch the delicatest of any Performers in all *Italy*. ~~Camillo~~, who was a Lover of Music, and more so of the good Cheer and good Wine which were

were constantly at the Count's Table, agreed to wait on him; and the rather, that he could perceive no Symptoms of Care or Suspicion in his Countenance.

Antonio When *Camille* saw none but the four Bravoes sit down to Table, Persons whom he did not know, nor perhaps like; he became suspicious that there might be some Design upon him; but the Count, by being particularly obliging and civil to him all Dinner Time, won upon him so much, that he forgot every thing but the choice Wine, which flew about in Bumpers.

Antonio When the Count thought *Camille* had so much that he could not distinguish an Alteration of Wine, he ordered him to be serv'd with a Mixture which soon laid him under the Table; and in that Condition, he ordered him to be made fast to one of the Marble Pillars which supported the Chimney of the Room they were in. He was not long in this Posture, when waking, he saw the four Bravoes with naked Swords in their Hands, and the Count sitting at a Table with a golden Hand lying before him. One may much easier imagine than speak the terrible Agonies into which this Sight threw the unhappy *Camille*. He trembled so, that the Count said to him with a malicious Smile, How is it, that the courageous *Camille* should tremble at the Sight of a fair Lady's Hand? Dost thou know it *Camille*? To which the latter answer'd; My Lord, I own the Guilt, which I see by this Hand you charge me with. I own too that my Crime is of the basest kind; but, my Lord, I beseech you will consider that

Love

Love was my Prompter. — Rather Jealousy, base Man, reply'd the Count; and having obey'd its cruel Dictates, you shall as cruelly suffer. Then he ordered the Bravoës to cut off both *Camillo's* Hands, which he had carry'd by *Kallentin* to his Father-in-law's. *(his valet)*

We shall leave the justly chastis'd *Camillo* atoning for his Guilt, to return to *Eleanora*, who had been seemingly on the mending hand since the Nuptials, but who, in reality, was hastening to her End. Her Strength was impair'd, and as her Spirits flag'd, her Fever increas'd. The Physicians despair'd of her, and had just given their Opinion when the Count enter'd the Room with *Camillo's* Hands wrapp'd up in a Piece of Scarlet Silk. Behold, says he to *Eleanora*, my dear injur'd Bride, the base Hands that deprived you of yours: And as I promis'd you not to punish without having Proof of the Monster's Guilt, I can now assure you that he own'd the Fact before he suffer'd. My dear Lord, reply'd *Eleanora*, this is a Proof of your Love; but allow me to say, it is none of your Piety. I could wish you had left the Punishment to the Divine Pattern of Charity, who forgave his Executioners with his last Breath. She went on in the same pious Strain, to the great Edification of the Stranders-by, till her Speech fail'd her; and fixing her Eyes on a Crucifix in her Father's Hand, she expired. *Lucia*

Unlawful Love may be deem'd the Source of all the big Evils we have recounted; for to *Colinda's* Love for Count *Palviano*, afterwards

R

turn'd

murderer

turn'd to Jealousy and Rage, may be imputed
 to *Clara's* Guilt and Sufferings, and her own
 Immurement, as well as *Eleonora's* Death.

How cautious then should Matrons be to
 banish all Thoughts of Unchastity from their
 Hearts? nor should Men be less careful to
 avoid the Pursuit of unlawful Love, it being
 scarce ever known that either go unpunished
 even in this World.

~~F I N I S~~



de Mainville	—	de Vallette
Maurin	—	de Vignin
d'Affenard	—	Bellegarde
Maurel	—	Perenville
de Vergy	—	de Simond
Mirancourt	—	Chemeran
Vilaret	—	Deffenon
Desplains	—	de Chevreuse
Brillane	—	Fontrailles
Bourelli	—	Doffonville
Habel	—	Lucy
Brignol	—	Coulan
Catin Salo	—	Javotte
Tauvan	—	Belac
Salos	—	Grosbois
de Saint Chon	—	de Lunel
Victory	—	Gertoude
Jerome	—	Quernat